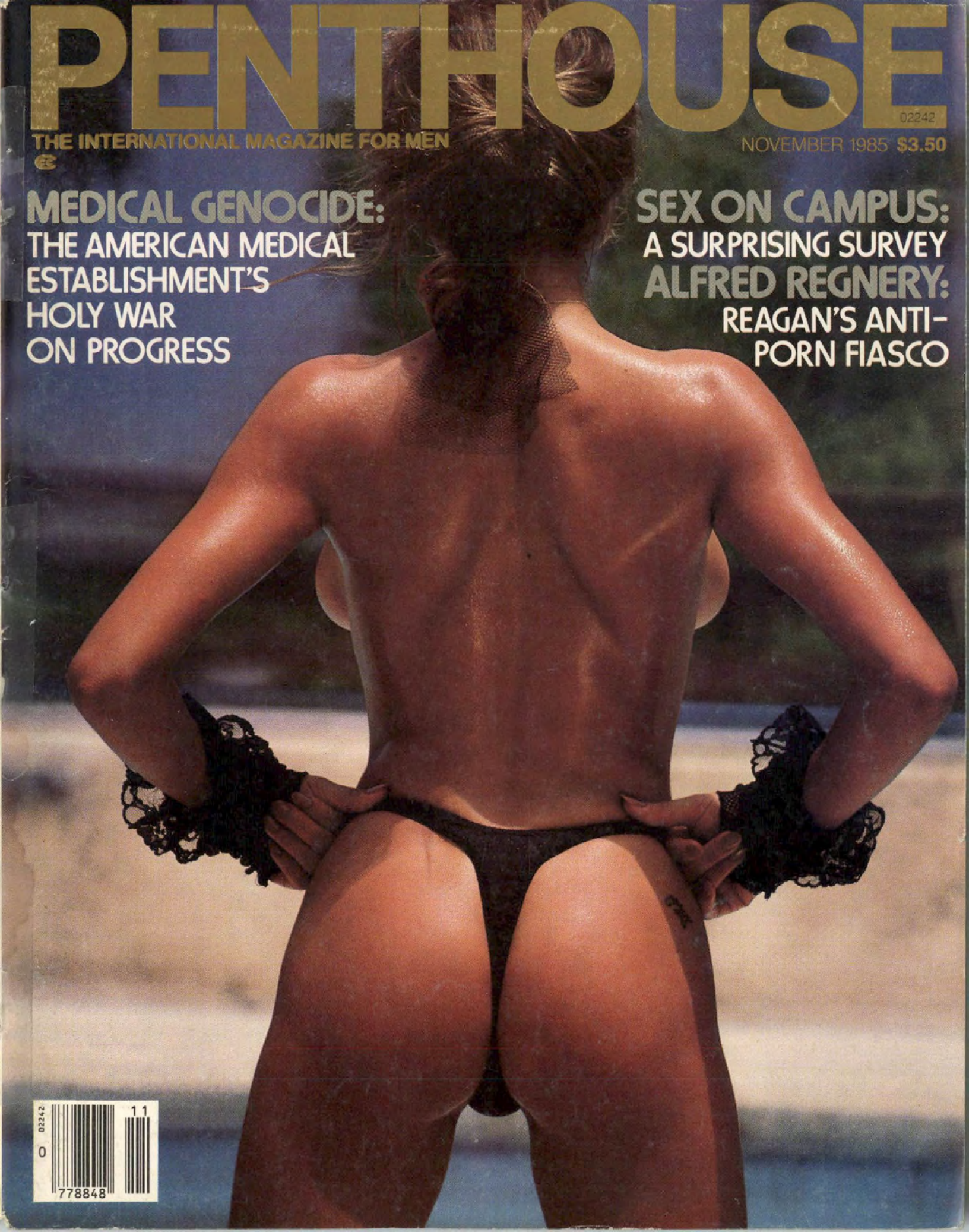
PENTHOUSE
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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
NOVEMBER 1985 $3.50
MEDICAL GENOCIDE:
THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT'S HOLY WAR ON PROGRESS
SEX ON CAMPUS:
A SURPRISING SURVEY
ALFRED REGNERY:
REAGAN'S ANTI-PORN FIASCO
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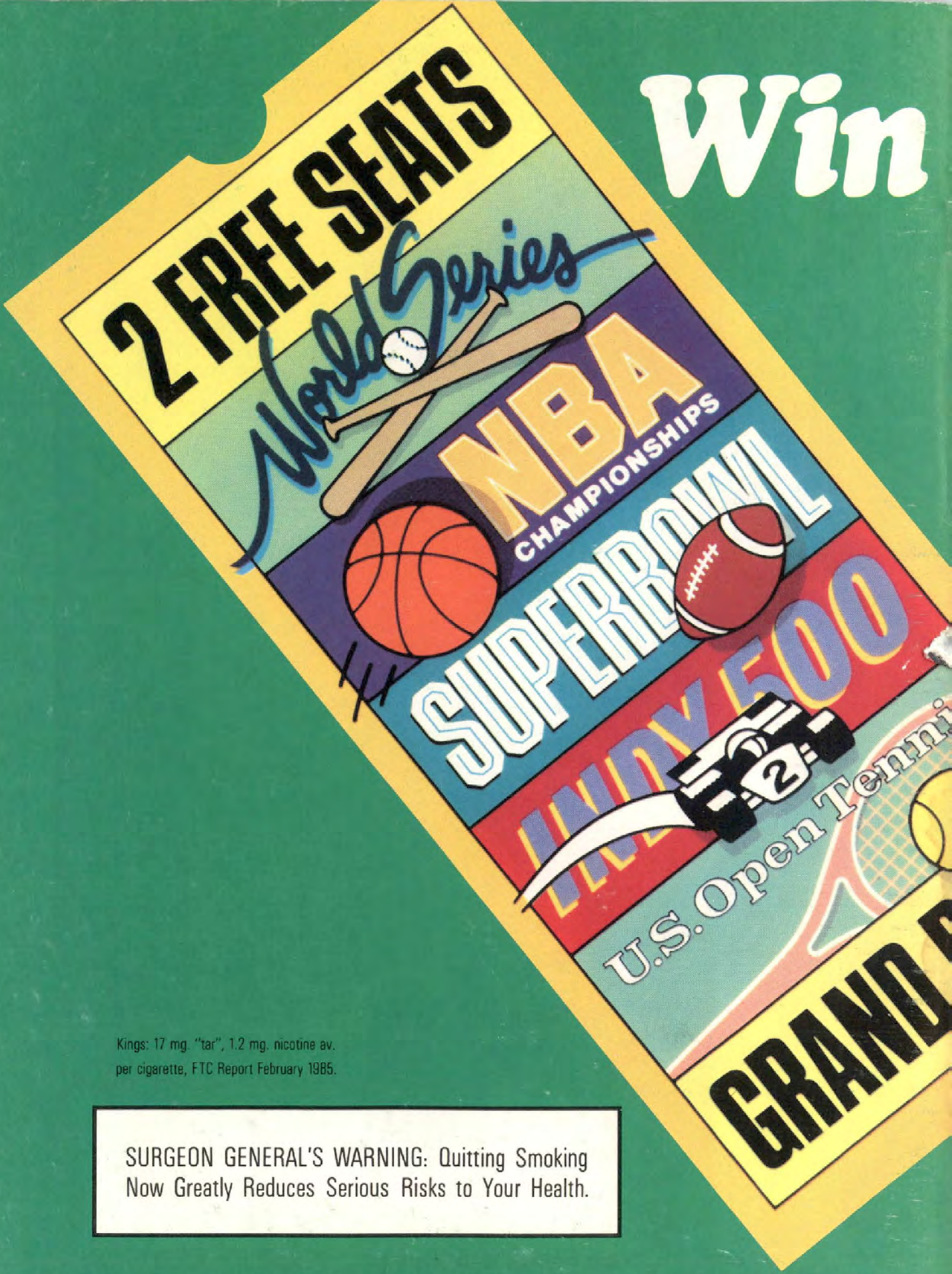

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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Carina Ragnarsson, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Norman 200B portable strobe. For more information on the equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 142.

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HOUSECALL

MEDICAL MENACE
In "Painful Treatment," *Penthouse* investigative reporter and renowned medical commentator Gary Null concludes his two-part article on the American medical establishment's war against chiropractic treatment. Even though, he points out, millions of Americans may have found chiropractic to be the only successful way to relieve chronic pain, the American Medical Association is making every effort to eliminate its practice. This "classic illustration of a powerful special-interest group imposing self-serving rules on supposedly public institutions" is another example of why Null's exclusive *Penthouse* series on "Medical Genocide" is must reading for all Americans.

ICE CYCLES
A crude, rugged form of biking competition—popular in Northern Europe and Russia, but virtually unknown anywhere else—is the focus of Gerard Rancinan's dramatic photo essay this month. The deadly steel spikes that propel the cycles can easily tear the flesh off any competitor who gets in the way, but these riders are as tough as their machines and, despite small monetary rewards, they are totally dedicated to the sport.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ALFRED REGNERY
You've probably never heard of Al Regnery, and we'd be surprised if you've ever heard of his job—Administrator of the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention. But after reading Larry Bush's exposé "The Truth and Alfred Regnery," we doubt if you'll forget his name. For one thing, Mr. Regnery has taken almost $800,000 of your money and given it to a woman who used to write songs for the "Captain Kangaroo" kids' show. And what is she supposed to do with this windfall? Amazingly, she's supposed to "investigate" men's magazines. You see, Mr. Regnery and his bosses, Attorney General Meese and President Reagan, seem to feel that your right to buy the magazine you're reading at this moment should be questioned. But given Mr. Regnery's past history and what might kindly be called his complete lack of experience for his present job, a more proper subject of investigation should be Mr. Regnery himself. Example: How can a man who once sported a bumper sticker reading "Have You Slugged Your Kid Today?" be in charge of the U.S. program to help juvenile offenders? Bush's report, including the story of a mysterious sexual assault on Regnery's wife, makes some mighty interesting reading indeed.

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES
Ellen Sherman's article on "Sex on Campus"—a survey of what today's college kids are doing, or not doing—proves that it's always a mistake to take things for granted. Yes, it's true that students know more about sex these days, and they know it earlier, but in talking to students across the nation, Ellen found that the result is a new wariness as well as a new sophistication about the subject. "It's still the favorite indoor sport," she writes, "but as with any good game, some of the rules have changed with the times." . . . Perusing the beauty of our lovely Pets is one activity that is *always* popular, but to illustrate that it, too, can change with the times, we feature this month Ms. Ursula Fellner, a fetching European starlet whose cover story in *Newlook* caused a sensation some months ago. During this Thanksgiving season we can all be thankful that there will always be new ways to be lovely—and new ways to admire and respect that loveliness!

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"As I neared the parked car, I noticed that the windows were a little fogged over. When I reached for the door handle, I heard soft moans coming from inside."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

TAKING THE BACKSEAT

I was on routine patrol in an offbeat district the other night when I spotted a car backed into an alley with the lights off. I parked my cruiser around the corner and walked back on foot.

As I neared the car, I noticed that the windows were a little fogged over. When I reached for the door handle, I heard soft moans coming from inside. What I saw inside gave me an instant erection. There, right in front of my eyes, were two of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, and they were stark naked! One was small-framed and blond, with small but perfectly shaped tits. The other had dark hair and larger boobs, with pink nipples that stuck out at least an inch. They didn't see me, so I just stood back and watched as they kissed and caressed each other.

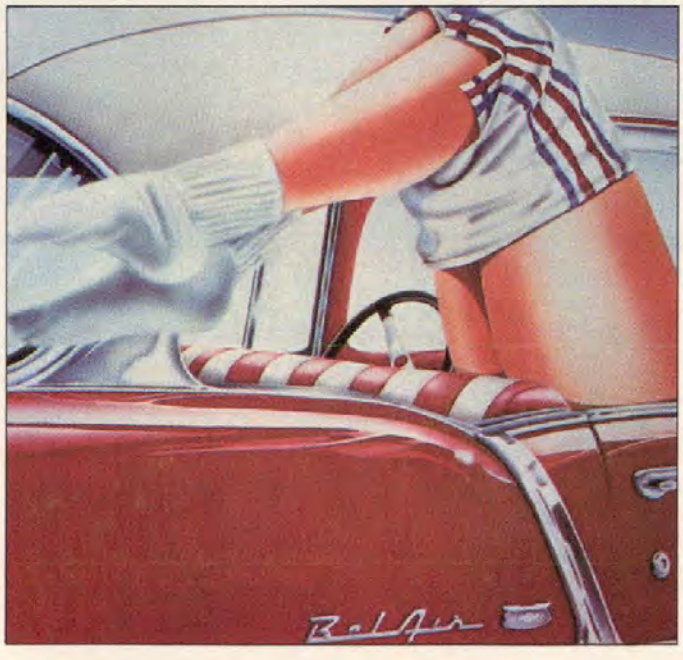
Soon, the darker girl lay back across the seat, and the blonde went down on her. She licked up the inside of the other girl's legs, just brushing across her beautiful bush. The brunette was moaning loudly now and licking her lips as she rubbed and pinched her own nipples. Then the blonde turned around and swung her legs into a sixty-nine position. I couldn't believe it! There, staring me in the eyes, was the most beautiful shaved pussy I had ever seen. I could see the brunette's tongue reach up and lick the juices that flowed freely from her tasty-looking cooze.

Just as things were heating up, my radio barked out a call to another officer. The two girls nearly jumped through the roof of the car. To my surprise, they made no attempt to cover up. Instead, they began begging me not to say anything. I was dumbfounded. Then they noticed the huge bulge my throbbing hard-on was making in my pants. Almost simultaneously, they reached out and began rubbing me through my pants. The brunette unzipped my pants and pulled them open. It was their turn to be surprised, for out sprang my ten-and-one-half-inch cock, fully erect and begging for relief.

The girls went crazy, licking and sucking my cock shaft. Lillie, the blonde, started to gently suck my balls, while Jennifer, the brunette, took almost half my length down her throat. I came within minutes, filling Jennifer's mouth with my warm semen.

I stayed as hard as Japanese arithmetic. I held my cock to Jennifer's mouth so she could wet it, and then pressed the head against Lillie's pussy. She made no protest, so I eased forward. Inch by inch, I disappeared into her as she let out a low moan. I started pumping, slowly at first, but gradually increased the tempo. I was able to last a little longer this time, but with Jennifer occasionally licking my balls, I couldn't last forever. I started pouring tons of come into Lillie's pussy. I pulled out to squirt the last few shots onto her pussy, which Jennifer lapped up like warm milk. Jennifer said it was the first time she was able to enjoy her two favorite flavors at the same time.

I would have liked to stay longer, but duty called. I excused myself and, promising not to tell anyone their secret, gave them my phone number and address and reluctantly left. Well, they called this morning and, as I sit here writing this letter, I'm thinking of all the different positions we're going to try tonight. As soon as I'm through writing, I'm leaving to buy balloons, feathers, whipped cream, and honey. I can't wait.—*Name and address withheld*



HAPPY HITCHHIKER

At my wife's encouragement, I am writing you for the first time. We both read *Penthouse* and are often aroused by its sizzling photographs and candid commentary. Jean, my wife, feels that other couples may receive as great a pleasure from reading about our unusual experience as we get from reading about theirs.

To begin our story, I should tell you that we live in a rural area which borders a college community. As we were driving down the highway last week, we spotted a clean-cut young man who was hitchhiking along the embankment. Although it was a sunny day, he was holding a black umbrella over his head—and was stark naked.

I remembered my days as a fraternity pledge at the local college and assumed he was undergoing some initiation ritual. With Jean's okay, I stopped the car to offer the young man a ride. He scampered into the backseat and thanked us profusely. As it turned out, he was indeed an inductee of a Greek society

PENTHOUSE FORUM in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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NOVEMBER

and had been stripped and stranded along the roadside by his fun-loving fraternity brothers.

Driving toward town, I could see that my wife was glancing in the rearview mirror. Jean told the hitchhiker that he had a well-developed body, then mentioned something about the heft of his penis. Mitch, I'll call him, laughed nervously and said he had nothing to hide.

Jean nudged me and pointed to the wet spot that had made a circle on the front of her tight white jeans. Her perky tits were threatening to burst from her low-cut blouse and she was batting her big blue eyes.

I recognized the code. This was her way of letting me know that she was ready for the three-way that we had often imagined as a fantasy. Glancing over my shoulder, I could see that the time was ripe with opportunity. Our hitchhiker was eyeing my wife's soft shoulders while battling a first-class boner.

To test the water, I suggested that we make a detour back to our house so that Mitch could borrow a pair of my slacks before he had to trudge across campus. Everyone agreed that this was a good idea, so I made a U-turn and headed toward home. As I pulled into the driveway, I could see why Jean was so turned on. Our "find" was featuring a formidable erection which seemed to be waving toward my wife! The idea of another man showing his desire for Jean in this sort of way caused me to want Jean's pussy all the more.

When we got into the living room, my wife perched on the edge of our sofa and crooked a finger toward our guest. Strutting like a peacock, the young man walked toward her. I quickly stripped for action while my peter-powered passion drove me toward the duo. Dropping to my knees, I helped Jean out of her pants. What awaited me was her moist, warm love nest—and I was eager to taste its sweet juices. I dipped my head between her outspread thighs, then sniffed her fragrant odor. As I licked the tender lips of Jean's steamy snatch, I could hear her slurping on the hitchhiker's cock.

This spurred me to a new peak of lust and passion. I straddled Jean's lap and plunged into her moist warmth. My rhythm was slow—the way she likes it best—but I could feel that my need was growing greater with each deep, probing stroke. Jean must have sensed this, too, because she pushed me away from her delicious honey pot. Saying that she wanted a sample of our friend's fat meat, she guided him into her gaping slit. While Mitch took his turn at plowing her clean-shaven mound, Jean twirled the tip of her tongue across the piss hole of my swollen cock head. Watching her tease me this way nearly caused me to spill my wad.

Begging to suck Mitch's succulent cock some more, she coaxed the young man to her side. Not to be left out of the action, I rerouted my dick toward her twitching hole and began to enter.

Mitch's hefty member had loosened Jean's usual tightness. Nonetheless, I could feel her hidden pussy muscles grabbing at my shaft and milking the sap from my swollen sac. I was teetering on the brink, yet I managed to please her for a few minutes longer. She was eagerly lapping her own love nectar off of Mitch's straining organ, and I was curious to see if she would drain his nuts with her voluptuous lips.

I found out soon enough. The young man fixed his stare on Jean's plugged pussy, then let go a low moan. A thick load of pecker snot spewed across her mouth. As she licked her lips, her fleshy folds of womanhood clasped my pride and joy. There was no holding back. I lunged deeply into her sweet pussy and filled her with my cream.

Jean wrapped her legs around my waist and squealed. Her frantic cries signaled that she had known a pleasure as great as we men had received from her. Grabbing Mitch's half-hard tool with her free hand, she gasped for breath as she pleaded for yet another screwing.

Still charged with youthful energy, he mounted her from behind and fucked her dog-style while I sat back to watch with pleasure. By the time Mitch had had his fill of my wife's insatiable snatch, I was ready to go at it again. Needless to say, Jean did not protest.

The three of us fucked for five hours that evening. When everyone had finally collapsed from exhaustion, Jean suggested that perhaps we should pull ourselves together and drive Mitch back to campus. I gave him a T-shirt and an old pair of jeans. My wife, in turn, gave him our phone number and an invitation to call whenever he wanted to play with us again.

We have already arranged to get together with Mitch and his steady girl next weekend. I am looking forward to sampling what he describes as "the tightest little squeeze-box in the county." Jean, too, has expressed an interest in tasting this young woman's goodies. While I've never watched my wife make love to another woman, the idea seems very exciting. If things turn out as we hope, it should be a very interesting gathering.—*Name and address withheld*

A MOST PLEASANT STAY

I didn't want to go to the hospital, but my doctor told me I had to, and I reluctantly agreed. All I had heard about the nurses was that they were old and unfriendly—nothing like in the movies where they got it on with the patients. At this hospital they were probably a nightmare. And besides, I was only going to be there for a few days. I never thought, even in my wildest dreams, that something like this would ever happen to me.

I checked in right after supper, so the night shift wasn't due for a few hours. To my surprise, they had given me a room

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to myself. I didn't mind. I just wanted to relax and watch TV.

Toward 11:30, when the late movie came on, this beautiful nurse waltzed in. She said that she had to scrub my knee twice, prior to surgery. I found no reason to argue with her. She had perfect lips to satisfy any man's needs, hopefully mine. She started to prepare for the scrubbing. I stayed in bed wearing my funky gown. She wore a white dress which showed off her legs very nicely. Her breasts were very curvaceous.

She must have sensed my excitement. She told me what nice legs I had. Slowly she ran her hand up and down my leg. She scrubbed my leg for about 15 minutes. Every once in a while I would look up and catch her eyes wandering up to my crotch. Good ol' Fred began to rise to the occasion.

Thoughts of fucking this girl passed through my mind several times. All of a sudden she said she was finished. She cleaned up and told me she would be back in an hour, when things got quiet on the floor. I thought, My God, this girl just teased me for the fun of it. As she was walking toward the door, she dropped a cloth. When she bent over to pick it up, I saw her pretty cheeks covered with white stockings. A garter held them up. How did she know I loved those? A quick smile on her face when she said, "See you later," told me I was in for some fun the next time around. I drifted off to sleep with my mind made up. I was going to fuck her brains out.

Sometime later, I felt a soft nudge. As my eyes focused on her beautiful face, I noticed the curtain was drawn around my bed. She told me that she was on her break and that no one was going to disturb us for about 30 minutes. Slowly she lifted my gown to reveal my manhood in all its glory. She then lowered her head and started to kiss and lick my hard cock. She moved slowly at first, then increased her pace. She was driving me out of my mind with pleasure. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. Was I in a dream? This foxy nurse was in my room sucking me off like it was going out of style. When I felt myself start to come, I knew it wasn't a dream. She sensed my anxiety and quickened her pace. All of a sudden I exploded. I couldn't believe how intense it was. Gracefully, my cock started to wilt with satisfaction, but my nurse was very persistent. She kept licking and sucking my cock, trying to bring it back to life. She stopped for a few minutes, and climbed off the bed.

With a seductive grin, I watched her unbutton her blouse. She whispered under her breath for me to get ready for the best fuck of my life. I could only gaze at her beauty. Her supple breasts, confined by a lace bra, just wanted to be licked and caressed. How I wanted to run my tongue over her thrusting, hard nipples. Sensing my desire, she walked closer to me and asked me to unhook her bra. With trembling hands I unhooked it, watching her breasts bounce with freedom. She took a step forward so I could kiss her hardened nipples.

As I licked the first one and then the other, she guided my hand underneath her uniform. I moved my hand upward to discover that she had taken off her panties. Her wetness had flowed down and drenched her legs. I couldn't wait any longer; I had to be inside her. I told her to climb up on the bed and fuck me. Draping her legs over me, she raised herself directly over my throbbing cock. She grasped it and teasingly slid it around her juicy cunt. "Just seeing if you're ready," she whispered. I was so ready I wanted to scream. In one swift plunge, she sank onto it to the fullest. She moved herself up and down in a precise rhythm. She told me she felt so good, so full, so excited. I glanced at my watch. She had only five minutes left of her break. This only quickened her pace.

She fucked my cock furiously, telling me to fill her hot cunt with my cream. I began to feel another orgasm coming, and I could sense hers was building up. Again, I exploded in her. After a few minutes, she got off of me and the bed. Without saying a word, she dressed herself. She reached into her pocket and gave me a piece of paper with her name and address on it. I asked her if I could see her again, soon. She just laughed and informed me that my surgery was postponed due to an emergency involving my doctor. She kissed me passionately on my lips and said, "See you tomorrow night." That is another story.—*Name and address withheld*

"It's amazing, Professor Steinmetz, what can be accomplished with a $2-million government grant and a hundred pounds of Play-Doh."

GIFTED GRADUATE

This past weekend I had a beautiful experience I want to relate to "Forum" readers. I am a 31-year-old professional woman living on the West Coast. My husband is very good-looking, but doesn't make love to me as often as I would like, so I fantasize and masturbate frequently.

I attended school in the East, where I spent many weekends at my roommate's house. She had a younger brother who was about 12 when we graduated. He was a real sweetheart and I was quite fond of him in a "little brother" kind of way. Recently my friend called and said her kid brother, Billy, had graduated from college and was traveling cross-country on a graduation trip. She asked if it would be all right if he stayed with us for a few days to see our area. I said, "Of course," and forgot all about it.

Last Wednesday I received a call from Billy. He said he would be arriving the next day, and I volunteered to take the afternoon off to show him the city. When he parked his old clunker in our driveway and got out, it was as if, emotionally, time had stood still. Only now, I was gazing

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upon a six-foot-two varsity crewman with broad shoulders.

Billy spent his first two days on his own. During the evenings, we shared after-dinner drinks and stories of the past decade of our lives. He got along famously with my husband, Stu, an ex–college jock himself. At Stu's suggestion, we decided to take Billy on a three-day hike in the nearby mountains.

At the end of our first day in the forest, we set up our three-man tent alongside a crystal-clear stream. After dinner we sat around the campfire, drinking whiskey from a flask. My husband allowed me to get into bed first for the sake of privacy, and I used the time to arrange the sleeping bags to my desires. I placed my bag in the center of the tent with the zipper opening toward Billy's, whose zipper faced mine. I had no idea if anything would come of it, but just arranging the scene made me wet.

By the time Billy came to bed my husband was snoring, off in his drunken state. In the weak light from the flickering fire I furtively watched as Billy peeled away his clothes; first revealing his broadly muscled back, then his long powerful legs, and finally, as my heart fluttered, he stripped away his underpants, giving me a brief glimpse of his taut buttocks and thick dark penis. I pretended to be asleep as he adjusted his sleeping bag. After a few minutes of listening to his even breathing and the pounding of my heart, I opened my eyes to find Billy lying on his side gazing at me. Tenderly, he reached out and took my hand in his, raised it to his tender lips, and kissed my fingers.

At that point I didn't know if I could let it go any further, but then he whispered, "I want you to hold me." As if powerless, I let him guide my hand under the edge of his sleeping bag and mold it around the incredibly warm, velvet-covered hardness of his now-erect cock. When it became clear that I would not resist, he moved my hand to the damp heat of his testicles, where he encouraged me to gently squeeze and pull on his scrotum. Then he moved my fingers to the broad pulsing head of his organ and began to move my hand in a slow circular motion which tugged the skin of his glans down and up, until I began to masturbate him on my own. His eyes held mine but began to flutter gently as I built his excitement. Billy whispered, "I want you to see what you're doing to me," and pulled back the covers, revealing his large straining penis and my small, soft hand rhythmically moving across his lean abdomen. My own level of excitement rose, knowing that Stu was asleep only a foot away.

Billy began to writhe slowly, and he said, "When I come, I want you to take it in your mouth." Even though it meant leaning halfway out of my bag, I was overwhelmed by the idea of sharing this special moment and rested my head on his chest as I masturbated his beautiful penis toward orgasm. I was soaked between my legs. Billy arched his back, thrusting his pelvis high, and moaned, "Now, Carol, now. Take all of me." Lowering my hand slightly but never stopping its powerful strokes, I gently covered the top inch of his penis with the wet softness of my lips. Wanting to please this man like no one before, I sucked lightly on the head and circled the crown with my tongue.

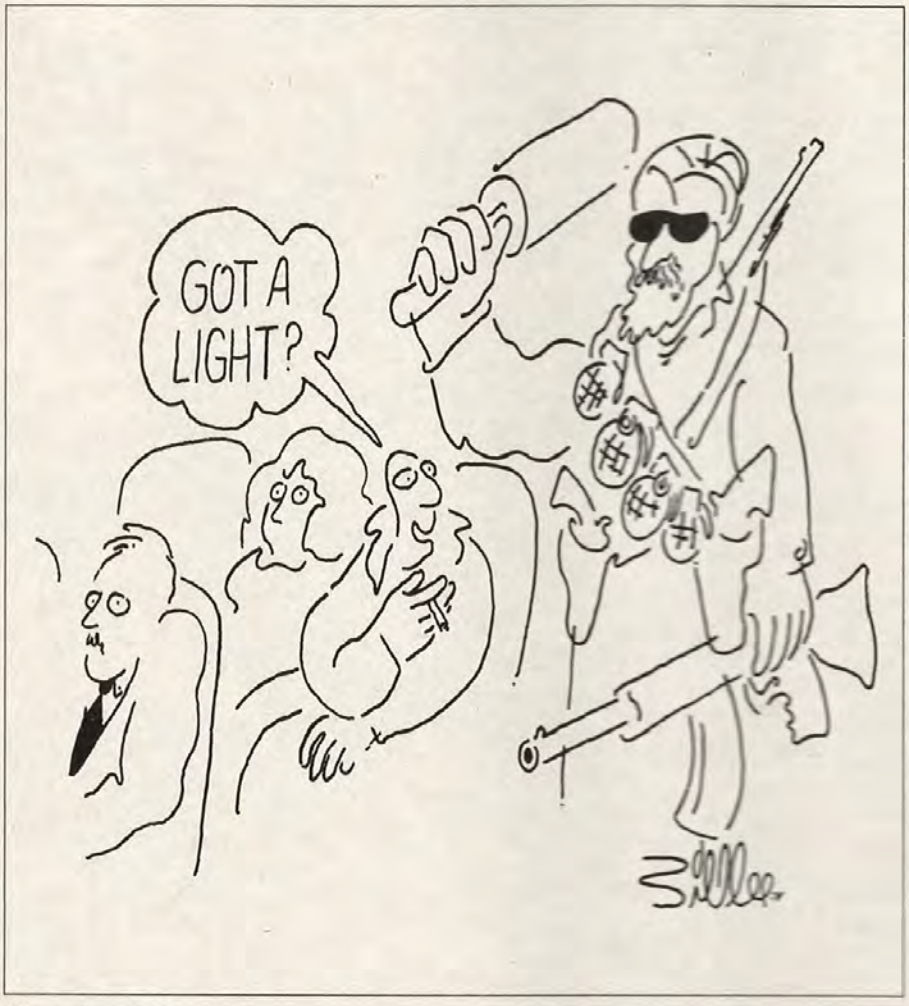
When he came I could feel his balls tighten and I squeezed them in my hand, as he had shown me earlier. The thickness of his cock grew, and the hot, thick spurts of his come registered their salty presence on my tongue. I sucked hungrily, as if every drop of his delicious sperm that I could swallow would magnify his pleasure.

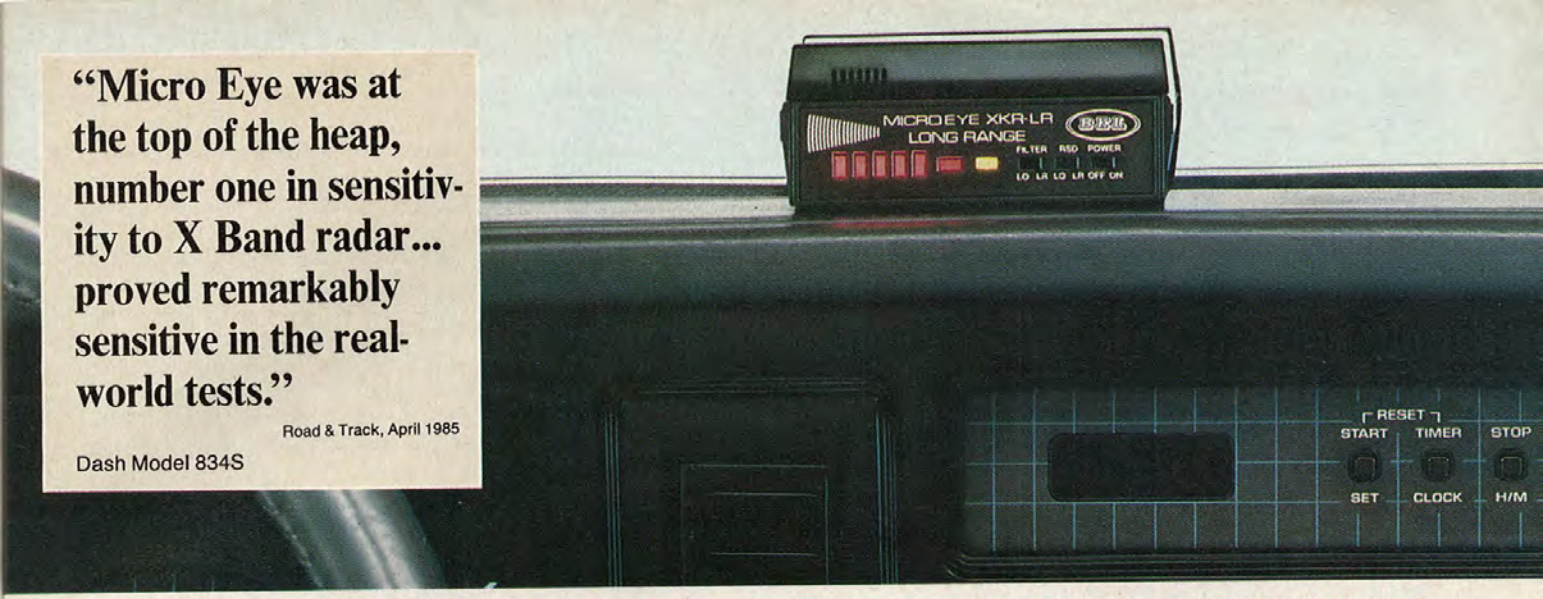
Pulling me away, Billy whispered, "Now it's my turn to please you." He pulled my nightgown upward until I lay naked from the shoulders down. "You are more beautiful than I had ever imagined," he said, as he circled my nipple with his fingertip. Reaching lower, he spread my thighs, now wet with my secretions almost to my knees, and cupped the hot wetness of my pubic hair with his palm. I felt his strong, insistent fingers force themselves between my lips, and I knew I had given myself completely to this man. I was hair-trigger hot and had to muffle my groans with my hand as he sank three fingers into my burning vagina.

His fingers stretched me wider as they began circling deeper into the place only my husband had known. The thumb of his hand located the tube just above my clitoris and forcefully squeezed it back and forth against my pubic bone. This dual approach caused shudders to run through me, and I quickly rose from an already high plateau to the brink of orgasm. Sensing this, Billy halted the work of his hand, moving it to my mouth, where I slowly licked the heady juices of my own vagina from his fingers. Stopping me, Billy then licked them clean and kissed me deeply.

Saying nothing, he raised my right leg and moved over me until his penis brushed my swollen lips. Slowly, Billy forced his stern, straight penis against my grabbing labia. Every ounce of my being was concentrated on the friction of his cock against my lips. The walls of my vagina widened for his cock.

There was no in-and-out movement, just the irresistible force of a steady penetration that filled my deepest parts as I had never been filled. Gazing into the darkness, only inches from Stu, I could feel Billy's fingers again apply their magic to my body. This time he cupped the skin around my clit between his fingers and slid it up and down, covering and uncovering my pleasure button. His touch was perfect. It was as if he knew my body



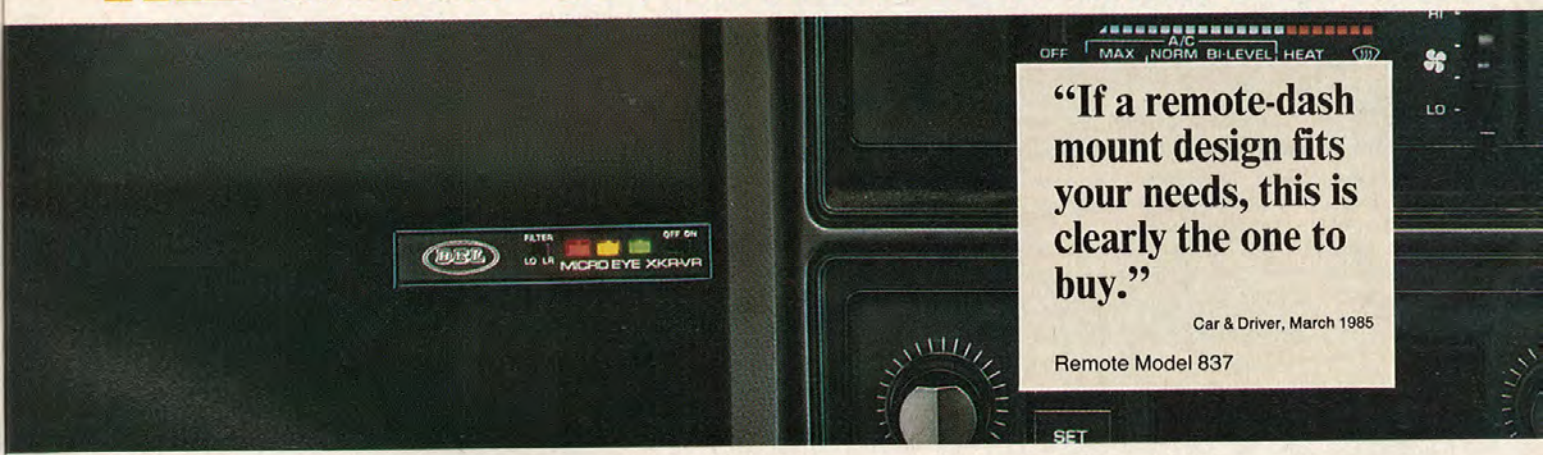


"Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar... proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests."

Road & Track, April 1985

Dash Model 834S

THE FACTS ON RADAR DETECTION



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Of the ten competitors evaluated, **Road & Track** confirmed that "Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar . . ." All in all, it "proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests. It placed 1st in the hill cresting test . . . and it also has the most effective filter against such (signal emission) leakage from other units." Quite simply, the MICRO EYE®'s computer integrated technology enables it to monitor incoming signals and virtually eliminate those which are not police-originated. The test concludes, "BEL is to be commended for building a unit that offers both superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors." What more need be said.

REMOTE MODEL

Car & Driver recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors") and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to **Car & Driver,** "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy.".

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better than I did. My breathing grew labored as my clitoris swelled between his electric fingers. My vagina began to spasm. Grasping at the penis that filled my body, I began to orgasm. "Oh, Billy," I moaned.

"Look at me," he whispered. "Don't close your eyes." From deep within me, the waves of pleasure swept forward, carrying me over the edge until, gazing into his eyes, I came.

I lay exhausted as he pulled the covers of my sleeping bag over us. We fell asleep with Billy's penis inside me and his head resting on my breasts. When I awoke the next day I was alone in my own bag, nightgown in place. Billy was asleep in his own bag. Stu had slept through everything. Rain canceled the last day of our hike, and on Monday, Billy headed south to Arizona. I don't know when we will see each other again, but the loving look in his eyes as he kissed me goodbye convinced me that someday we will share a special moment again.—*Name and address withheld*

OPEN SHUT, OPEN SHUT

As a 32-year-old assistant manager of a small retail shoe store in western Colorado, I had pretty much resigned myself to a rather sedate lifestyle, satisfying my abundant sexual appetite vicariously, more often than not through the pages of *Penthouse*. I would never have thought I'd have a story for you, but I do.

It was just before closing, and our luscious part-time cashier had just punched out, leaving me alone to clean up the floor. I was reboxing a pair of sandals when in walked two of the most gorgeous women I'd ever seen. Both were tall with fiery red hair. One was older than the other, with firm round tits covered by a frilly white blouse. The younger woman wore a skintight leotard. Both had strong, supple legs which reached up under their floral-patterned skirts. They were tan and sunhealthy, and while the older of the two let her hair cascade down around her face, the younger one had hers pulled back into a tight ponytail.

After I stammered a greeting, the older one said that she had seen a pair of shoes in the window and wanted to try them on. I asked her to describe them, but she said it would be easier to show me. I followed her outside while her friend took a seat against the wall. The shoes in the window had been there for months. I was surprised a woman of such apparent good taste would want a pair of shoes most other women had barely noticed. I knew we had her size.

As we walked back in, I noticed her friend had disappeared, although I didn't think much of it at the time, and I headed for the stockroom. I was pulling the curtain aside, when I heard a soft, "Oh, sir?" I turned around, and the woman was smiling. "I wear a size eight. Double A." I felt my face turning red, and said, "Oh, right."

When I returned with the shoes, she had taken a seat next to where her friend had been sitting. She was already barefoot. I pulled the fitting stool in front of her and she reached down and stroked her bare calves. "Ooo, it feels so good to take these things off," she said. "I've been walking all day, and it's nice to be free of those straps." By this time, all I could think about was what she looked like under her skirt and panties. I imagined a pussy, dark and damp, maybe a few freckles around her inner thighs, and I pictured pushing my face into it.

She slipped easily into the black pump, turned her foot at an angle, and looked at it. "What do you think?" she asked. I cleared my throat and told her they looked great. "Do you have them in brown, too?" I said we probably did and got up to check. By now, I was beginning to feel substantial pressure against my slacks and was anticipating a session with "Forum" once I'd made my sale.

I walked into the stockroom and was just reaching up for her brown shoes when I realized she'd followed me. Without a word, she stepped toward me, reached for my belt buckle, undid my pants, and pulled them down. She knelt in front of me and took my now-huge cock in her hand, gave it a couple of quick strokes, then took all of it in her mouth. I couldn't believe it. There I was, standing between the stacks of summer sandals, getting incredible head from a woman as pretty as any I'd ever dreamed of. I was just about to squirt all I had down her throat when the younger woman appeared in the aisle. She looked at me and at the woman on her knees, put her hands on her hips, and shook her head. Then she said, "I knew I'd find you back here, Mom."

Mom didn't seem to notice. In fact, she kept sucking harder and harder, finally reaching around my ass and clutching my buttocks with her fingers. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, on the verge of coming, I saw the other woman yank her leotard down, cup her tits in her hands, shake her ponytail out, and step toward me.

She looked into my eyes, then kissed me hard on the lips. The whole time, her mother sucked my hot and throbbing cock. Finally, I couldn't hold back any longer and let go, spilling what felt like a quart of come into her mouth. She took it all, swallowing at least five times.

By this time, the daughter had quit kissing me and was behind me, facing her mother. As if they'd rehearsed it, the daughter began fondling my balls while her mother took my cock in her mouth. As I was about to come the second time, the mother leaned back and lay on the floor. Pulling her skirt up to her waist, she revealed exactly what I'd imagined: a dark-red pussy, damp and steaming. She

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pulled her lips apart with her fingers as her daughter pushed me down on top of her. I entered her and, after a couple of thrusts, felt the daughter tickling my balls while I rode her mother. I was just about to let go when I felt the daughter pull away. I came in a moaning frenzy, my face on the breasts that lay heaving beneath the frilly blouse.

I pulled my head away and looked down at the mother. She was looking up at me, smiling, her eyes satisfied. I backed out of her, and we all stood up. I pulled my pants up and looked at them, trying to think of something to say, but the mother, letting her skirt fall back into place, just put her finger—which still smelled delightfully of pussy juice—on my lips to hush me and shook her head. Then she turned and took her randy daughter by the hand. Together they walked down the aisle, through the curtains, and out the door, the mother stopping only long enough to slip into the sandals she'd worn in.

I buckled my belt and followed them to the door, but they were gone, I slowly shut out the lights, locked the doors, and drove home, as if in a dream.—*Name and address withheld*

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

The only thing my ex-husband and I could ever agree on was that the letters in "Forum" were hot. They were always a part of our foreplay.

Since I've regained single status, my life has been really enjoyable. I'm not overly promiscuous, but if the spirit moves me, I'm not against some impromptu fooling around.

One evening, I was playing softball and the guy who was umping really caught my eye. He was about six feet tall, muscular but not muscle-bound, and had big, beautiful blue eyes. I'm about five foot six and attractive. I don't look like Christie Brinkley, but if you saw pictures of both of us, you'd be able to tell that we belong to the same species. I have long auburn hair and I'm 35-27-36.

After the game, which we lost (our team plays for fun, and the other team actually practices and knows what to do when they make a play), I invited the umpire, Joe, back to our team's favorite bar to help us drown our sorrows. He agreed, and off we went.

Joe turned out to be as nice as he was good-looking. He was a good conversationalist, knew a little about a lot of things, said he played a couple of musical instruments, and was interested in listening to what I had to say. It was getting late and as we walked out to our cars, he asked if we could get together sometime soon. I said, "Sure, how about tonight?" He said he couldn't—something about a bad time of the month—and suggested Saturday night. I agreed, kissed him good night, and headed home, unfortunately alone. This was on a Wednesday night, and the next couple of days dragged on like an eternity. He called me Friday afternoon to make plans for the next evening. We went to a dinner theater and then dancing. We had a great time. We talked and laughed and really enjoyed ourselves.

Later, we went back to my place for a drink. We were sitting around talking and listening to music, and Joe was being the perfect gentleman. I figured if this evening was going to go anywhere, I was going to have to take the initiative. As we were sitting on the sofa, I reached over and kissed him, probing his mouth with my tongue. I began caressing his body, and soon he began caressing mine. The action on the sofa was really beginning to heat up.

I unbuttoned his shirt and started rubbing his hairy chest. I slipped my hand down and started to massage him through his pants. He moaned so softly I could hardly hear him. His breathing started to quicken. I unzipped his pants and got a truly delightful surprise: He was hung like a horse! It was about nine or ten inches long and thick. I leaned my head over to kiss it, and it stood straight up for me. I was licking and kissing it all over, sucking one of his balls in my mouth and then the other. It really turned him on when I'd flick my tongue around his balls.

After a little teasing, he really deserved some good deep-throating. I did my best but couldn't get all of it in. I didn't want him to come yet, so, somewhat teasingly, I took it out of my mouth—but mostly because I wanted him inside of me. The look on his face was priceless. "I bet we'd be more comfortable in the other room," he said. Off we went, leaving a wake of clothing in our path. We stopped at the foot of the bed and kissed for a few moments. He sat me down on an armless chair next to the bed and fell to his knees in front of me.

He started kissing my ears, then my neck. He worked his way down to my breasts, not missing a single spot. He kissed, nibbled, and caressed his way down to my inner thighs. Then he kissed my pussy. Oh, it felt so good! He started working it very gently and increased his speed and aggressiveness as he went on. When he found my clit, he went to work on it. Licking up and down, back and forth, plunging his tongue into my slit deeper and deeper. I grabbed his head and pulled his face tight against my pussy and exploded in an earthshaking orgasm. When he lifted his face, it was covered with my juices. He just smiled and said, "You'll get yours."

It took me a minute or two to compose myself. Then he led me to the bed. I wanted him so badly. He slid into me effortlessly. We rocked to the music, first with him on top, then with me on top. I was totally out of control. I couldn't get enough of him. I got on my hands and

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knees and he got behind me and pumped me for all he was worth. I had too many orgasms to count. It seemed that every time he got close to having one, he'd stop. I realized what he wanted. He wanted me to go down on him again.

We got into a sixty-nine position, and again he brought me to another incredible orgasm. I worked his cock at a furious pace with both my mouth and hand. Just when he was on the brink, he stopped me. He asked me to go over and sit in the chair. He came over and straddled the chair, leaving his huge pole dangling in my face. I started to work on it again with long, deliberate strokes. When he started to come, he pulled his cock out of my mouth and squirted his come all over my face and hair. I love to watch a man squirt his come, and up close is the best place to be. Joe shot his large globs on my cheeks, chin, and forehead. I also caught as much of it with my mouth as I could.

Joe later told me that was the first time he'd ever squirted a load on his lover's face. It's something we've added to our sexual repertoire.—*Name and address withheld*

RISING ALTITUDE

It happened in late autumn, on a flight back to the States from Europe. I had met my companion in San Francisco only six weeks before, and fallen deliriously in love while airborne.

It all came as a surprise. After all, I was a recently separated, 42-year-old executive. I wasn't sure I was ready to play. My fantasies of being single were of young blondes with big tits and tiny brains. Yet here I sat with a woman almost my own age. Well, I admit she looked younger, a lot younger. She had shoulder-length, sun-streaked, dark-blond hair, the face of a virgin, and the body of a 23-year-old. Thank God for the California physical-fitness craze.

The only place her maturity showed was in her professional success. She was a society doctor and independently wealthy. So when my annual business trip to Europe came up, my love left her medical practice for two weeks and flew to meet me.

It was a romantic time of champagne and pâté and little inns along the Loire River—then a stop in New York to clear customs and a night at the theater.

The next morning, we took off for California. She sat beside me, dressed in a white-on-white-striped silk blouse with a little bow tied at the collar, and a black silk skirt and high heels. I held her little hand (she was a petite five feet one inch tall) and marveled at her blue eyes, which turned to turquoise as the sun slanted through the cabin windows. Her nose turned slightly upward, and I watched her small, sweet lips as she laughed and talked in her musical way.

I was in awe of her. Unfortunately, awe had not led me to wild sex. Sure, we had made love during the last two weeks, but it was always straight and simple . . . and, well, dignified. I reminded myself how in 20 years of marriage my wife had never swallowed my come. Here, I figured, I go again.

Pausing in the conversation, she closed her eyes and rested as I sat waiting for the in-flight movie to begin. My hand rested on her thigh. She seemed extremely warm there and I pressed cautiously, moving slowly up and toward the inside. I waited for her to start talking again or to move my hand away, but she did neither. If anything, her legs seemed to part a little under the tray that held her glass of sherry. I pressed again, this time moving farther up. Through her skirt, I could feel the bone above her crotch. She took a little breath.

"No," she whispered. "Not with all of these people around."

I looked down our row and saw a woman reading a magazine. There were people behind us and in front of us. A stewardess walked by, glancing at my arm under the tray.

I pressed again, and felt warmth from her pussy flow through the silk. She was getting wet. Our hands came apart and my fingers traveled up to her waist and inside her skirt, pushing aside her silk blouse and going beneath the waistband of her panty hose. Hidden, my fingertips brushed her springy, tight curly hair.

"Please," she whimpered. I told her to relax and pressed down with my fingers again, sensing the steamy wetness already inside her panties. She breathed harder and I felt her belly suck in, but I could not get my fingers farther down. I disengaged my hand and moved it back around her waist until I found the button and zipper at the side of her skirt.

"You've got to stop," she said, as I undid the button, but I could tell by the fast pace of her breathing that she was mine now. My fingers went back inside, diving deeper, down to where she was all hot and wet for me. My cock grew hard, imprisoned in my pants. My middle and second fingers slid into the moist, soft folds around her clitoris. Rhythmically I moved, flicking her clit, toying with it, now teasing, now pressing, feeling the pleasure forcing her hips to wriggle no matter how much she tried to hold still and ignore what I was doing to her.

Her hand clasped my forearm so hard I thought she'd close off the circulation. Still, I continued ravaging her pussy with my insistent fingers. My cock strained to be free, but I would not stop to release it. I began to hear low animal sounds from her in my ear. "Oh, God, I want to scream," she moaned. "Don't make me come here."

I looked around at the people and the stewardesses, and I drove deeper inside her pussy, impaling her on my middle finger as my thumb pressed and pushed

"Now put in your tongue and take out your wallet."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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PET FORUM

FESTIVE HOLLIDAY

Dear Brenda Holliday,
I was just thumbing through some back issues of *Penthouse* (of course, I save them all), when I came upon your pictorial, "Crazy Like a Fox" [photographs by John Copeland], in the February 1981 issue. Even after four years, your beauty hasn't dated one bit. You're still foxy.

I, too, am the offspring of a

Brenda

cowboy and an Indian. My mother was full-blooded Sioux, just like yours, and my father was a rancher from Montana. My Sioux grandmother named me Eagle Spirit when I was born.

Brenda, do you have an Indian name? Or maybe a thing for fellow Sioux? I see a whopping powwow near the campfire in our future.—*Eagle Spirit, Lawrence, Kans.*

Dear Eagle Spirit,
My parents never gave me an Indian name, but I sometimes fantasize about being a Sioux princess named Running Wind. Could Eagle Spirit catch Running Wind? I think this is how those marvelous Indian legends were born. I'll answer your smoke signal anytime.—Brenda

DEJA VU

Dear Christine Dupré,
While thumbing through the September 1985 issue, I absolutely flipped when I saw your layout ["Bedeviled," photographs by Suze Randall]. Seeing you on those pages was like a déjà vu. I've been dreaming about you *forever*.

Presently, I'm a psychology major in college and hope one day to become a sex therapist. Sex to me isn't just a hobby, it's an art—a cultivated aesthetic experience that perhaps the two of us could share. How about it?—*Name and address withheld*

Planning on becoming a sex therapist? I was born a sex therapist. I no longer take beginners as I am too advanced by now, but when you become a Ph.D., maybe we could have a conference, tête-à-tête.—Christine

FITNESS FREAK

Dear Christy Canyon,
As a longtime bodybuilder and fitness instructor, I have developed a good eye for women who exemplify their beauty through hard work and physical fitness. Your appearance in the February 1985 issue of *Penthouse* [photographs by J. Stephen Hicks] was stunning as well as sensual.

There are a lot of women I instruct who are always asking how they can get a nicely shaped behind. Who else could I ask for advice but you, a woman who possesses the tightest, most shapely derriere I've ever seen? By the way, how do you feel about bodybuilders?—*Chuck Hayashi, Monterey Park, Calif.*

Dear Chuck,
I love bodybuilders! God, nothing makes a present more tempting than a terrific wrapping. Sorry, there's no secret to my be-all and end-all behind: It's mostly natural. Though I do tend to give it a workout now and then . . . at the gym.—Christy

DEAN OF ENGLISH

Dear Charlie Dean,
If beauty were a minute, you'd be an hour. Everyone who saw your pictorial, "Going First Class" [photographs by Allan J. Wash], in the September 1985 issue must be breathless, particularly those like myself who are partial to English girls.

Your face is extraordinary, sweet and angelically innocent with a hint of a promise. I love looking at you, but my eyes can only function by looking at one section at a time. The whole picture might short-circuit my brain.—*John Roberts, Hollywood, Calif.*

Dear John,
I also can look at a man one section at a time—appetizer, entrée, and dessert. Yum.—Charlie

Charlie

Christine

HOOKED ON BROOK

I *was* a sometime reader of your magazine. That was before I purchased your July 1985 issue. The photographs of Brook Morales were tasteful, sensual, and very erotic. The opening shot of her pictorial ["East/West," photographs by J. Stephen Hicks] made my pulse quicken and my heart race. By the time I finished, I was in need of a paramedic.

Brook is the most tempting girl I've ever seen. Please send me an autographed photo. And *Penthouse*, I don't know if you'll ever top the stunning beauty of Brook, but please try. You've definitely made a subscriber out of me.—*Name and address withheld*

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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"Antiabortion-movement leaders have failed to condemn the violence against abortion facilities and the routine use of terrorist tactics by their followers."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

THE KILLING FIELDS

Thank you for the informative article on Ronald Reagan's Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), "Blueprint for Tyranny" by Donald Goldberg and Indy Badhwar, August 1985. Never before has an investigative article in *Penthouse* enraged me so. The thought that Reagan and his cronies Ed Meese, George Bush, and FEMA director Louis Giuffrida could take control of all law enforcement and turn the United States into a police state directed from the Oval Office is terrifying. What kind of "emergency" would call for the President to take such actions, anyway? Mass demonstrations and dissent over a Reagan invasion of, say, Nicaragua?

To such criticism, Louis Giuffrida pounds his hand on the table and declares, "I've never done anything illegal or immoral." It was men just like these law-abiding and moral people who called out troops that shot four people dead at Kent State (over the illegal invasion of Cambodia, of course) and attacked and injured dozens of others across the nation. Nixon's policies of puppet governments and B-52s led Cambodia all the way to the "killing fields." Let's not let Reagan and Giuffrida drag us there, too.—*Al Underriner, Van Nuys, Calif.*

BILL BAIRD

When *Penthouse* Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein interviewed proabortion spokesman Bill Baird in the July 1985 issue, he relied too heavily on casting the stereotypes of the prolife movement.

The fact that there have been 28 firebombings since 1982 does not say as much as the press wants it to. Arson and destruction of private property are serious crimes; these antiabortion terrors are despicable. However, what is equally wrong is how the press continually stereotypes the prolife movement as rabid and violent. It is unfair to portray as destructive the more than 200,000 prolife activists in the United States who are nonviolent just because a few hundred or so of their comrades are off-the-wall.

Also, in their dialogue, Baird and Sonnenschein used another weapon of the press when they cited the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church as *the* promoter of the prolife movement. As a Jew and a prolife activist, I dislike the fact that *Penthouse* did not give at least partial credit to my clergy! Since 1973, the Rabbinical Council of America has annually condemned permissive abortion laws.—*Ken Shapiro, Niantic, Conn.*

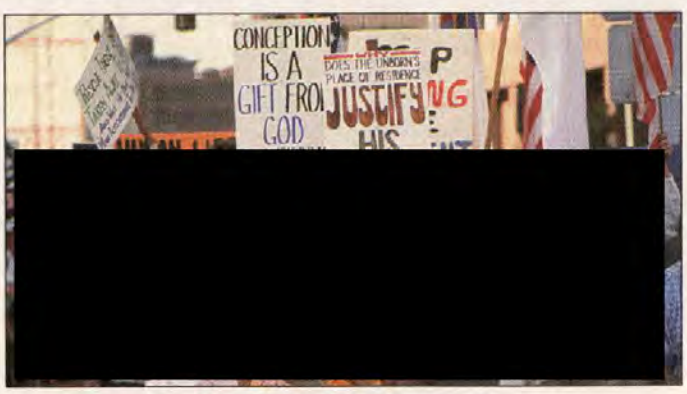
Bill Baird replies:

Leaders of the antiabortion movement have consistently failed to condemn the violence against abortion facilities and the routine use of terrorist tactics by their followers. You fail to recognize that violence is encouraged by the use of such inflammatory rhetoric as calling those who support a woman's right to abortion "murderers," "whores," "Nazis," etc.

I have repeatedly appealed to antiabortion leaders and clergy across this nation to follow the example set by Bishop James Hickey's office of the Cleveland Catholic Diocese, which, following a meeting with me after a Cleveland clinic was torched, issued the following statement: "We call on all who are involved in the pro-life movement . . . to avoid inflammatory rhetoric . . . and to maintain an attitude that is always respectful of life." Not a single antiabortion leader anywhere has followed Bishop Hickey's example. Since this statement was issued in 1977, more than 62 clinics have been firebombed.

When you refer to your "clergy," the Rabbinical Council of America, you are ignoring the fact that most major Jewish organizations, including the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the National Council of Jewish Women, B'nai B'rith, and others, support abortion rights. The group to which you refer represents Orthodox Jews, the smallest segment of American Judaism. There are more than 30 religious organizations who are members of the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights, which has been active for over a decade.

As a Unitarian, I am frustrated when I see other religious groups that are afraid of what I have to say and succeed in having many of my lecture dates canceled. For those readers who are concerned about these oppressive religious bigots, you can help our movement by inviting me to speak at your local college or university, or other organization in your community. Contact me at: Bill Baird Institute, 131 Fulton Avenue, Hempstead, N.Y. 11550.



KEEP 'EM COMING

Your Mixed-Up Drinks competition ["Games," by Scot Morris, May 1985] was great. With *Penthouse*'s permission, we would like to serve you this drink:

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⅓ beautiful women
⅓ great editorial staff

Shake well, saddle-stitch, and serve. Makes over four million happy readers.—*Ray Foley, Publisher/Editor, Bartender Magazine, Livingston, N.J.*

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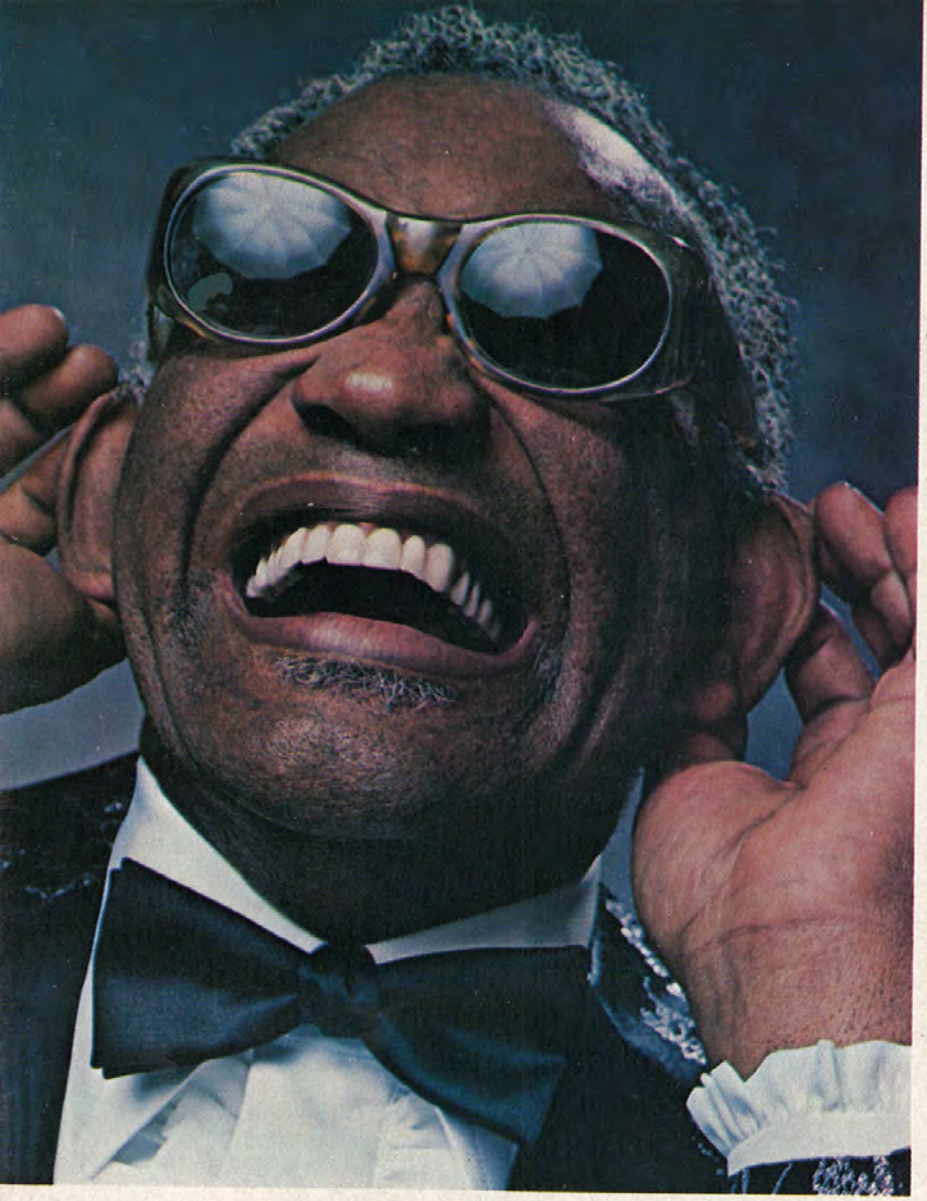

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by Ray Charles

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Then the Pioneer folks ask me to listen to their videodisc system called LaserDisc.

I'm a little skeptical, but I put my ear to it. And, I've got to tell you, I'm amazed. The sound is as good as anything I ever heard on my stereo. Maybe better.

I say, 'That's heaven for me, but what's the picture look like for the rest of the folks?'

And the experts tell me the picture blows every other video system away. And that since the discs are played back by a laser beam, they can't wear out the way records and tapes do.

Now I bet you're thinking, 'But I already own a stereo,' or 'I already own a VCR.' Well, whether you're watching music or movies, you still need a Pioneer LaserDisc. Because LaserDisc does what no other system can do. It brings the best picture and best sound together.

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Feminists are resuming their 20-year crusade to take more and more jobs away from men.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

Prepare yourselves, men and women of America, for the latest feminist ploy—equal pay for work of "comparable value," a scheme aimed at further eroding the rights of men. Damn the torpedoes, damn family life: The "sisters" of this nation are once again united in complaining that they are being paid less than their male counterparts. Their focus now rests on pay equity. In the words of Judy Goldsmith, former president of the National Organization for Women, "This is women's premier economic issue of the 1980s."

The issue is not "equal pay for equal work," which has been the law of the land since 1963 and is readily understood by each and every member of society. "Equal pay for *comparable* work" is a political approach to wage setting that replaces free-market factors with a point system predicated upon subjective evaluations of job worth—arrived at by comparing jobs held mostly by women with dissimilar jobs held mostly by men.

Feminist leaders argue that women are not receiving their fair share of the economic pie. They propose paying a female clerk/typist the same as a warehouseman if the two jobs require approximately the same skill, responsibility, and effort. This is the feminist goal: equal pay for different work. And they are using litigation and legislation to implement, impose, and mandate this scheme, regardless of cost.

Federal District Court Judge Jack E. Tanner—a Carter appointee—ruled in December 1983 that the comparable-worth system of compensation applied to women in Washington State. It has been estimated that this decision will cost Washington taxpayers some $1 billion, since the state must make up for the differential. Although the Tanner decision is being appealed, new class-action suits are multiplying in places like Hawaii, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Connecticut, and elsewhere, and comparable-worth legislation has been introduced in Congress.

The policy of comparable worth should be opposed because it will greatly damage the nation's economic well-being and surely result in a loss of employment benefits already earned by men. If it is enacted:

- Seniority in employment will be directly affected.
- Cultural patterns reinforced early in life will be aborted.
- Male incentive will be irreversibly damaged.
- Our capitalist system will be radicalized, directly affecting our current income.
- The national deficit and personal taxes will escalate.
- Small firms and businesses will be destroyed.

It is not my intent to demean women or deny them equal employment opportunities, if that is their sole aspiration in life. What I do object to, however, is the increasing number of women who are flooding the job market and seeking opportunity and independence, traumatically affecting traditional family life with their children and spouses. The working woman tends to follow a collision course in the name of her career, with little or no regard for the consequences.

Obviously, not all women fall into this category, but we are witnessing legions of Mary Poppinses suddenly being transformed into Superwomen, trading in their dresses and aprons for designer jeans and suits.

Speaking as a men's rights advocate, I now see the feminist movement resuming its 20-year crusade to take more and more jobs away from men. And make no mistake, women are not limiting their goals to office, supermarket, and restaurant work. They are going for the whole pot of gold.

Women are no longer defensive about working outside their homes. Instead, they throw up smoke screens by declaring that they are not shirking their parental and spousal duties. They blithely proclaim that they love their family as well as their jobs. Any thinking person knows this is a paradox, that they are discussing two *full-time* careers. The question is: Which takes priority for the working married woman—taking care of her family or climbing the economic ladder?

I am of the opinion that equality is a just ideal. But today's woman is not satisfied with mere equality; she continues to seek the "edge" over men. Some women have the audacity to ask employers for cash benefits to pay day-care expenses—and they receive them. Still others, trying to juggle child and home duties, continually complain that they don't have enough free time.

The other casualty of the working woman's career is her husband. I'm not referring to show-biz marriages on the rocks, but to the increasing number of average people seeking separations and divorces. Their complaints are all so typical that they constitute a litany of broken relationships: the woman whose career gets a late start, takes off, and surpasses her husband's, leaving in its wake anger, frustration, and jealousy; the man who wants to retire but feels he must keep up the financial charade in order to retain his masculinity; couples who lock horns in a money game so demanding that sexual activity is often forsaken.

For the single man, my advice is to stay single and play the game on equal terms. Married men are well advised to avoid the pitfalls of having a working wife. State unequivocally that she is expected to stay in the home, and don't waver. Your resolve will ultimately determine your family's success and happiness.

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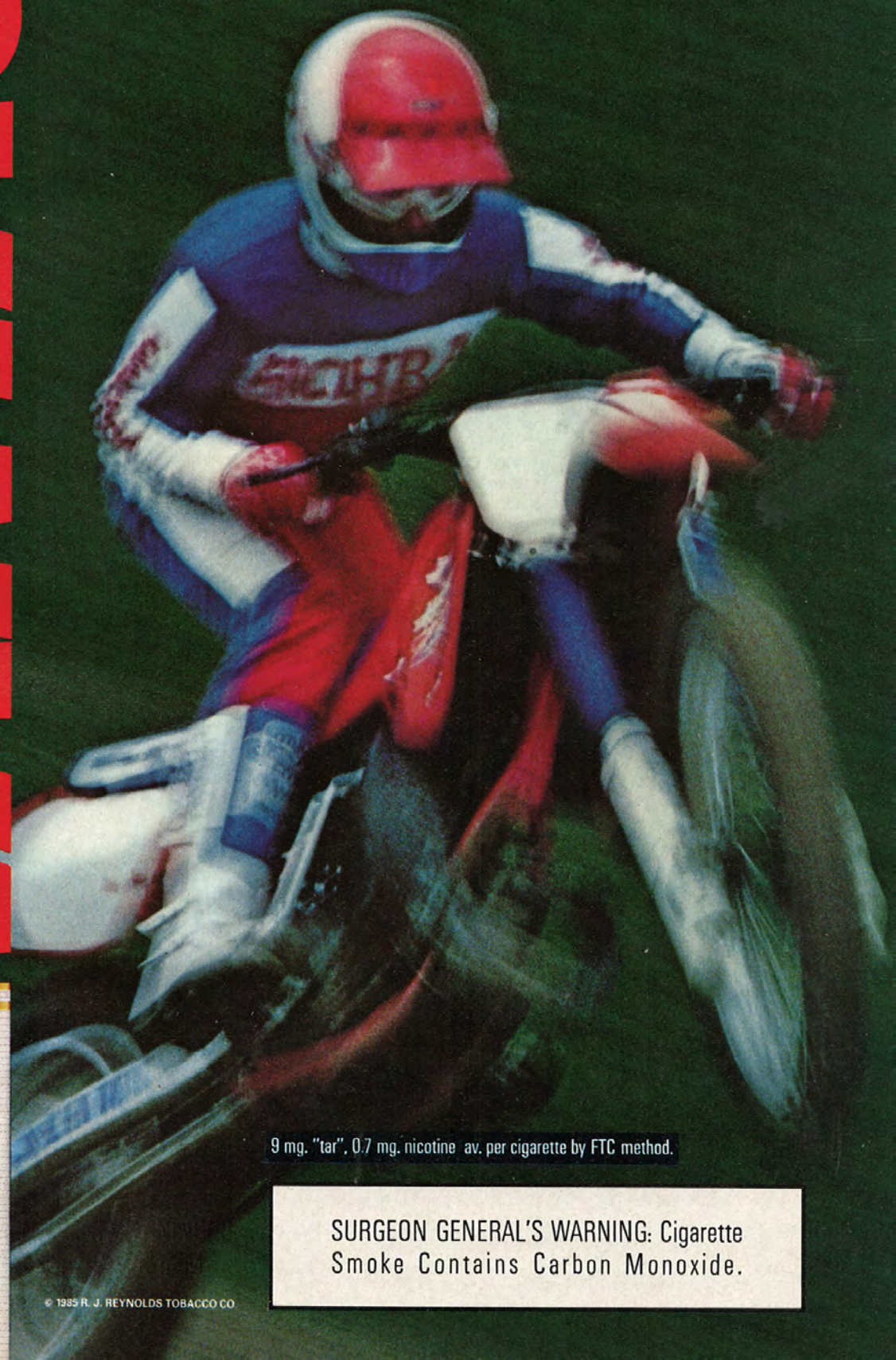

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So-called stress vitamins are another one of those commercial gimmicks that give nutritional science a bad name.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

I take a multivitamin every day, but since my job is pretty high-pressured, I thought of switching to one of those stress vitamins. Do they really help you with stress, or is it just a gimmick? If they do, in fact, contain something that affects nerves, can you tell me how to put more of it in my diet? I don't like to rely on vitamins alone for good nutrition.—Helen McKeon, New Orleans, La.

So-called stress vitamins are another one of those commercial gimmicks that give nutritional science a bad name. The pharmaceutical companies that have added stress supplements to their product lines defend themselves by claiming they are responding to public demand. This demand grew from exaggerated reports in the media about experiments conducted on animals in the sixties. The logic that followed went something like this: If rats are fed large supplements of B-complex vitamins and then put under physical stress, such as being made to swim to exhaustion, they will swim longer than rats who receive no supplements. Bingo! B-complex vitamins protect against stress.

The fault lies in equating physically stressful tasks for animals with human stress. Unlike rats, humans can be sitting comfortably in an armchair, in no physical danger or discomfort, and be stressed to the eyeballs. Extra B vitamins are not going to relieve that!

We evolved as gatherers (and infrequent hunters) in barren lands, and developed an area of the brain situated behind the nose called the hypothalamus, which reacts to perceived danger with a response known as "defense alarm reaction." This caused early man, under attack, to fight or, more likely, run away—an automatic response that still operates in all of us. It is an integrated nervous, hormonal, and muscular reaction. But today, we have been socialized to sit still in many stressful situations, even if we are physiologically boiling. We can't carry out the muscular component of the reaction, which is necessary in order to use up the extra adrenaline and other substances that enabled early man to fight or flee.

Several Japanese companies have devised the best antistress procedure I have yet seen: They provide a gym with life-size effigies of senior executives and large sponge-rubber clubs, so that employees, on their breaks, can work out their frustrations, thereby using up the stress-produced stimulants in their bloodstream.

Similarly, your first antistress step should involve strong muscular effort as soon as stress strikes. Even a minute of pounding away at your desk can help considerably. The second antistress step is to take a good multivitamin-mineral supplement containing 50 milligrams each of the B-complex vitamins, 50 micrograms of B_{12}, 400 micrograms of folic acid, and 1,000 micrograms of biotin. The final step is to maintain a diet of 70 percent complex carbohydrates, derived mostly from whole grains and vegetables.

A nutrition expert at my health club told me it would be a good idea to take electrolyte replacement pills, since I sweat heavily during a workout. I do sweat a lot, but I feel fine afterward. What is an electrolyte, anyway? By the way, I do know enough to drink a lot of water to replace the loss from sweating. Are these pills necessary?—Ivan Kotlowitz, Oswego, N.Y.

Electrolytes are certain minerals in the human body involved in essential electrical activities, such as the transmission of nerve impulses—hence the name. The main electrolytes lost through sweating are sodium chlorine, and, to a lesser extent, potassium and magnesium. Without these minerals, nothing in your body would work, and any imbalances among them can cause multiple dysfunctions.

It is a common fallacy, however, to believe that you need extra electrolytes after a workout. Because they are so critical to life, the body has developed its own system for conserving electrolytes. When you sweat heavily, you lose water proportionately faster than these minerals, so after a hard workout you are, in fact, in electrolyte "overload" in relation to your overall fluid volume. So you're doing the right thing by drinking plain water; that's what your body is short of.

Nevertheless, some coaches argue that athletes need more electrolytes because, in the long term, they will run into electrolyte deficits unless they supplement their diet. For elite athletes who work out five to six hours a day, electrolyte deficits can certainly occur, but for most people, who may do up to three hours of heavy exercise daily, a good diet should be sufficient. Dr. David Costill and his associate, William Fink, of the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University in Indiana, found that dietary intake more than compensated for the salt and potassium lost in exercise.

You may be concerned if, like many athletes, you have a low-salt diet. Don't be. The body conserves its salt. Unless you are doing triathlons in 90-degree heat, it is very unlikely you will run into deficits. The only question mark is magnesium: Since it is poorly absorbed from the diet, some athletes do show deficits. As yet, there are few controlled studies, but our preliminary tests suggest that a multimineral supplement with 750 milligrams of magnesium aspartate—magnesium in aspartate form is better absorbed—is good insurance.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am 30 years old, 38-22-36, blond and blue-eyed, and, until a month ago, thought I was as sexual as the average person. I am married to a CPA, Frank, who only gets an erection when the tax laws change. It had just seemed our marriage hit the doldrums. I opted for masturbation; I couldn't picture being unfaithful.

The Friday before Christmas I was talking to my neighbor Kathy about the fact that it was a big time of year for arguing with my husband. I wondered if it was the same for her and her husband. I said, "Frank won't get home from the office party until way after ten."

Kathy, who was pregnant at the time, laughed and said, "I may have that problem this year. But before I got pregnant, I used to fight fire with fire. Ron had his office party, and I went to the Hearth Lounge. Everyone from the office complex shows up there by noon. Mind you, I never had a long-running affair while married, but on Christmas-party day, well, anything went!

"Half the men get together and rent rooms in the motel part and the party atmosphere escalates as you move from the lounge to the rooms. The first year I went I had about five guys. Every year since then has been a repeat. I think I'll miss it."

Dressed in a low-cut blouse and a high-slit skirt, I was at the lounge that day at noon. It was packed, the lights were low, and the music was loud.

Before my first drink arrived, I was dancing. Before my second dance was over, I had an invite to a room.

The corridors of the motel were crowded with people running into the rooms, while other people were pressed against the walls, kissing and feeling each other. My escort, Tom, opened a door, revealing about 20 very happy people, definitely in a party mood. I drank, but not too much. I danced and watched every man's eyes drop down my blouse to my obvious cleavage. A very wild girl was dancing in the center of the room. Someone pulled the cord on her wraparound dress, and it opened, showing her naked tits and panty hose. She continued dancing. When the song ended, two men whisked her into the bedroom, and in seconds, her dress and panty hose were thrown through the open doorway. Some of the crowd took that as a cue to leave. I was left with the dancer and seven guys. I knew exactly what I was doing. I walked to the center of the room and started unbuttoning my blouse. I heard someone say, "She could probably use some help. You guys want to flip a coin to see who comes first?"

One guy locked the door as the others began to undress. I was naked—to the obvious approval of the men. I was a virgin when Frank married me, but here I was, ready to fuck all day! My body was ready. The skin of my tits was taut, my nipples were rock-hard, and my cunt was warm and wet. The scene in the bedroom was exciting to watch. The dancer was being pounded into the bed. I couldn't wait to get started. I jumped onto the empty bed, spread my legs, and asked, "Who's first?"

I couldn't believe how polite the guys were! The first guy licked my nipples as he slowly slid into me. It was nice, but I wanted more. I reached up to grab Tom's hardness and pulled him into my mouth. I was still sucking his cock when the guy in my pussy came and was immediately replaced. One after another, two at a time. I was crazy with lust.

I came several times, but that wasn't important to me. I just wanted to suck and fuck all day. It was over too soon. It didn't take long for the dancer and me to poop these guys out. So I dressed and walked into the corridor.

I checked out the other rooms. The second floor was quiet, but the third floor was craziness. As I opened the door to that floor, I saw a naked girl come running down the hall, followed by two naked guys who caught her and carried her, laughing, back into a room. A couple was pressed to the wall, kissing. Her panties were down at her ankles, and his hand was buried in her pussy. I passed many open doors, seeing drinkers and lovers. In one room, a girl was on her knees trying to blow two guys at once. I didn't know places like this existed. I would never have believed that people behaved like this! I was

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

America comes home to Jim Beam.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

amazed, but more than that—I was excited.

One kindly looking old man invited me to his room for a drink. I followed him and met what turned out to be very kinky old men. The host, Al, asked me to stay.

Less than an hour later, I walked out of their room with $550 in my purse. One guy was happy with his blowjob. Another tit-fucked me, spraying my face with his come, and for another $50 kept my bra. Another guy fucked me straight. And the whole time, Al stood and watched, playing with himself. At the very end, he wrapped my panties around his prick and shot his load into them.

By 8 P.M. I was sore and tired. I don't know how many men I had had. They just kept coming and coming.

After one more wild session with five men, I prepared to leave. I walked through the lounge, got my coat from the check girl, and weaved my way to my car. Frank wasn't home when I got there (lucky me), and I slept until the next afternoon.

I have thought about this for a month. I'm ready to do it again. Xaviera, I'm ready to go and I don't know where. I don't want to wait until next Christmas. I want multiple-male sex in a safe setting. Where can I get it?—M. W.

I have been to some pretty wild orgies in my time, and even stage-managed one or two myself. Some years ago I was invited to attend the World Congress of Sexology in Mexico City. I went there with a beautiful lesbian girlfriend from Canada. During the five days of the congress, there were talks and lectures on sexual subjects, from surrogate wives to penile implants, female frigidity to child molesting, given by eminent sexologists from all over the world. The atmosphere was serious and almost asexual.

In the evenings, however, the sexuality of the participants gradually asserted itself. Starting at dinner, room numbers, invitations to little parties, and so on were written on paper napkins and visiting cards and passed around the tables.

On the second night, I was invited to a party organized by a young Israeli psychiatrist. I took my girlfriend along, without telling her that I suspected it would almost certainly be an orgy. When we arrived we found a lot of people standing around, sedately sipping cocktails. But about 80 percent of them were naked.

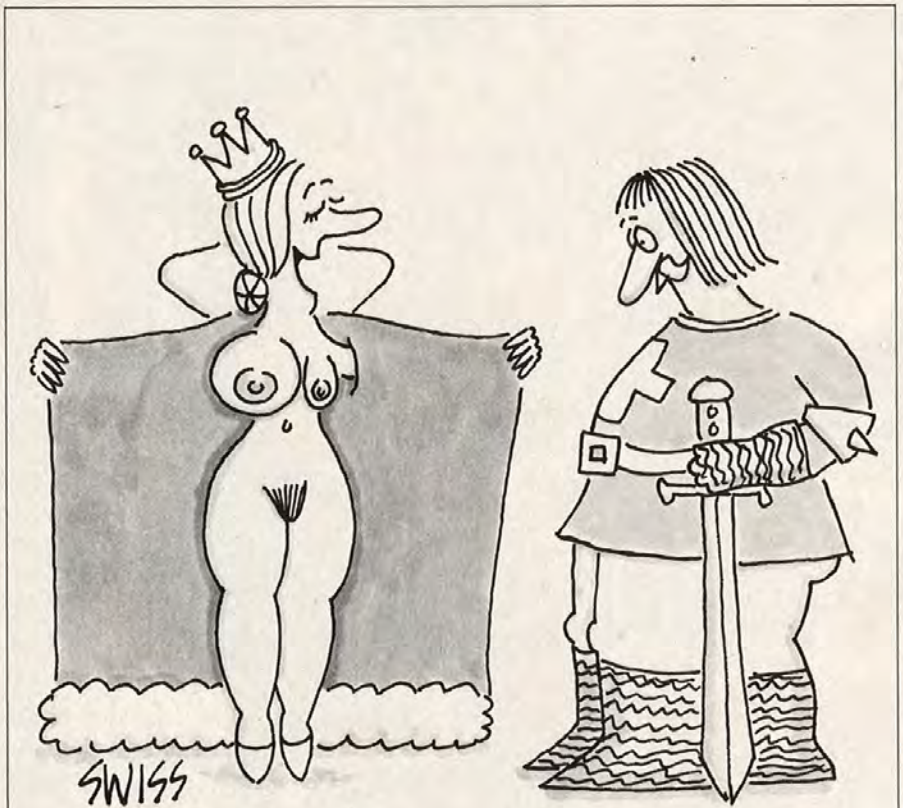
We gradually collected about half the men in the room, all of whom would have liked to make love to us both, but Janice was adamant: She did not like cock. She gradually shed her clothes and allowed me to make love to her. But she would not let any man touch her. So I looked after all of them for both of us.

Coming back to your problem, there are, in Europe, groups of international swingers who meet in the same places every year, or several times a year, and indulge in sex parties and games. Most of them become firm friends, and their meetings are as much a social event as they are sexual. Some attend as couples and some as individuals, some men with their wives and some with their girlfriends. Single women are always welcome, since for some reason there seem to be more men than women in the world with overdeveloped libidos. Or maybe, even in these liberated days, women are still just a little bit more inhibited. In America, there are innumerable swinging clubs, particularly on the West Coast.

Your case is rather special, however, in that on the sex scene you are in your own class. With your asexual husband—whose relationship with his computer is obviously so much more emotionally stimulating than his relationship with you—whatever you do, you're going to have to do it alone. But with your fantastic appetite, the opportunities are unlimited.

In any city in the United States, at any given moment, there is usually a convention of some kind going on. All you have to do to revivify your Christmas spirit is find a hotel where this is happening and home in on it. There will be a congress of horny males, panting for whatever you are prepared to give them.

Alternatively, you can contact an escort service in the next city and get yourself on their books as a specialist in group action. Your fees will more than cover your travel expenses, and as long as you make sure that it is *you* who calls the shots, you should be able to have a good time and stay out of trouble.



"They tell me I have a 'divine right.'"

USE IT OR LOSE IT

My husband is a faithful reader of your column. That's why I am turning to you for advice or help. I love my husband very much. In the 17 years we've been married, I've never once been to bed with another man, though in the past five years, I've been tempted. My husband just turned 40 and for the past five years has said he's getting too old to be screwing around with his wife or anyone else. He says he's all burned out and doesn't even desire to have sex.

Three years ago, I made myself a promise not to beg him to make love to me. I was tired of being told that I was too horny or asked why I needed sex again so soon. I'm not talking about once or twice a day—I'm talking about three and four months between lovemaking sessions. He says I'm too fat: 30 pounds overweight. But he's 30 pounds overweight, and I don't tell him that he's fat.

He also says I shouldn't talk dirty to him in our own bedroom while making love. I tell him to fuck his cock into my mouth so I can feel it in my throat. Most of the time he liked to have intercourse with me on my back so he could raise my legs over my head or onto his shoulders. This way he could go in real deep. This sent me off on some wild trips. Naturally,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

Making a compact disc player that's portable is one thing. Taking it beyond is Technics.

Introducing the Technics fully programmable portable compact disc player.

It's such a big achievement because it's such a small one. The new portable compact disc player from Technics is barely wider than the discs it plays.

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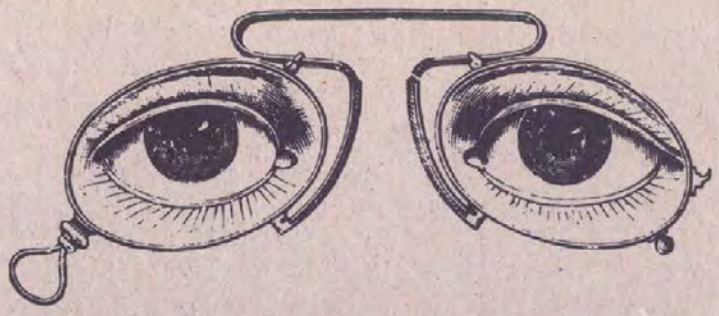


VIEW FROM THE TOP

TRAVELERS' UPDATE

BY EMILY PRAGER

Americans have always loved to travel. We've got that pioneering spirit, and, of course, it's one of our constitutional freedoms. But times have changed. There's a lot of trouble in the world. America is no longer the carny on the midway. It's now the sitting duck. That's why we at *Penthouse* bring you the first *1985 American Tourist Hijacking and Airport Bombing Travel Guide*. With our travel tips, you'll turn a terror-filled situation into a dream vacation. Beirut on the tarmac or Mykonos by the sea—what's the difference, as long as you're away from home!

1. Planning Your Trip: Nowadays, there's no point in mapping out an overseas itinerary without planning for a terrorist attack. According to a recent study, the chances of your getting through the Athens or Rome airports without being hijacked are minimal at best, and as for London, Paris, or Tokyo, though there's little chance your plane will be seized, there's every chance you will be bombed in transit. Reasons to stay home and cancel that trip you've planned for years? Not as long as you plan for your terrorist encounter, and plan well.

2. What to Pack: Your hand luggage is the most important item you'll have with you in a terrorist attack, so make the most of it. It makes no sense to pack evening clothes for the theater, color-coordinated separates, or walking shoes for a hijacking. Anonymity and comfort are the watchwords here: drab, unnoticeable cottons, outfits you'd enjoy sitting in for weeks. (Avoid polyester, please; it doesn't sweat.) A pair of bedroom slippers is a must, one size too large—for when the feet swell. And a small, battery-operated fan, with extra batteries, for those interminable waits on the runway.

A toothbrush, toothpaste, washcloth, towel, and a good supply of soap will be helpful for personal use or barter. An Arabic dictionary is a handy item for when the initial excitement dies down, as is an extra pair of glasses in case of a beating or scuffle. And it's good to have a selection of old, left-wing, radical, anti-American pamphlets from the sixties on your person, as well as crucifixes for everyone in your party who looks Jewish, walks Jewish, thinks Jewish, or has a Jewish-sounding name. With a hijacking, you never know whether you'll be lunching in a Lebanese taverna with the Amal or stuck in some dungeon with the Hezbollah, so plan for both.

3. Dealing With the Media: You'll never have a better opportunity to be on TV than when you're hijacked, so take advantage of it! If, like the Greek singer on TWA 847, you're an entertainer, a hijacking could be the break you've been waiting for. So bring your tapes, your eight-by-tens, and your instruments, and hold them up, play them, smile, and wave. You never know who's watching, and the hijackers love it. Mr. Roussos, that Greek singer, was released early after playing his guitar. He was quoted as saying that the hijackers were swell people and he had a great time. They even gave him a birthday party. You might follow the above suggestions even if you're not in show business. How would the hijackers know?

It also makes sense to devise some special coded messages with your family. These come in handy when you're filmed to prove you're still alive. For example: "Hi, Mom, they're treating us real well and I miss you" could, by prearrangement, actually mean "Beseige the State Department. Nothing is being done." And so on. These coded messages save wear and tear on a distraught hostage family, as well as huge phone bills from unreturned calls to the White House.

4. Airport Bombing: There's no way to pack for an airport bombing. But you can keep your pockets stuffed with tourniquets, plasma, gauze bandages, and blood packets, and stay away from the baggage areas. Before leaving home, make sure your blood type is tattooed on four separate parts of your body, and give your dental records to your executor. Bon voyage!

VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

You are about to participate in a test recently mandated by the U.S. Supreme Court. Flip through the pages of this magazine and look at the pictures. What sorts of feelings, if any, do they "incite" in you? The basic choices are:

(a) "good, old-fashioned, healthy lust"

(b) "lasciviousness"

(c) "sexual responses over and beyond those that would be characterized as normal"

(d) "shameful or morbid interest in . . . sex"

(e) all of the above

(f) none of the above

Remember, this is just a test, so no one should actually become "incited," or else we could all get into trouble. Flip through the pictures, then turn back to this page and circle the appropriate answer or answers.

Now let's score the results: If you circled (a) or (f)—"good, old-fashioned, healthy lust" or "none of the above"—everything is perfectly fine. If you circled any of the others, however, there may be a problem.

Let me explain. A Washington State obscenity-law case was heard by the Supreme Court at the end of its most recent term. The law at issue, enacted in 1982, made it a crime to sell or exhibit any magazine, book, or film "which incites lasciviousness or lust."

The lower court had held the statute unconstitutional on the ground that a state is empowered to censor sexually explicit material that incites "lasciviousness," but that it is not empowered to censor sexually explicit material that merely incites "lust." Even President Jimmy Carter, the court recalled, had admitted looking "on a lot of women with lust." To most Americans, so reasoned the court, the word "lust" suggests "a healthy, wholesome human reaction common to millions of well-adjusted persons." In order to qualify as obscene—and therefore subject to censorship—the material must appeal to "a shameful or morbid interest in . . . sex."

Lust on trial: as American as apple pie and Jimmy Carter.

The lower court commented that "if the arousal of good, old-fashioned, healthy lust" could be outlawed, "it might be necessary to haul into court our leading couturiers, perfumers and manufacturers of soft drinks, soap suds and automobiles . . . as well as mainstream stage, movie and television producers, directors and performers." In order to protect the boundary around potential First Amendment expression, we must—the court insisted—distinguish between "the arousal of sexual instincts and the perversion of those instincts to morbidity."

The good news is that the Supreme Court agreed with the court of appeals' conclusion that magazines, books, or films could not be banned if they simply "aroused any sexual responses, whether normal or morbid." It interpreted its own precedent-setting cases on censorship as requiring "sexual responses over and beyond those that would be characterized as normal."

The bad news is that the Supreme Court reversed the court of appeals' decision and upheld the constitutionality of the Washington statute. It did so on the ground that the statute "referred to 'lasciviousness' as well as 'lust,' " and since it is perfectly permissible for a state to prohibit material which incites "lasciviousness," the court of appeals should simply "have excised the word [lust] from the statute entirely."

This may seem a bit confusing, but it's actually quite simple. From now on, the courts must decide whether sexually explicit material incites "lust," in which case it passes the constitutional multiple-choice quiz; or whether it arouses any of the "abnormal," "shameful," or "unhealthy" kinds of "lasciviousness," in which case it may fail the test. The price of failure is censorship, because the states are empowered to—and generally do—ban any expression that is not protected by the Constitution. Hence the multiple-choice test.

The New York State legislature is now considering yet another test which would be applicable only to the *covers* of magazines. Why don't we try it? This time, turn to the cover. Does it contain:

(a) "offensive sexual material"

(b) "material suitable to be seen by citizens going to the newsstand to pick up their favorite daily paper or magazine"?

If it contains "offensive sexual material," then the proposed law requires that all such material be "covered up." The bill does not specify how much of the material must be covered up—perhaps a few well-placed fig leaves or gold stars will do.

The real questions are, *who* is entitled to take these tests and *whose* answers shall govern? Concepts such as "offensive," "shameful," "morbid," "normal," "unhealthy," even "lust" and "lasciviousness," are all in the eyes—and other organs—of the beholders. Judges are not experts in sexuality. Indeed, even the so-called experts disagree when it comes to the varieties of normal sexual feelings. Just listen to the talk shows, or turn the pages of this and other

magazines that describe the wide range of sexual practices enjoyed by apparently normal and healthy individuals in our country.

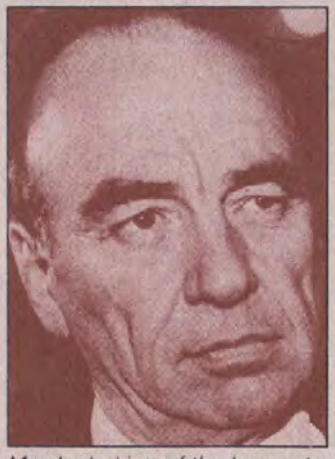
Well, at least "lust" is safe for the moment. So the next time you're given a sex quiz, remember: "Lust," yes! "Lasciviousness," no! On such distinctions does our freedom of expression rest these days.

MEDIA

BY NICK TOSCHES

Hampton's, the Burbank hamburger joint where Columbia Pictures executives often go for lunch, used to serve Pepsi-Cola. These days it serves Coke. The switch had nothing to do with the changing taste of sugar-prone moviemakers. It took place after Coca-Cola bought out Columbia, for $700 million, in January 1982.

There is no such thing as a laissez-faire corporate takeover. The parent company rarely spares the rod on its new child. The possibilities arising from media takeovers—where the child can be seen as a means of advertising the wares of the parent—are positively dizzying. If, with a single wave of its totalitarian wand, Coca-Cola can be ordained to flow down the perfumed throats of Columbia executives, may we not see the day when Rambo traipses through the jungle with a six-pack or two of the stuff dangling from his belt? If and when that day comes, can "Pepsi-busters" be far behind?



Murdoch: king of the buy-outs.

Last June *The Village Voice* was taken over, for $55 million, by Leonard Stern, chairman of Hartz Mountain Corp. Stern now controls not only the birdseed that produces the greater part of the nation's canary shit, but also the cage lining best suited to absorb it. Of course, it is only to be expected that one of America's most devout and vociferous champions of the downtrodden should come to be controlled by one of America's richest men. I, for one, would not be surprised if the *Voice*, which is no stranger to animal rights, should finally begin to realize just how important a role nutrition plays in the welfare of parakeets, and just how much the undue suffering of schnauzers can be lessened by the proper flea collar.

Meanwhile, Rupert Murdoch, the last humanitarian to own the *Voice*, has been foiled in his attempted takeover of Warner Communications Inc., which Chris-Craft Industries is presently seeking to control. But nothing can stop media-mad Murdoch. Last March, he acquired 50 percent of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp. It is hoped that Murdoch, owner of the *New York Post*, can raise the standards of moviemaking as he has raised those of journalism.

Sign of intelligence: stashing cash for less certain days.

Gulf & Western Industries, meanwhile, still owns Paramount Pictures and Simon & Schuster. Last year, Gulf & Western added to its publishing stable by buying out Prentice-Hall, for $705 million. It must be hard for an editor to put on literary airs when his product is placed on the same bar graph with other Gulf & Western products, such as Simmons mattresses and Catalina bathing suits. In any event, merger and acquisition activity in publishing increased 20 percent last year. I await the Gore Vidal swimsuit line.

Meanwhile, Norman Lear and a partner just sold two TV production companies to Coca-Cola for $485 million. Cash-laden Lear and his friend now have their eye on the Detroit-based Evening News Association, which owns the *Detroit Evening News*, several smaller papers, five TV stations, and two radio stations. Speech may be free, but the nickel deposit looms large in its future.

MONEY

BY BENJAMIN STEIN

Want to try something really exciting, definitely scary? Try living without any savings. No matter what age you are—whether married or single, with children or without—if you live from paycheck to paycheck, from commission to commission, you are definitely going to know about fear.

In America, circa 1985, uncertainty is the name of the game: Layoffs in Silicon Valley. The collapse of small-scale agriculture in the Midwest. Cost-cutting and mass firings at huge banks. On a personal, individual level, the uncertainties are even greater—divorce, getting fired, hating your job, a sudden illness or accident. All of these large and small crises mean that the paycheck you had counted on as security is about as trustworthy as fog.

If any of these messes happens to you, and you lose that weekly paycheck or need money far in excess of

VIEW FROM THE TOP

it, you're going to find that the world is a far grimmer place than you ever thought it was. It's a cliché, but a true one, that savings banks and finance companies like to lend to people who don't need the money. Friends do not like to lend, period (and with good reason). And employers are the least likely to advance money.

Luckily, there's an easy answer: Save money when you can. One of the most undervalued virtues of capitalism is that you can save money, put it at interest, and provide for future uncertainties. At the moment when you need a healthy wad of cash, that bank receipt is manna from heaven, far more valuable than your sports car or your stereo or even your designer jeans.

The best and easiest time to save money is in your twenties and thirties. Statistics show that Americans can expect their real, inflation-adjusted earnings to rise by eight percent per year in their twenties. *That means real income doubles in eight years.* In your early thirties, real income rises at almost nine percent per year, and in your late thirties, by about six percent per year. Real-income growth generally slows down rapidly in your forties, fifties, and sixties. (These are average numbers, however, and your personal experience may differ.) The bottom line is that when you are young, your yearly income is growing by leaps and bounds. You can save ten percent of your paycheck and have it made up by the next year's gains in income.

Once you get into the habit of saving, you can usually keep it up through your whole working life—except for the occasional economic mishap, like a layoff, and then you will have your savings to keep you warm.

Where do you put your savings, especially when you are just starting out? That's easy. Sock it in the bank at money-market rates. You get competitive interest, federal insurance, and instant liquidity. It's not exciting, but it's risk-free, and in today's world, that's smart. (In an upcoming issue: spending and saving—where to cut it and where to put it.)

Price of a perfect body: No one gets to enjoy it.

SEX NEWS

A study, reported in *Forbes* magazine, indicates that jogging may be hazardous to your sex life. Frequency of sex plummeted by 50 percent during the first two months of a couple's running regimen when the husband started jogging first. Lovemaking levels then returned to pre-jogging frequency, according to researcher Srully Blotnick, Ph.D. Although doctors say sexual climax is about as strenuous as a walk up a short flight of stairs, Blotnick reports some male joggers eschew sex out of fear of cardiac arrest. . . . Meatball manufacturer Tek Kor, claiming he was lured to one of Thailand's famed mass vasectomies by a promise of cash, backed out of the operation when he was told he would receive only a free hot dog and soda. Kor, who was a prime target for Thailand's government-backed birth control drive because he has seven wives and 22 children, said he was promised one million baht ($36,360) to go under the knife. When he found out what the real payoff was, he refused the operation, denounced birth control, and said he was taking an eighth wife. . . . Smokey Robinson, ex–lead singer for the Miracles and now vice-president of Motown, has joined the ranks of those campaigning for purity in rock music lyrics. Robinson said that while at Motown he has rejected songs because of smutty lyrics, adding that the label had "tighter standards" against "rock porn" than the rest of the music industry.

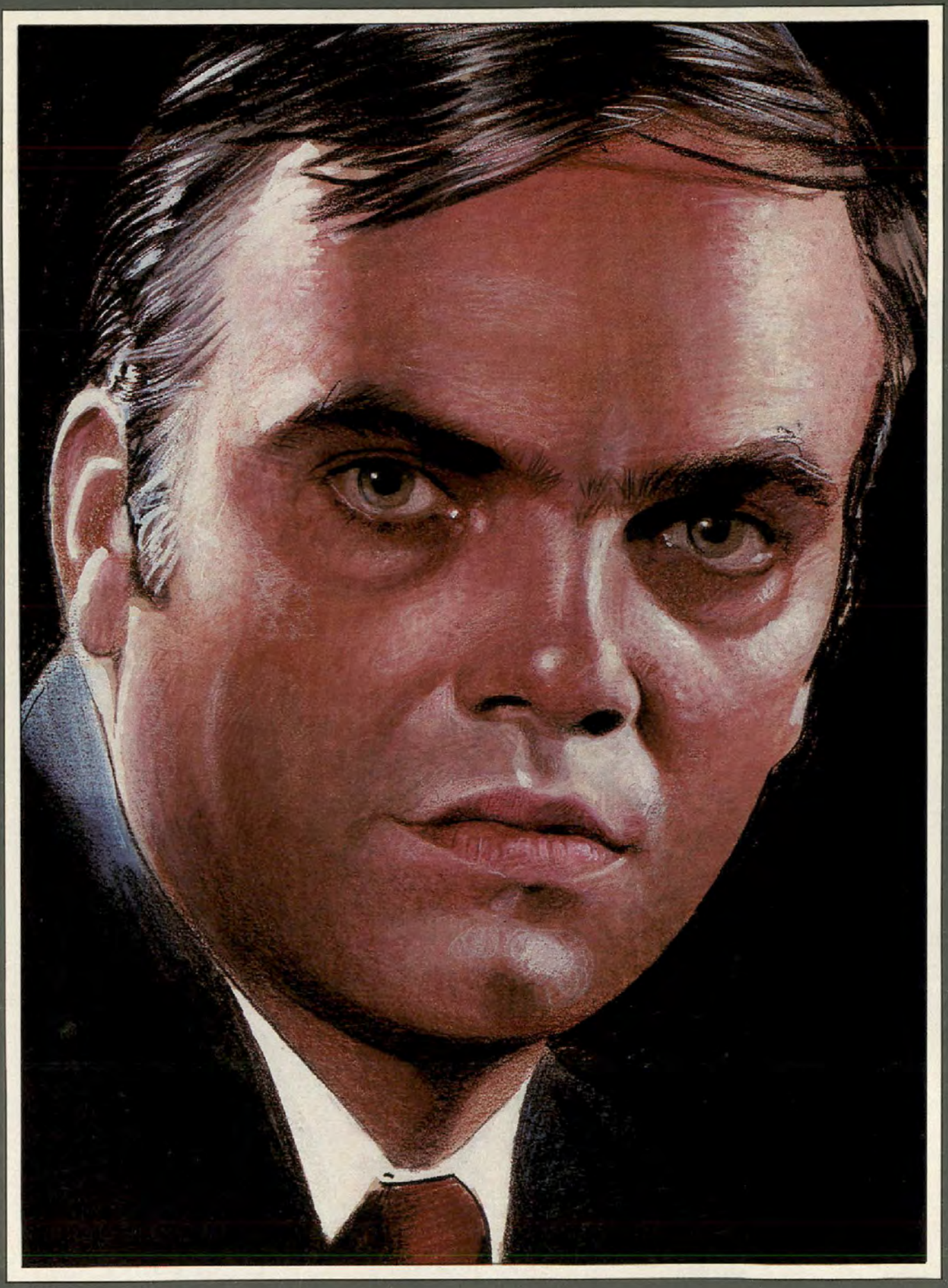
Smokey tackles "musical porn."

"I shudder to think what will happen to our young people if this problem is not handled," said Robinson. "It will be a terrible thing if we have to start rating records." . . . While we're understandably skeptical about news reports out of China concerning medical oddities, we couldn't let this one go by: The China News Service has reported that a 42-year-old woman in the southeastern city of Hsia-men has developed an extra set of breasts which are slightly smaller than her original pair. The agency speculated that the new growth is a case of atavism—a genetic characteristic from a distant ancestor. . . . Oral sex and driving don't mix—at least not with Suraj Lal Muraj, a Toronto man who pleaded guilty to driving dangerously while a hooker gave him a blowjob. Authorities said they followed an erratically veering vehicle and saw a woman with her face in Muraj's lap. When police approached the car, Muraj sped off, nearly hitting a pedestrian before being pulled over.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Looks like we eat alone again this year."



How Reagan's antiporn
czar got caught with his erotica showing.

THE TRUTH AND ALFRED REGNERY

BY LARRY BUSH

It was Halloween afternoon, 1976. Christina Regnery would later tell the police that she was violently assaulted that day. One of her attackers, a young man with a pockmarked face and shoulder-length blond hair, grabbed her hair, causing her to fall onto her back. He bent over her and began sucking her nipples. It was then that she saw the other attacker, a black man with one gold-capped tooth and a short Afro, enter the room with a paring knife.

Twenty-eight years old and eight months pregnant with her fourth child, Mrs. Alfred Regnery begged them not to cut her. In the affluent enclave of Verona, Wisconsin, on the outskirts of Madison, the houses were separated by an acre or more of well-tended grounds. Mrs. Regnery's cries never carried across the lawn.

Christina's husband was far from the scene of the crime. Alfred Regnery was campaigning for county attorney at a shopping mall 22 minutes away

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD

by car. The precise driving time was clocked by police after they began to doubt Christina's story.

What really happened in the Regnery home on that Halloween day in 1976 has never been fully revealed in the American press—even though Al Regnery heads the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention in Ronald Reagan's Justice Department, and even though Al Regnery has taken on the role of the President's antiporn czar by passing out expensive grants to study the effects of erotica.

Official Washington, and many of the reporters who cover it, have been privy to the nasty secrets uncovered by the Madison police. But congressmen who have scrutinized Regnery's performance have not dared expose the sordid details of the 1976 incident—details that raise such large concerns about his appointment to a high office, particularly one dealing with the welfare of the nation's youth.

Regnery has survived with the help of powerful political friends. He is the protégé of Senator Paul Laxalt, the conservative Nevada senator who chaired all of Reagan's presidential campaigns. Regnery bragged publicly that he was recruited for his Justice job by former attorney general William French Smith, who has returned to his earlier job as the President's personal attorney.

In 1976, Al Regnery, then 33 and the son of ultraright publisher Henry Regnery, already had conservative credentials of his own. He was a past official of the Wisconsin Young Americans for Freedom and had led the state chapter of the Conservative Caucus, founded by right-winger Howard Phillips. After three years of lackluster performance at a prestigious Madison law firm, Regnery decided to try for elective office. The job of Dane County district attorney was open, and Regnery wanted it.

Regnery stayed away from the local Republican organization, offering himself up instead as an old-fashioned law-and-order advocate who was badly needed to turn the tide against the new permissiveness in Madison, the center of Dane County and the home of the radical University of Wisconsin campus. He blamed Madison's crime on repeat offenders. Rehabilitation, according to Regnery, was no answer; even juveniles should get a one-week dose of maximum-security prison as a rude deterrent.

In the last weeks of his unexceptional campaign, Regnery claimed that he was the victim of "Watergate-style tactics." At an October 29 press conference, he implied that harassment of his family and vandalism of his home came from his opponent's camp. He demanded a public repudiation by his Democratic opponent, Jim Doyle.

Christina Regnery had reported obscene phone calls. A male voice said she was a "sweet little cocksucker" and a "warm little cunt." When she protested that she was eight months pregnant, the voice replied, "It would be fun with a pregnant one."

Each time, the caller demanded that Al Regnery drop out of his race. Once, Christina returned home to discover all the water taps in the house had been turned on and the drains plugged, flooding the carpets and floors.

But with the election just a few days away, the police had found no leads. Whatever was in the works, it would have to happen soon to have political impact.

On Halloween afternoon, as Christina's dubious version goes, she was standing naked in the small bathroom off the master bedroom, drawing water for a bath. The oldest child was with friends at an ice show, and the two youngest were deep in the sleep of afternoon naps.

According to the unsanitized police reports, from which the following account is drawn, Christina "was suddenly aware of someone else in the room, and turned to see two men standing there, one [white male], one [Negro male], both around 30. . . . She was startled, and did not say a word, but reached for a towel . . . to cover herself. One of the men told her to step out of the bathroom and into the bedroom, as they wanted her to smell something. . . . They also told her to leave the towel behind, so she dropped it. Upon entering the bedroom, the men asked her if she could smell the gas."

She said they told her they had turned off the pilot light and turned up the burners. They said they would open the doors to the children's rooms if she did not cooperate.

"The quicker we can get this over with, the more of a chance your children will come out alive," they told her.

"Mrs. Regnery was ordered to lay down on the floor next to the bed," the police report continues. "She stated that for the most part, both men were giving her orders, and she could not remember which one said what. She knelt down on the floor near the bed, and the [white male] stood behind her. He grabbed her by her hair and jerked her downwards towards the floor. She was in an extremely uncomfortable position, back on her haunches, very pregnant, and struggled to get her legs out from under her, landing on her back on the floor."

Like the voice on the phone, they called her a "sweet little cocksucker" and a "warm little cunt," and told her that her husband should have taken their advice to quit the campaign.

"She tried to kick out at the [Negro male], thinking at that time that she could still escape from them if she fought and

"Wait! Let's settle this like gentlemen. . . . I'll blow you!"

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10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb.'85.

screamed. The [white male] then directed the [Negro male] to go to the kitchen and see 'if there's something there we can use to quiet her up.'"

When the black male returned with a paring knife, the white male was bent over her, sucking on her nipples.

"As soon as she saw the knife, she begged them not to cut her, telling them that she would do anything they asked. She was told, 'we'll just scare you so you'll be more cooperative now.' . . . The two men started taking turns using the knife to slash at her stomach."

"Damn, this thing is too dull," one of the men said. The white male found a pair of embroidery scissors on the nightstand and started snipping at the skin around the areolae of her nipples. The white male then got up to look for something even sharper. He found a razor blade.

"Lady, you should have listened to us," he told her.

The two men again took turns cutting at her stomach.

"That was a little prick, would you like to feel a big one?" one joked. The white male reached onto the nightstand for an embroidery needle and thrust it directly into her nipple. In agony, Christina begged them to stop. They offered to make a deal with her, but before they told her the terms of the deal the black male began rummaging in the nightstand until he found a package of Al Regnery's condoms.

"She's dry as a bone," the white male said. The black male picked up a can of hair spray, slipped the condom over it, and tried to shove it into Christina's vagina. It wouldn't go in. "Hell, if a can won't fit, how is a baby supposed to come out?" he said. The men grabbed more cans and jars, until they found a can of feminine deodorant spray. They shoved it into her again and again while she screamed. If only they would stop, Christina said, she would make any "deal" they wanted.

"The [white male] told her that he would stop if she would agree to give them both a blow job. She asked what a blow job was, and she explained to [police] that although she had heard the term before, she did not know exactly what it meant. They told her, 'That's when you come down on us, lady.'

"Both men got up, and the [Negro male] grabbed her by the hair and pulled her towards the bathroom. He dragged her to the edge of the bathtub, positioning her on the edge of the tub while he got into the tub behind her. She explained again that the bathroom is extremely small, and that the man had to get into the tub to be anywhere behind her. The [white male] dropped his pants to his knees and raised the lid and seat of the toilet. She stated that he had an erection, and he leaned towards her. The [Negro male] directed her head motions by jerking on her hair and head, and the [Negro male] forced her head a little forward so that she had to take the [white male's] penis into her mouth. The fellatio took place with her head directly over the toilet. She stated that the penis was in her mouth for no more than ten seconds when the man ejaculated. Some of the sperm ran out of her mouth and down onto her chest, and some of it landed in the water in the toilet. The two men changed positions, 'and the second time it was exactly the same.' She threatened to bite the [Negro male] and he told her that he would cut her again if she did. He then forced his penis into her mouth and ejaculated."

The men then let her go and left the house.

When Christina ran from the bathroom and down the stairs, she said she could smell the gas. She ran outside through the garage still completely naked, but saw no sign of the men. Then she came back inside, shut off the gas, and opened as many windows as she could.

Back in the master bedroom, she splashed water over her face to wash off the sticky sperm. She drank glass after glass of water and used Listerine. She vomited several more times, rinsing her mouth out after each time. She took a packet of disposable wipes—a hemorrhoid remedy—and used several of them to remove the blood from her nipples, breasts, sides, stomach, and thighs. Finally, she flushed them away and got dressed.

That was Christina's account of what happened. But all that was ever verified was that she woke up her two children and fled to her nearest neighbor's house.

"Oh, what they did to me, they cut me with a razor," Christina sobbed. "They raped me."

Her neighbor urged her to call the police, but Christina refused. She wanted to talk with her husband first. Half an hour later, Al Regnery arrived home, found no one there, and went next door. He quickly called the Dane County police.

Ropes went up at the entrance to the Regnery cul-de-sac to keep out sightseers and the media while a dozen officers spread through the neighborhood to question potential witnesses. An officer asked Christina if she needed an ambulance, but she declined. He interviewed her about the assault, and then drove the couple to Madison General Hospital.

There Christina received emergency treatment from her doctor, who found 73 slash marks, as well as numerous scratches. She had at least 17 lacerations around her nipples; the left one had been punctured 15 times. Also on the left breast were three minute puncture wounds directly into the areola.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

"It's easy for you to say all that stuff now, but how will you feel at 6:57 A.M., when the tide goes out?"

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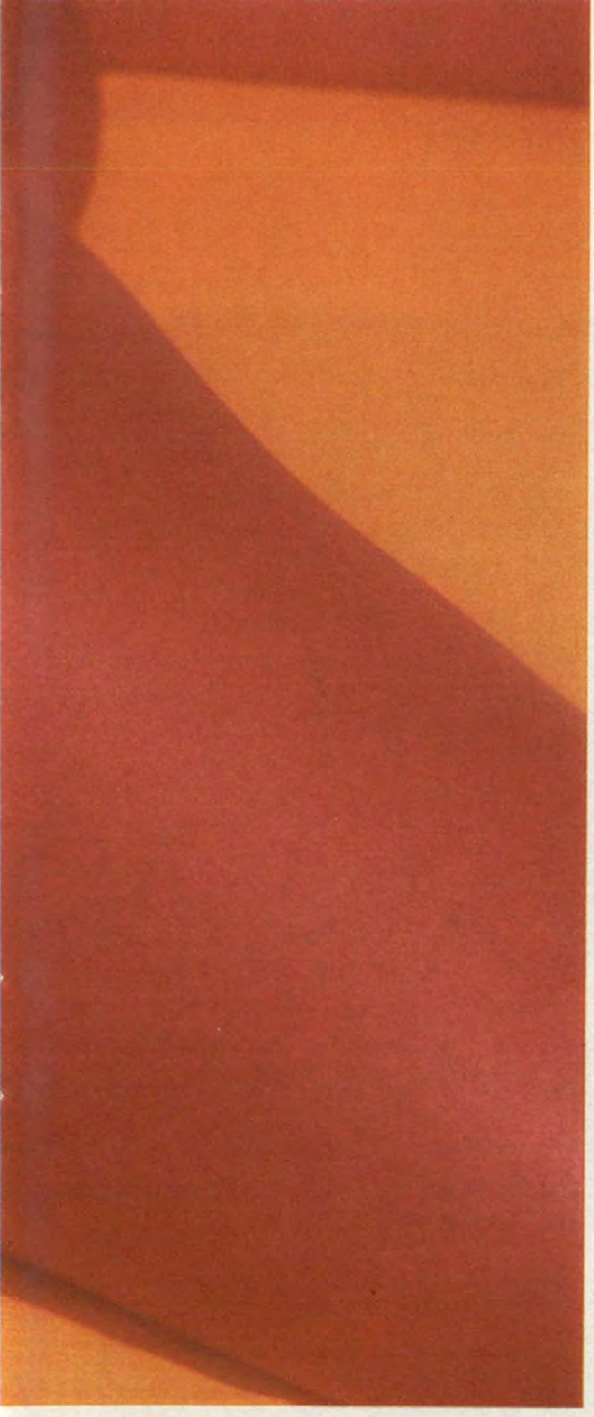


"I'm now dating a Marine, and when his buddies see these Penthouse *pictures, I'm afraid the whole platoon might invade. . . ."*

I've spent four years studying the body," declares aqua-eyed Amber, whose own 36-24-36-inch form is further cause for study. But in Amber's case, the exercise was purely academic. This uncommonly appealing A student holds a B.S. degree in physiology and anatomy.

STUDENT BODY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CITORE SEGAMI

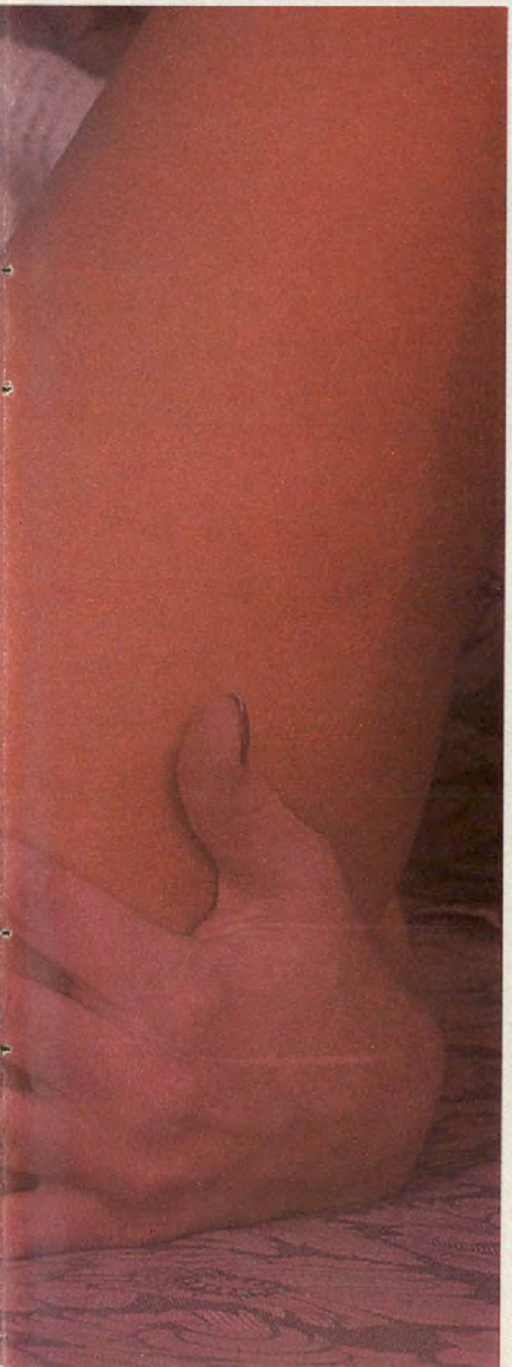
"I was premed at first, but working in a hospital was too emotionally trying. Instead, I'm getting a medical technician's license in radiology so I can do clinical diagnostic work."

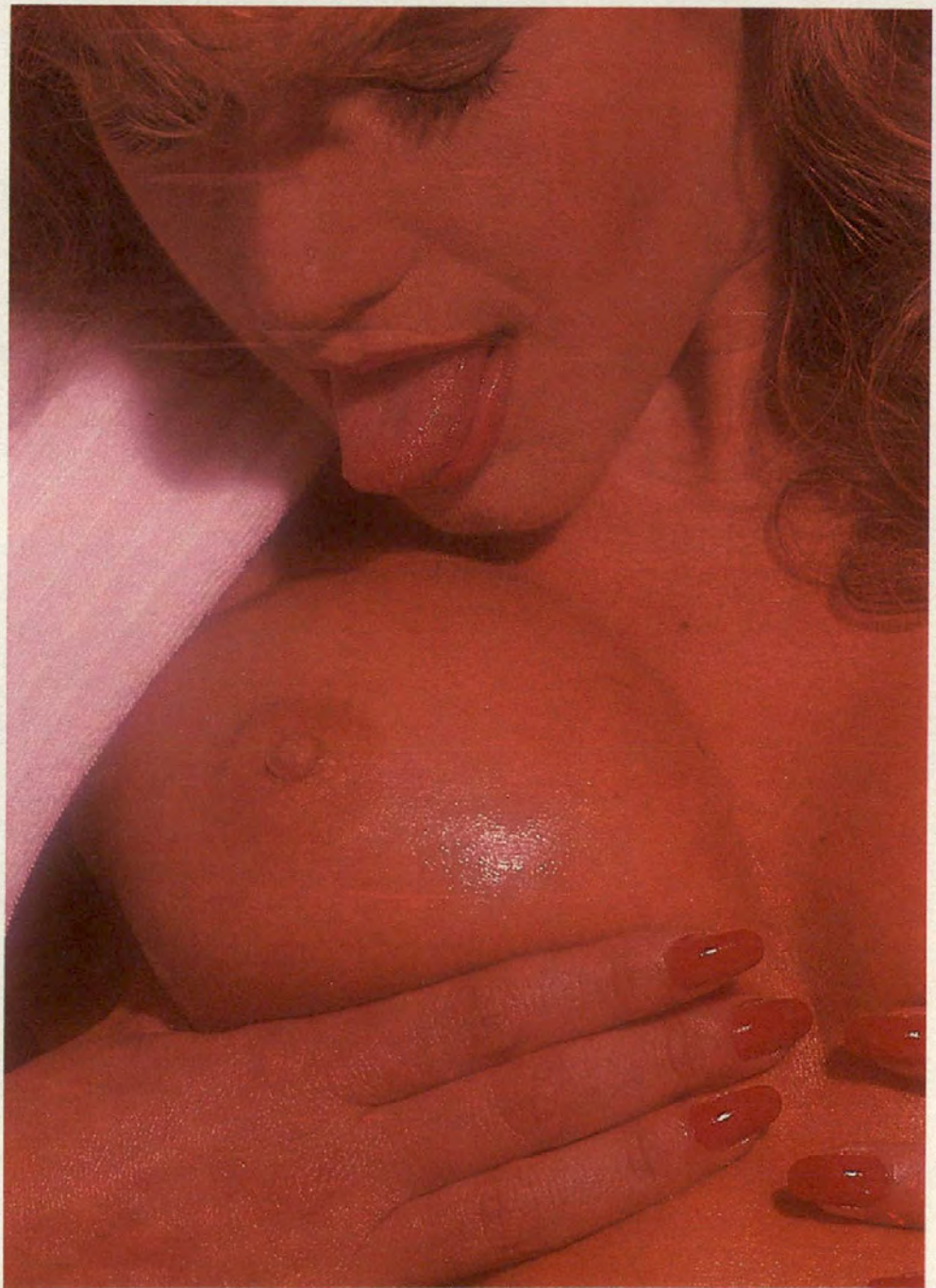
The eldest daughter of a well-to-do Orange County couple, Amber insisted on working her way through college as a model and cocktail waitress. However, she did accept a condo from her parents.

"I may be independent, but I'm not crazy!"
says she. "I tend to be a little too self-controlled, and I'm an
incurable perfectionist. It can be hard on those
close to me, but since my current boyfriend's a Marine, he's probably
tough enough to handle it." Emotionally, Amber isn't.
"Even hurting a guy's feelings by saying no is hard for me. . . ."

And, of course, she gets asked a lot.
"I stayed a virgin until the age of 20 because I wanted to be in love with my first lover." Just a month ago, however, Amber had her first setback. "When my original Marine friend moved to Memphis, he called it quits. Last week, though, he called me back with a change of heart. . . ."

Maybe too late. "I'm now dating a friend of his at the same Marine base, and when his buddies see these *Penthouse* pictures, I'm afraid the whole platoon might invade. . . . But maybe that's not so bad—I'm looking for a few good men."





Wendy
THE GOOD LITTLE WITCH

An informal survey of
today's extracurricular collegiate
activities comes up
with some surprising results.

SEX ON CAMPUS

BY ELLEN SHERMAN

"Let's go for it!" is the rallying cry this Monday night at U.C.L.A. Jimmy, a handsome junior business major in just-tight-enough Levi 501s and a polo shirt, is ready for a big night out with B. J., Jimmy's 30-year-old alumnus brother along for the ride. They enter Stratton's and B. J. knows he's in for some unexpected surprises. No scrungy sawdust floor and peeling walls here. No, this is all sleek wood paneling and tasteful wall hangings. Trim young bodies abound, all identically dressed in the obligatory 501s and silk blouses or designer T-shirts. Where once collegians sauntered sartorially out of *Rolling Stone*, today they seem to have stepped directly from a *GQ* spread. The college scene has cleaned up its act.

"It looks like you've got two possibilities, my man," B. J. laughs, first indicating a brunette who seems more than happy to rendezvous later with Jimmy. And then there's a sweet-looking redhead who's certainly taken with him. "But I just met her and I like her," Jimmy says, almost protesting. B. J.'s perplexed. "Well, you could certainly get laid with the brunette. You got all the options." Jimmy responds with a half-smile, but doesn't make a move. Things have changed since B. J. was in college, and he can't figure any of this out.

With good reason. To the outsider, it may seem collegians have become a group of bland Yuppies-in-training, or preps and prepettes more interested in silicon chips and the status quo than in sex. Not so. Sex in the halls of academe is alive and well and as prevalent as ever. It's still a favorite indoor sport, but as with any good game, some of the rules have changed with the times. Attitudes are a Cuisinart blend of sixties liberalism and the inevitable backlash of eighties conservatism. Students know more, and what they know, they know earlier—all of which is resulting in a new wariness as well as a new sophistication about sex.

Today's wholesome student body may look 99.44 percent pure, but those shining faces are coming to college with knowledge that previous generations never had. A psychological counselor at a northeastern school commented, "It's not as if everyone is rocked by meeting open sexual expression for the first time in college. What surprises me are the ones who've been sexually active since they were 13." And even if you haven't taken the plunge by freshman year, you certainly are surrounded by more blatant sexual messages than ever before. The classic boys' heroes, baseball and football stars, now pose provocatively in underwear ads. Teen idols aren't Connie Francis singing "Lipstick on My Collar," but lingerie-clad Madonna, who mockingly croons "Like a Virgin." It seems there are indeed some pretty fast times going on at America's Ridgemont Highs. "If you want to see kids going nuts with sex, check out the high schools. That's where the juices are really flowing," one male history major at Duke stated. "And if you're still a virgin when you get to college, it's something that's taken care of quickly and fairly easily." For starters, the logistical stumbling blocks have been greatly re-

PAINTING BY YOSUKE OHNISHI

duced. Coed dorms and even coed floors are prevalent, and many upperclassmen and women live in off-campus housing—which isn't to say today's students lack imagination.

One male U.C.L.A. film major sat in a tranquil campus park and recalled the site of his own deflowering: "I got my ashes hauled right here in the Franklin D. Murphy sculpture garden. I was necking with this girl behind a bush. Our hormones were pumping and we just went for it behind *that*." He laughed, pointing to a rather stern-looking statue. "It wasn't magic, but I couldn't take being the only one of my friends still a virgin when I was a freshman."

Echoing his sentiments was an unlikely cohort, a smartly uniformed, squeaky clean Air Force Academy cadet. As a squadron of equally whitebread men and women marched across the Colorado Springs field, he commented, "The pressure freshman year is, 'Get it by Christmas.' It finally happened for me Christmas Eve, when I was driving a friend's sister to the bus. She just jumped on my bones on a back road. She was a virgin, too, and wanted to get rid of it as much as I did. We were both nice kids and a nice thing, definitely nice"—he smiles—"happened."

It used to be "nice girls don't," but the old order passeth. "I'd say there were still a lot of virgins in my dorm freshman year . . . at the start," remembered a bright-eyed Skidmore senior, as she and some friends took a break between classes at their chilly Saratoga Springs, New York, campus. "If you hadn't done it, like me, then you'd been thinking about it since junior high. I wanted it to be right. So I planned it. Midway freshman year, I had a boyfriend. One night I decided, 'This is it.' I got my parents' country house and lots of great tapes and champagne. I really engineered it, and it was good because we both wanted it."

Of course, college men "wanting it" has been as much a constant as death and taxes, but this student stressed that "he never pushed me into anything. That was his smartest move, because the pressure to do it was coming from myself." Another friend elaborated: "If you're still a virgin girl by your junior year, you feel totally different—that is, unless you're going to Oral Roberts U. Late at night all the girls are sitting around over pizza and talking about orgasms and you've never 'done it.' Talk about pressure."

The dean of a midwestern school remarked, "After the virginity question, sex becomes neutral for this new generation . . . it's all in how you use it." "Or not use it," commented one Ohio State sorority girl. "The attitudes have become more liberal, but in a strange way. People are now more accepting of conservative attitudes." One U.C.L.A. fraternity social chairman reflected, "There seems to be an unspoken message to cool it. It's like a lot of kids in college feel they've already been dragged through a psychological and sexual ringer. In light of pressure about your future these days, sex doesn't take on the same importance it did when we were younger, but that doesn't mean we're not doing it. You need some release from all this tension. Kids turn to all sorts of things . . . even religion."

Indeed, on many campuses, there seems to be an increasing number of students coming back to, or even experiencing for the first time, religious yearnings. Where once ragged-looking students lined U.C.L.A.'s famous Bruin Walk shouting antiwar slogans, now zealous young men in suits wave Bibles and yell prophecies to the crowd. Tables that used to offer passersby rally information now are manned by clean-cut representatives of everything from the Jewish Shabbat to Christian Bible-study classes. One handsome jock type admitted that he hadn't been particularly religious when he came to school, but is now a regular Bible-study attendant. "I think more kids are becoming religious as a way to get through the night. There's so much pressure to be the best, to compete, that I think lots of us would really crack otherwise. We've tried sex and drugs in high school, and when you get here, what else is there to help you out but religion?" Though he and other religious students officially came out against premarital sex, many admitted to succumbing to the temptations of the flesh. "As long as you really love the person, it's okay. Of course, that's not what I'd say in Bible-study class," the jock commented. "Lots of people think that casual, good-time, live-for-the-moment sex is the thing to do, but a lot of us really question that."

> If you're still a virgin by your junior year, you feel totally different. All the girls are talking about orgasms, and you've never "done it." Talk about pressure!

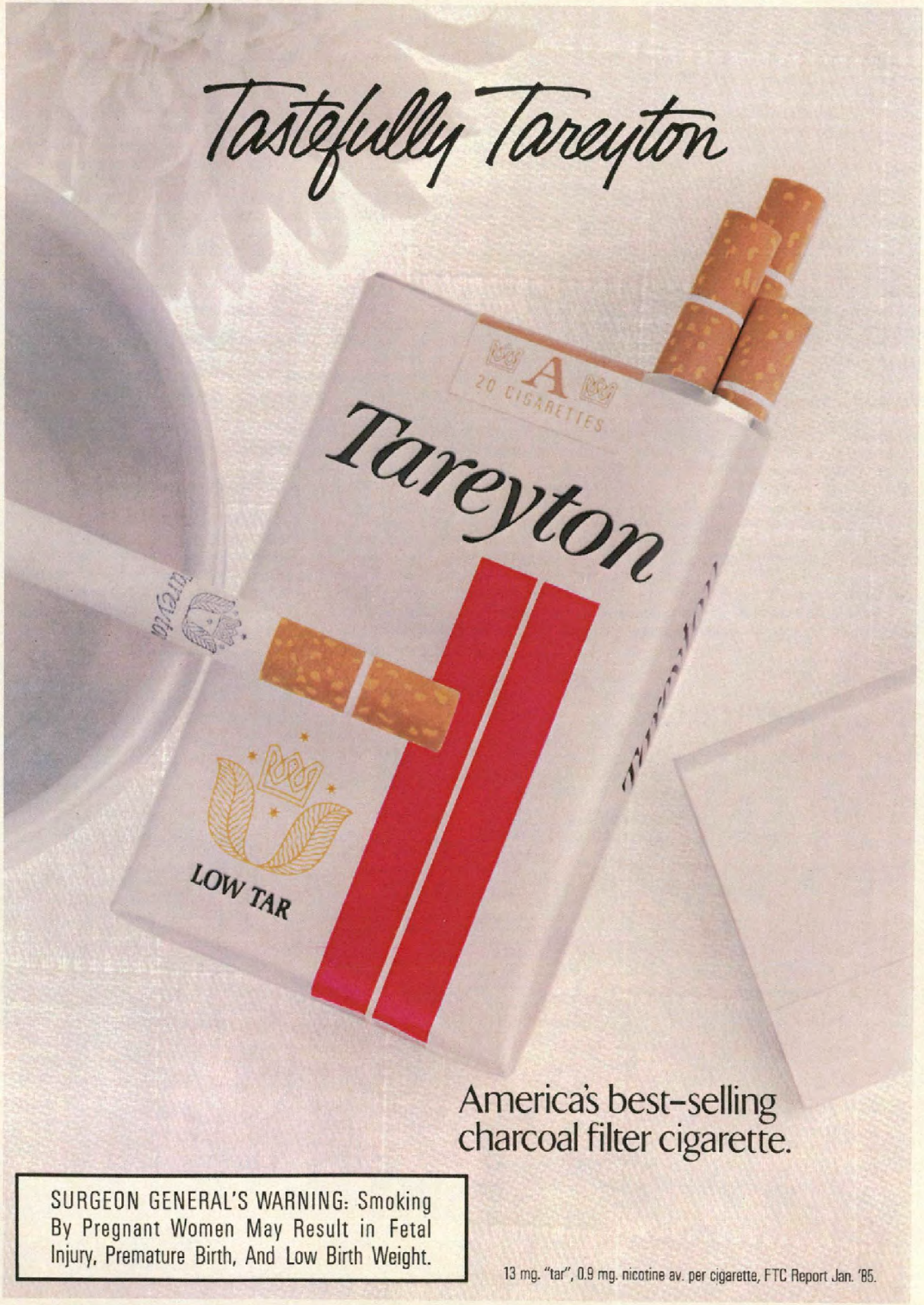
At one point, "casual, live-for-the-moment" sex was an accepted part of any college curriculum. Checking out a cavernous, smoke-filled hangout—the Dark Horse, at the University of Colorado in Boulder—it seemed there indeed might be lots of potential roommates for the night. It's a real good, old-fashioned college dive, complete with sweaty, blue-jeaned bodies on the pitlike dance floor, gyrating to a pop-song anthem to one-night stands, "So Many Men, So Little Time." Two coeds in well-worn, plaid flannel shirts watched as a pigtailed girlfriend left with a "very hunky guy she's just met," reported one girl. The other shook her head wearily. "I'd never sleep with a guy I just met these days."

Bedroom roulette has become Russian roulette for several reasons. An obvious one would seem to be the increased fear and prevalence of sexually transmitted disease. But most students said that fear wasn't a real deterrent. They enter college having had vast media immersion in the subject. Most professed to have known beforehand their one-night-stand partners, while preferring to deny that even one's best friends can have secrets not exchanged over a few beers. But what really seemed too awful to face was "getting hurt," as a Metropolitan State girl put it. "I can't afford the emotional drain. I want to get into a good M.B.A. program. Messing up your feelings by putting yourself sexually on the line with someone you don't know, and then not having it work out at all, can put your grades off for a whole term," she concluded, pragmatically.

"Today's students are more skeptical and more mistrustful, but what's also true is that, sexually, they take things for granted that weren't 20 years ago," observed Hal Pruitt, head of psychological counseling for U.C.L.A. "What's not taken for granted is that there are no consequences. Casual sex is definitely on the outs. There's too much of a price to pay, even for the so-called wild students."

"Especially where 'trains' are concerned," one husky blond male U.C.L.A. swim-team member pointed out. Though hardly a regular occurrence on the social calendar, the larger campuses, especially ones with fraternities and sororities, have seen a revival of an old college tradition. The blond elaborated: "In the early eighties, we all drank fairly heavily at parties, and that was the optimum condition for a train to start. I remember one time this sorority girl got really plastered and decided to go for it with a brother in his room. As they finished, his roommate, accidentally on purpose, came in—and she was feeling so crazy, she let the roommate get right on top of her. Pretty soon Bill, the brother in charge of first aid stuff like aspirin, was outside the door throwing rubbers to four or five brothers, who were lining up ready to get on board and dip their wicks. I was third or fourth, and I'm not proud of it. It's not like she didn't want to do it, but what I felt bad about was knowing that I'd helped this poor chick do something like that to herself. Some guys are still assholes and think it's a neat thing, but most guys are too embarrassed these days to admit they've ever done it." Other versions of this Sexual Amtrak were heard on several campuses, but it was agreed that the tradition is fading.

Decisions about sex are seen in terms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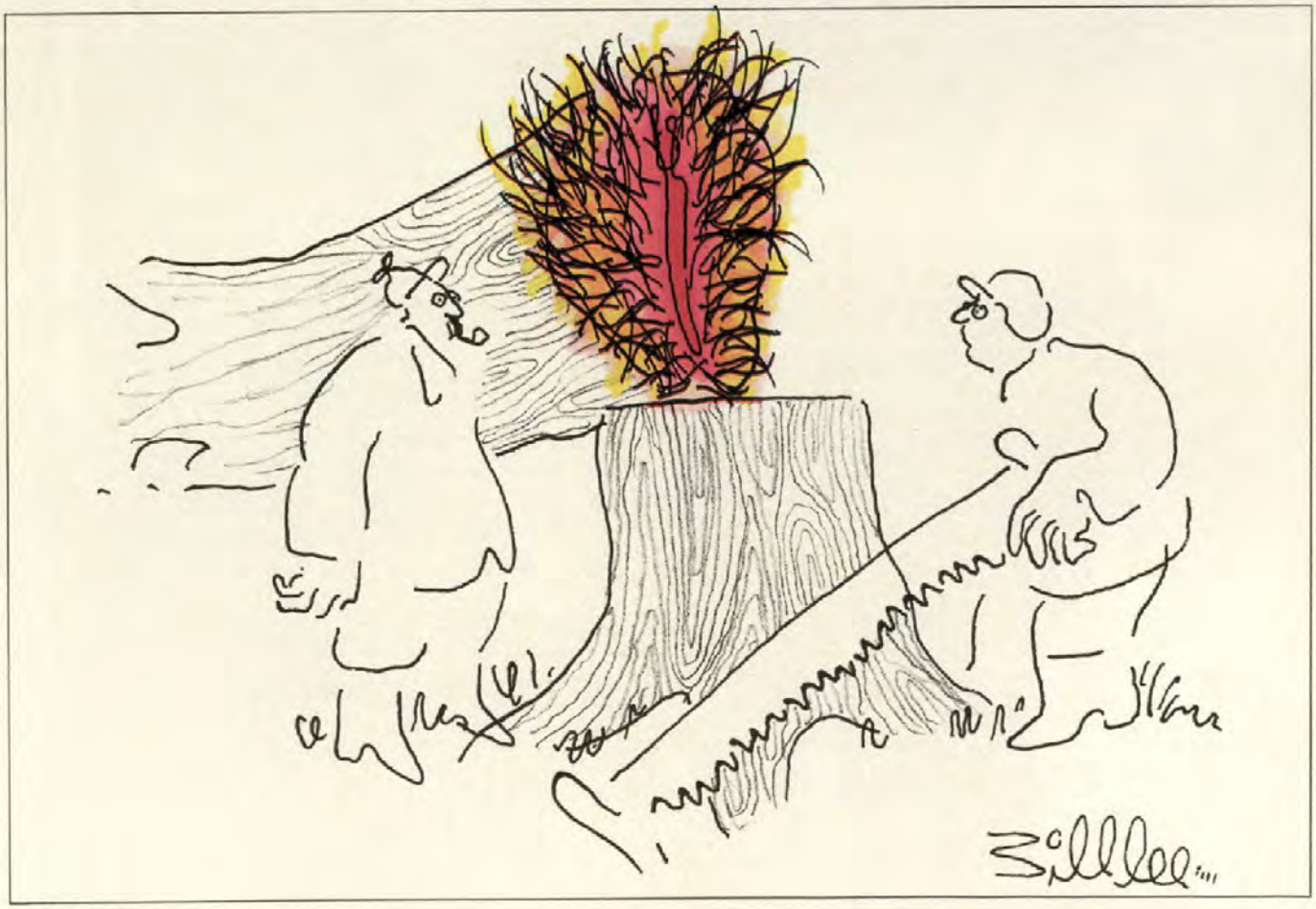
of the bottom line. What's the return on the investment? Where casual sex is concerned, it appears the dividends are increasingly considered to be too low and the investment too risky, even where the rowdiest male diehards are concerned. A group of boisterous Boston University men echoed that feeling over several rounds of Coors in a local bar. College men have traditionally been seen as a rather tough-skinned bunch, but the new sensitivity has brought new attitudes to the surface. "Look, a dick has no conscience," observed one tall, good-looking business major. "But when you just drop trou, you run a risk. Sophomore year I met this girl. She was jumping on my bones and I was hot for her, so we went back to my place. First I told her I had a girl and this was only for the night, and she agreed. That night we sucked and fucked away and then she was gone. I didn't call her, but for weeks after she kept calling me and finally came to my fraternity house and yelled, 'Asshole!' up the stairs at me for ten minutes. She then proceeded to tell all of our mutual friends what an insensitive jerk I was. It wasn't worth getting my rocks off."

Of course, the tale of the wronged woman is an old standby, but these days it shows no sexual discrimination—or maybe it's just that these days guys are willing to talk more about it. "Casual sex is a crapshoot," said a hefty phys-ed major. "I remember I picked up a girl and had the greatest sex with her. Now I really wanted to keep seeing her, but she refused. Then it turned out she was fucking and running out on a couple of my friends—for practice! See, she'd never had an orgasm with her out-of-state boyfriend, and she was just going through guys to find one she'd be able to come with and then really practice on him so sex would be better with her other guy! Boy, talk about feeling cheap and used."

Many women and men verified that casual sex still occurs, but now there appear to be very definite rules that everyone is expected to understand. "You have to set it up right away that there are no expectations on either side for the relationship to continue, and keep to that," another buddy in the Boston group asserted. "We all know those encounters never lead to anything. Of course, they can, but it's unlikely. Still, we're not saints and some of us will say anything to get a girl to bed if we're horny. But then, we'll never want to see her again."

Fellow female Boston University students had to agree that the double standard is still operative. "It kills me that a guy will push to get something and then not respect you for giving it to him, but"—one female junior said—"it happens every time. You'd have to be a fool to sleep with someone you want to see again the first time you meet him. Now, I may have first-night sex with someone, but it'll only be away from school. People still talk." A University of North Carolina student agreed: "There are definitely such things as 'reputations' about girls. It's not so much being known as 'good' or 'bad.' It's just that a girl who is known to sleep around is seen as not being very together or smart about herself, and that's worse than being 'good' or 'bad.' "

While today's collegians sound skeptical about some of the fruits gathered in the harvest of the sexual revolution, they're more permissive about others. High on the list of steady items on the current college sexual menu is oral sex. A group of University of Vermont coeds sat comparing notes on a snowy afternoon. "If I'm going to be that intimate with a guy," a blonde declared, "and there is something more intimate about oral sex than intercourse—then he should be willing to give me the same kind of pleasure. Of course, some girls don't like it, but I do." Some of the girls also admitted that more men get oral sex than women because some women still feel difficulties in asking for what they want. "Even with women's lib, I was always more comfortable just letting the guy take the lead," one girl confessed. "My boyfriend and I had been sleeping together for months and routinely he'd just kind of gently push my head downward, and there I'd be, sucking away. Now, he never made any moves to do it to me, but it's just that I was really too scared to say what I wanted." More than a few of the girls around the room nodded in recognition. "Finally, I just got up enough confidence to say, 'How come you never go down on



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me?!' I was real pissed off and he was surprised. 'You never asked!' was his answer, and it was true, I never had. Once I did ask he was more than happy to oblige, and it was great."

One male Williams College junior, however, feels it's better to give than to receive, and reported his first encounter with oral sex as the impetus for his sexual preferences today. "I got laid the beginning of my freshman year. But the first year I found myself doing pretty conservative missionary-position type things. I was anxious to do and feel more. It's just that I didn't feel all that comfortable experimenting with the girl I'd been dating. Finally, I started sleeping with a girl I'd been great buddies with. One night we got a little stoned and we were so hot for each other we couldn't even stand the hour's drive back to school, so we rented a motel room, and a good, aerobic time was had by all. We did everything we could think of, and finally I decided to go for the only thing I hadn't tried: giving a girl oral sex. But, hey, I wasn't just going to let that momentous occasion happen normally. So I got her into a vertical sixty-nine, with her legs wrapped around my shoulders and me standing up. She was understandably disoriented and surprised, but I kinda reassured her . . . nonverbally, of course. Then I walked around the room with her and, I must say, I was loving the pleasure she was getting. I caught a view of us in the mirror with her upside-down around my neck, and I thought, *Hmmm, I look like Abe Lincoln.* We both cracked up. After that I really got into oral sex and love seeing the look on a woman's face when I do it . . . that gives me more pleasure than she could know."

Oral sex notwithstanding, today's college students tend to view walking on the kinkier side, and past generations' fascination with sex as a sensual circus, as something that went out with love-ins. A group of Columbia University film students, in eclectic outfits ranging from high prep to vintage leather-studded Billy Idol, sat around a local New York coffeehouse and speculated about their fetishes: some ingenious uses of whipped cream and cooking oil. As one spike-haired male sophomore pointed out, "I've been having sex since I was 14, and when I was younger I used to lie awake fantasizing about having groups of black and white girls all over me or using weird contraptions, but no one I know has actually gotten into anything kinky. I have sex as much as I want"—his voice took on somber, mock–John Houseman tones—"the 'old-fashioned way,' and that's just fine with me." Another friend was quick to point out, "We may appear conservative, but we're not dead. As a matter of fact, I've been known to take advantage of an opportunity when the time's right. It was last summer and this girl and I were sailing her Sunfish on a crowded upstate lake. We were rubbing suntan oil on each other. I was rubbing near her tits and she was rubbing my cock, and suddenly we were just fucking away right there on the boat with all these other people sailing around us. I loved it. It was daring, but not crazy just to be crazy. As for anything wilder, well, it's just not what people are into these days."

That attitude seems to have little to do with any new moral stance on bacchanals. It's more like these collegians have seen one too many reruns of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice." A prepped-out senior commented, "Don't get me wrong. If my girlfriend initiated a little sexy domination, I wouldn't complain"—a remark that elicited applause from all but one of the group, a New Wave junior who took a more cautious "sounds good on paper" stance after one adventuresome night with his girlfriend. "We were about to have sex when she came to bed wearing high black boots, a studded leather jacket, and nothing else," he said, and a collective sigh of envy filled the small coffee shop

"We've tried sex and drugs in high school," one jock said. "And when you get to college, what else is there to help you out but religion?"

booth. "Sounds great, right? Well, first of all, her boots were tearing the sheets and we kept getting tangled up in them, and then just when we were about to come"—he took a dramatic pause—"one of her jacket spikes cut my cheek and we spent the next half-hour in the bathroom trying to stop the bleeding. Kinky, sure, forget it. Well . . . it was kinda nice, for a change."

"Most students who've planned experimentation with mechanical aids or things like S & M or group sex were disappointed by the reality of it," asserted U.C.L.A.'s psychological counseling head, Hal Pruitt, "especially when they tried it with partners they didn't know that well. It only seems to have worked at all when the participants were really at ease with each other and, most importantly, nothing had been planned per se. Spontaneity was a key ingredient."

It seems spontaneity was in full force on the occasion that Jane, a Stanford University prelaw student in a denim skirt and ponytail, recalled, as she lunched with Chris, a towheaded male fellow student. "On this particular day," Jane remembered, "Chris, his best friend Tim, who's a buddy of mine, and I were on our way back to school after a great three-day wine-tasting trip to Napa." The two exchanged good-natured grins and Jane continued, "Chris and I had been sleeping with each other, really just as friends. So there was a nice feeling with the three of us anyway. Well, Chris and I were in the back . . ."

Chris continued: "Suddenly, there on the Golden Gate Bridge, Jane and I started making it in the backseat. What surprised me really was that after all that wine, I was actually able to get it up. Funny thing was our buddy Tim was part of that moment. After we finished, Jane and he shared a look in the rearview mirror and she nodded. I just jumped in front, took the wheel, and Tim hopped in back. Right there, Jane and he started going for it. Maybe I shouldn't have told all that," Chris said, looking to Jane. She squeezed his shoulder in a show of camaraderie, and continued the story. "Now, the real problem wasn't the drivers and passengers around us who were seeing this rear end bobbing up and down in the back. It's just that while we were making it, the car was approaching a toll booth! So I was calling out 'slower, slower' to Chris, who was driving, and 'faster, faster' to Tim, who was with me. Well, the timing was perfect and everything was back in order by the toll booth." Chris went on, "Jane tells us we both tasted like two great bottles of wine, but she won't tell us which one was the Chateau Lafitte." Jane still wasn't telling. She concluded, "It was all so natural, not like a big deal."

One ethical "big deal" is a taboo as old as the ivy on college walls: student-faculty sex. With students who are more sexually aware arriving at college, the obstacles seem to have lifted somewhat. For one thing, with more students of both genders available to have sex, it's not as tempting to search through the faculty lounge for experienced partners. But student-faculty sex is dismissed by students, with their new no-nonsense approach, as being far too full of potential complications, as well. Even if an irate faculty wife isn't part of the picture, noticeable grade inflation—or worse, potential deflation at the affair's end—is still a gruesome possibility. And when life after your B.A. is dependent on faculty evaluations, that's a sobering thought.

Nevertheless, the practice continues. "I must admit I did have a crush on a young engineering professor," one female University of Arizona business major recalled. "One night we were the only ones working late in the math building. While we were in the computer room, I leaned over him real close. He almost *had* to kiss me, which he proceeded to do. We wound up making it right there on top of the computer." The affair only lasted a short time, but there was "always the fear that if we had a bad breakup, I'd have a grade problem. Luckily, the thing died a natural death before finals. I got a good grade, which," she stressed, "I deserved

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Christmas Belles

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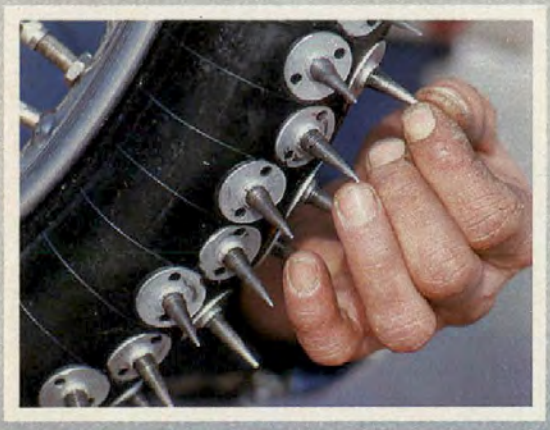

ICE CYCLES

BY MIKE KNEPPER

The voice of the crowd begins to grow as the motorcycles are fired to life. It rises to a crescendo as the four riders push the squat, purposeful machines to the starting line. The winter sun, never far above the horizon this far north in Finland, casts long shadows onto the track in front of the poised riders, and simultaneously reflects off rows of threatening, inch-long steel spikes. The flag drops, and the frenzied cheering of the fans joins the throaty

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERARD RANCINAN

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A typical ice-racing track is a quarter-mile long and 40 to 60 feet wide, and the ice 15 to 20 inches deep. To protect against the cold and the spikes, the leathers that ice racers wear are much thicker than those worn by road racers. Additionally, a tire casing—strapped on the knee—and a steel-capped boot protect the vulnerable left leg. Although injuries are common, the only other deference to safety is a cord around the wrist that kills the ignition when bike and rider part company.

roar of the alcohol-fed, 60-horsepower, 500-cubic-centimeter machines. An ice-crystal cloud fills the clear winter air as the bikes blast from the line and head for the first turn. Hundreds of steel knives tear into the surface of the track, churning the ice to slush and pushing the bikes to 60 miles per hour in the first 2.5 seconds after launch.

As if choreographed, the riders in unison lean the bikes 45 degrees, left knees skimming the ice, and dive into the turn, leaving their faces, arms, and legs inches from spinning spikes which rip flesh more easily than they pulverize ice.

Four violent laps around the quarter-mile track, hitting 75 miles per hour on the short straights, and it's over. Each rider will repeat the process five times in the course of the two-day event, the winner determined in the final orgasmic four-lap dash.

Ice racing is popular among northern Europeans and Russians, and generally dominated by the latter. It's a crude sport, lacking the technical sophistication and big bucks of grand-prix and motocross racing.

The single-cylinder motorcycles, typically JAWAs from Czechoslovakia, are farm-tractor simple: an engine, a gearbox, a tiny tank that holds enough fuel for four frantic laps, those vicious spikes, and no brakes. The riders tend to be as tough as their machines, and despite small monetary rewards, they are totally dedicated to the sport. Ice, motorcycle, steel spikes. And the encouragement of the crowd is reward enough.

REGNERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

While Christina was examined, the investigating officer took Al Regnery to a quiet room to discuss the complaint. By the time the interview was over, a reporter from the *Capital Times* was waiting in the hallway.

The law-and-order candidate who had blamed the opposition for the harassment of his family two days earlier went on the attack. He told a *Capital Times* reporter that his wife had been assaulted and raped by a black man and a white man, and insisted that the rape was really aimed at getting him to withdraw his candidacy. Regnery said he would stand tough.

On Monday morning, the day before the election, his charges were headlines on the front page: TWO ATTACK WIFE OF D.A. CANDIDATE.

Meanwhile, the police investigation grew intense. Two woodcutters, one black, one white, were picked up for questioning, and more facts about the strange home life of the Regnerys were discovered.

By that Monday night, when reporters called for an update, Al Regnery was no longer charging the other side with a dirty trick that became a rape.

"I don't want to make any comment about it," he told the *Capital Times*. "People will think we did it for the publicity." His remarks appeared in a news story election morning; that day voters rejected his candidacy.

Why the sudden shift? Apparently, Regnery realized that his wife and he had a big credibility problem. The police did not believe the rape story.

Christina said that the two assailants had left the house through a basement door. However, the police found the basement door blocked by an immovable lamp and by boxes of dusty, empty beer bottles, which showed no signs of having been disturbed in months.

"This door is the door supposedly used by the burglars in the exit," the police report stated, "However this would be impossible . . ."

Upstairs in the master bedroom, police expected to see signs of a struggle. They found none—nor did they locate any spots of blood in the bedroom where Christina was supposedly tortured. But they did uncover some evidence that she had left out of her account.

On the bed, under the telephone book, and in drawers in the nightstand, police came across a stash of hard-core pornographic magazines and catalogs for sexual toys. Curiously, some of the photographs depicted acts strikingly similar to the ones ascribed to Christina's purported rapists.

"Under the telephone book was a book with numerous color photos of various sexual gratification, including oral sex and the placing of objects into the vagina including bottles, carrots, etc.," the police report stated. "Another magazine was in the drawer with color photos of various sex acts. This book was printed in German. The *Penthouse* Magazine on the bed also depicted the usual sexual activities."

A can of feminine hygiene spray with a prophylactic stretched over it was found on the bed. The prophylactic seemed to be the one missing from a package on the nightstand, yet the package was carefully cut and not ripped open, as might be expected to happen during a hurried rape. In the kitchen, the police noticed that the stove was so caked with dirt that it would have been nearly impossible for the gas pilot light to have been turned off and then relit.

While a few neighbors had been outside doing yard chores, none remembered spotting any strangers in the area.

When talking to the neighbor who had given refuge to Christina after the alleged attack, the police learned that the "victim" was more worried about drugs than her wounds in the immediate aftermath. According to the neighbor, Christina called her doctor to ask for an emergency refill of tranquilizers. The neighbor overheard Christina relate the assault to him. According to the police report, the doctor suggested that she get a tetanus shot for the cuts.

> Regnery confessed that he had doubts about his wife's rape story—although he had pointed the finger at his political enemies just two days before.

When all this information was relayed to the officer at the hospital then preparing to question Al Regnery, neither he nor any of the police involved was convinced that an assault had actually occurred.

He confronted the husband with his suspicions. "It appears entirely possible that Mrs. Regnery had in fact been the victim of self-inflicted injuries," he told Regnery. Christina's behavior appeared so bizarre that the officer informed Regnery that the previous complaints about obscene phone calls and vandalism might have, in fact, "been the result of Mrs. Regnery's own actions and possibly her imagination."

Behind the closed doors of the interrogation room, Regnery himself confessed that he had shared the same doubts—although he had publicly pointed the finger at his political enemies just two days before.

According to the police report filed that evening, Regnery "agreed that it [fakery] was, in fact, a possibility and that he had given serious thought to this himself."

In the interview, the officer assured Regnery that the police would continue to check out his wife's story, but at the same time the officer asked him to reconsider her story as well. Regnery agreed, according to the police report, that he "would also pursue the possibility of self-inflicted injuries."

In addition, Regnery promised that he "would not disclose any of the circumstances surrounding the incident and that unless the evidence found at the scene along with other results of the investigation indicated that there were, in fact, two assailants which were responsible for the incident, Mr. Regnery would consider it highly probable that Mrs. Regnery was, in fact, responsible for the acts."

A Catholic priest had been present during the discussion. Apparently, the priest hoped to influence Regnery, who considers himself a devout Catholic, in the same direction the police were suggesting.

Again, Regnery agreed that it was important to keep quiet about the alleged rape and to consider, instead, the possibility that his wife was lying.

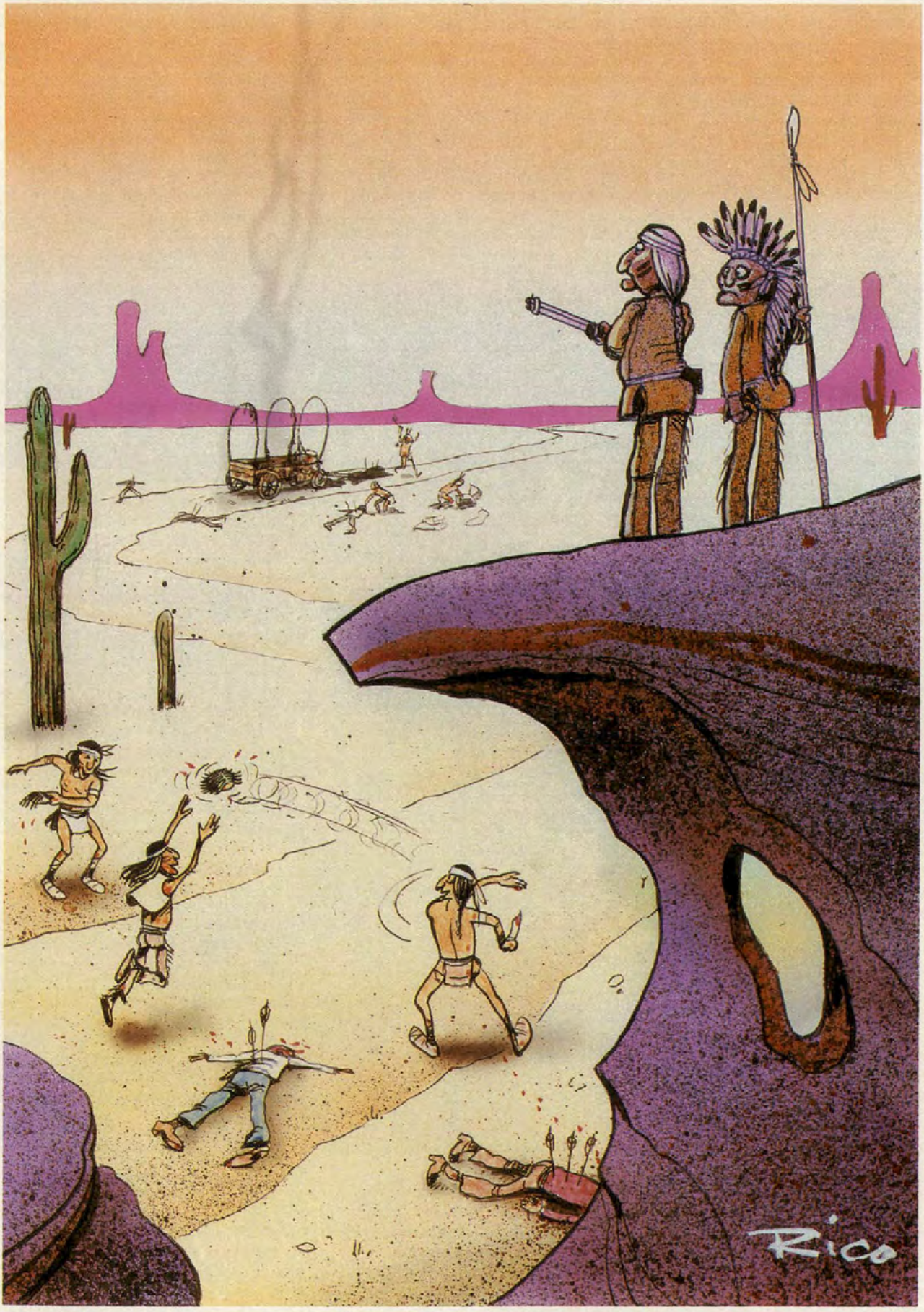
It was then that the police interview was concluded and Regnery walked into the hospital hallway to meet the press. Abandoning discretion, the candidate charged that his wife had been raped and assaulted in an effort to drive him out of his political campaign.

As the police laconically noted, "This information given by Mr. Regnery to the reporter was in direct conflict with the discussion which we had minutes prior to the interview which was held with the reporter."

Throughout the next day, Tuesday, the police kept their word by tracking down leads in the case. One of them was Christina's doctor, who had been suspended from hospital privileges at Madison General for a lack of professional judgment.

The police were astonished to discover that Christina had been prescribed huge amounts of addictive painkillers and sedatives during her pregnancy: approximately 2,256 pills—Percodan, Doriden, Empirin No.4, and Dalmane—in the past six months. In October, the regimen was stepped up with a prescription for 75 Valium. The police also learned that these prescriptions had been spread around several pharmacies.

Confronted with the prescriptions, Al Regnery said that twice before, during previous pregnancies, Christina had become dependent on pills. Doctors decided that it would be in Christina's best interest to deal with the newborn's drug withdrawal rather than discontinue her



"It seems the warpath is losing some of its ancient dignity!"

medication at this stage of her pregnancy.

Up until this point the police had been questioning Al Regnery alone in the downstairs living room. Now Christina, who was resting upstairs, came down; she appeared to be in a heavily sedated state, drooling at times while she spoke.

Christina requested that the police cease their inquiry. If the assailants were caught, she didn't think she could bring herself to testify against them in court.

During the next few days, following Regnery's defeat at the polls, the besieged couple decided to ask that the investigation be formally closed.

That evening, the Dane County police ceased looking for the rapists who allegedly invaded the Regnery home and assaulted Christina.

"The infliction of wounds on Mrs. Regnery are still questionable," the final police report stated, "and may have been self-inflicted or done by other subjects known to her. There is no indication that any unknown subjects inflicted any of the injuries."

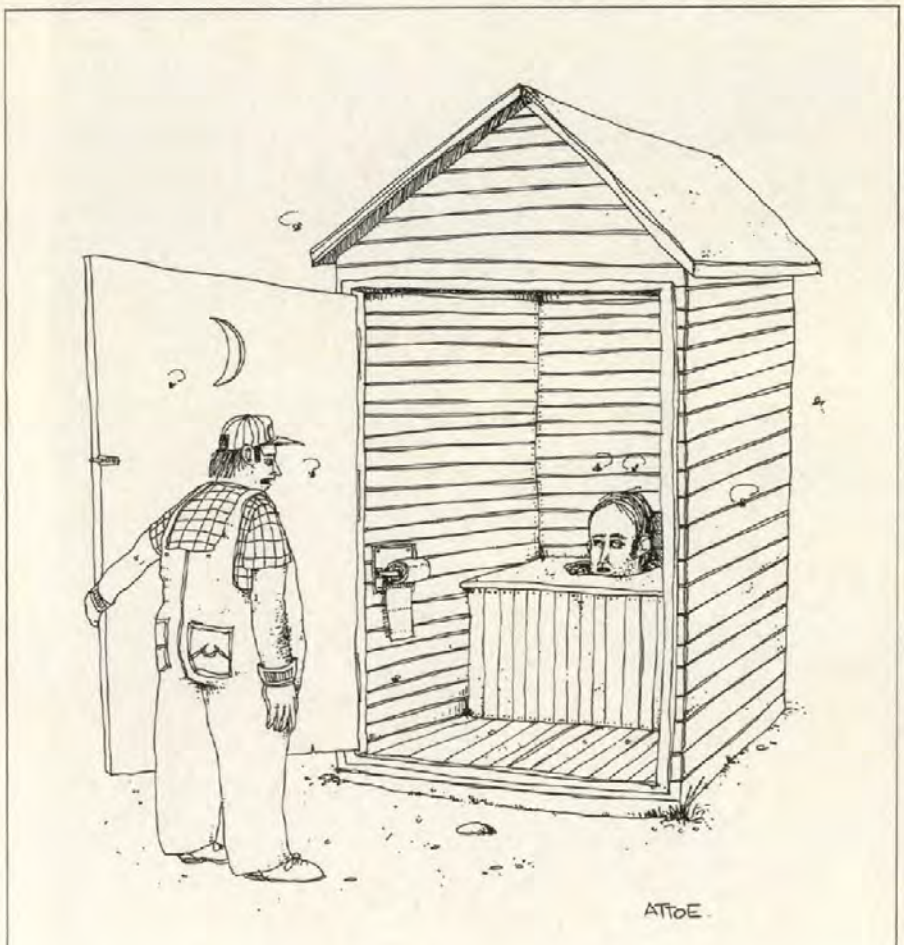
The police department debated whether to push for charges for knowingly filing a false police report.

They referred the matter to District Attorney Humphrey Lynch, a Democrat and lame duck. "Since I was leaving office in less than 30 days," Lynch recalls, "I told the police to finish their investigation and give a bigger report to the new guy when he comes in. I assume this is what they did."

Actually, the Regnery affair proceeded to fall between the cracks of the legal system. Jim Doyle, the new guy, did not want to seem vindictive by pursuing the man he had defeated at the polls. "By the time I was in office, it was a dead issue," Doyle says now. But he is still bitter about Regnery's reaction to the Halloween incident.

"He used it for his own political purpose," insists Doyle. "If he had some involvement himself, then his behavior was obviously inexcusable. But if his wife was very disturbed, as I believe, it was a deeply personal matter that should not have been exploited. Unfortunately, Regnery has never come forward to set the record straight."

Regnery didn't return this writer's calls, but at press time, his lawyers wrote *Penthouse* that neither Al nor Christina was ever "suspected of or charged with a crime," that neither ever had a "drug problem," and that one of their children—born with "a minor dependency" on Christina's medication, which had been "anticipated"—was "successfully treated" in a few days after birth.



"Even if they do find you, they won't be crazy enough to go in after you."

In 1978, the family moved to Washington, where Al began parlaying his conservative credentials in the growing "pro-family" movement.

At first, he joined Senator Laxalt's staff and lobbied for the Family Protection Act, a New Christian Right "wish list."

When Ronald Reagan came to the White House in 1980, Regnery was ready to rise. Under the auspices of the conservative Heritage Foundation, he wrote a paper urging that the new administration put an end to the Legal Services Corporation (LSC), which provides free legal counseling for the poor. In accordance with the wrong-is-right calculations of the Reaganauts, Laxalt pushed Regnery to be the new president of LSC.

But the LSC, federally chartered and funded, still had a lot of friends. The American Bar Association strongly supported continuation, and word of Regnery's ascendancy was triggering flashback accounts in the Wisconsin newspapers of his earlier race for district attorney and the bizarre Halloween episode—though giving little detail. The LSC board rejected Regnery's application to be hired on as president.

Instead, Al Regnery moved to another Justice Department office, where he temporarily disappeared from the headlines. In 1982, he was back in the news when he was named acting director of the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention, and his name was put forward for Senate confirmation.

The Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention is a $67.6-million-a-year operation, with an unusually high level of its budget—between $15 and $20 million—given over to discretionary grants. Its purpose is to encourage states and counties to separate juvenile offenders from adult prisoners, and to pursue actions to deter juveniles from criminal offenses. Reagan's 1981 budget proposal called for its elimination.

In Madison, the news of Regnery's pending appointment brought an immediate reaction. Both the *Wisconsin State Journal* and the *Capital Times* demanded copies of the police reports filed during the 1976 investigation. The sheriff released a bowdlerized version of the police report.

Armed with most of the unflattering facts, the local papers gave special prominence to the contradiction between Regnery's private admission that the assault may not have taken place and his subsequent statement that the alleged rape was an attempt to scare him out of the campaign.

After stories appeared, even Regnery's former bosses at his old Madison law firm went public with criticism. The Madison newspapers, including the *Wisconsin State Journal*, which had sup-

ported Regnery's 1976 bid, editorialized against the appointment.

"There are still too many unanswered questions about Regnery's bizarre behavior during his unsuccessful 1976 campaign for Dane County district attorney," the *Capital Times* wrote. "If anything, Regnery's failure to clarify the situation has only deepened doubts about his character."

These disclosures prompted a physician consulted by the Regnerys to step forward. Dr. William Ylitalo, a respected Wisconsin pediatrician, had treated the newborn Regnery baby. In a letter to the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee, where Regnery's nomination was pending, Ylitalo questioned Al Regnery's fitness to oversee an agency dealing with youth. Medical ethics, he wrote, prevented him from providing specific details, but he went on the record to say he had been shocked by Al Regnery's anger and hostility toward his infant child.

"It was an ongoing thing—of a relationship, of an attitude which I never forgot," Ylitalo claimed. Al Regnery's appointment was "a danger to the health needs of our children," he added.

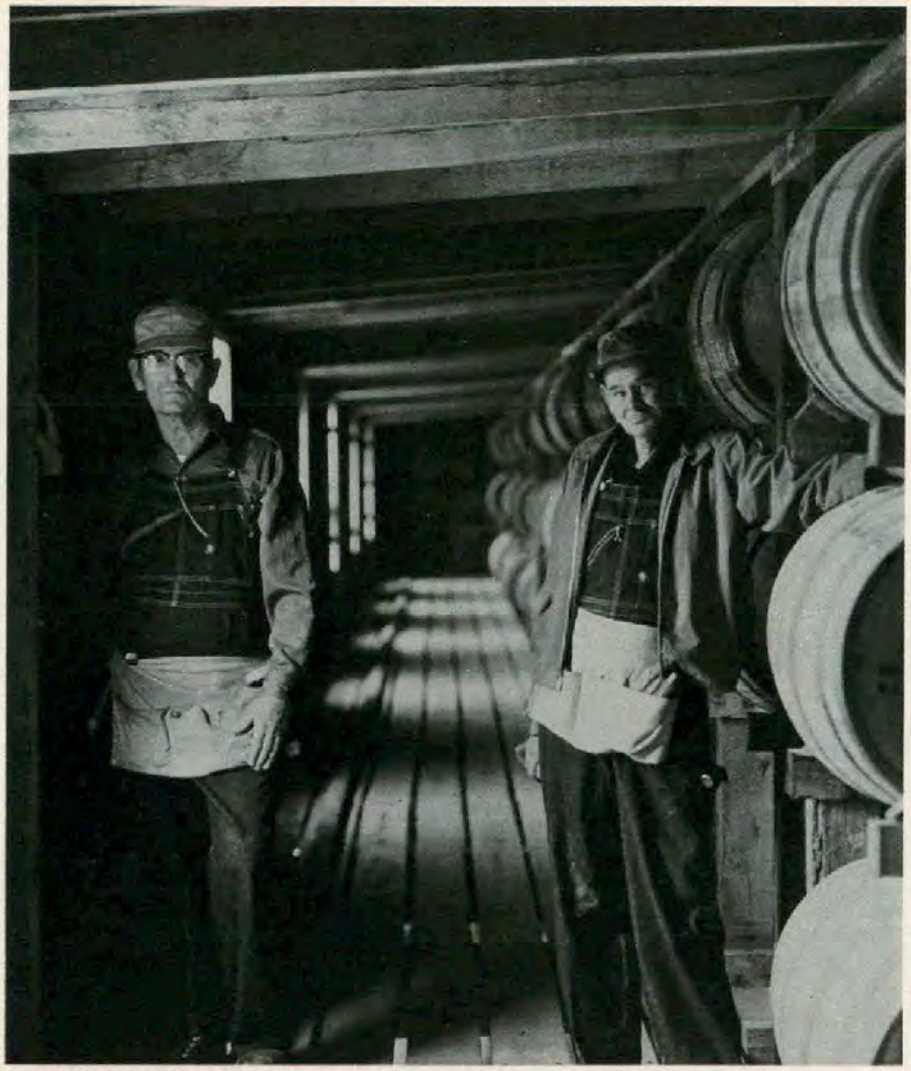
The impact of Ylitalo's charges was muffled, however, when Regnery retaliated with a charge of his own. Ylitalo's daughter ran a delinquency-prevention program in Ohio that was funded by Regnery as acting director, and he was planning to slash the budget. Regnery told the committee that Ylitalo was simply getting even.

In response to the outcry, the Senate moved to delay consideration of Regnery's appointment until a full FBI field investigation was completed. At the same time, Regnery's mentor, Senator Laxalt, used his position as a member of the Judiciary Committee to promote Regnery.

The Dane County police, Jim Doyle, and others handed over their files on the case. The FBI was informed of the police report, Christina's drug problems, and the hard-core porn collection, including photos of sexual acts similar to the ones Christina alleged in the assault.

But the heat was off. In April of 1983, the Senate Judiciary Committee had a bigger fish to consider—the nomination of Sandra Day O'Connor to the U.S. Supreme Court. As an aide to one of the ranking Democrats on the committee recalled, few senators ever took the time to read the report, relying instead on those staffers who might or might not have had time to go through the material.

On April 25, President's Counsel Fred Fielding talked to reporters about the Regnery nomination. First, he told them that he had read the full FBI report. Then he switched the focus to Dr. Ylitalo's charges, sweeping aside the other controversial matters surrounding the Halloween incident. "We see no reason, based on the allegations of the doctor [Ylitalo], that we should hold up the nomination," Fielding concluded. Senator



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Laxalt announced that he also had read the FBI report and found nothing to cast doubt on Regnery's integrity.

On May 3, the Senate Judiciary Committee approved Regnery's nomination in a 10–4 vote. On the Senate floor, the appointment was opposed by both Wisconsin senators, one a Democrat and one a Republican, but the nomination was confirmed by a large margin anyway. Feeling untouchable after confirmation, Regnery finally honored a standing request from the *Capital Times* for an interview.

"Why did you agree with police that it [the rape] probably had not occurred and then continue to say publicly it had?" the *Capital Times* asked.

"I think I said that my wife believed that it had, that she said it had. I frankly don't know if it did or not," Regnery said.

"You don't feel looking back on that that it caused you perhaps a credibility problem?" the paper asked.

"It may have," Regnery said. "If it did, it's the sort of thing I guess you can't do anything about. I was certainly caught between a rock and a hard place, I think."

No questions were asked about Christina's drug habits or about their bedroom erotica, because the complete police report had not yet been released.

Perhaps Regnery was now a different man. Although in his Madison days he had seemed to appreciate the arousing qualities of porn, in his new post he did not lose any time funding an antiporn crusade with his discretionary millions.

The initiative was outlined in a June 1983 memo prepared by Regnery deputy Robert Heck, calling for $8 million in grants to study the impact of pornography.

"Something is seriously wrong psychosexually between today's men and women," the memo asserted. The solution, it said, hinged on finding evidence that pornography results in attempts to duplicate in real life the sexual fantasies depicted or described. A thorough investigation should even uncover the role pornography plays in the divorce rate, homosexuality, and battered women.

Regnery approved the proposal and named Heck program director, despite his scant qualifications for the task. Prior to researching the effects of pornography, Heck supervised canines for the Massachusetts State Police bloodhound unit for 12 years and worked for the mayor of Madison as a liaison with other police units that spied on "radicals."

Regnery's first grants under the new initiative were so weird that they drew congressional fire. One of the weirdest was a grant of $800,000 to Dr. Judith Reisman, a former songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo" and a self-proclaimed expert on pornography. She once had written an article claiming that "defense of pornography is based on the spurious notion that freedom of speech actually exists. Freedom of speech, however, does not exist."

In an interview published in *Take Back the Night*, she expounded on her view of the First Amendment. Freedom of speech was an invention of the "corporate oligarchy" to spur consumption of "misogynistic, anti-human propaganda" led by a "triumvirate—Hugh Hefner, Bob Guccione, and Larry Flynt—who are every bit as dangerous as Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito, the political fascist triumvirate of World War II."

Reisman's proposal was a blend of half-baked research and neo-Frankenstein solutions to the Great American Porn Menace. She promised to redefine pornography, based on the "neurophysiological processes by which pictures or words chemically act upon juvenile and adult brain hemispheres." This new definition would then "carry weight in the real world of law, education and behavior," forming the basis for a new law-enforcement strategy.

> Regnery—the man who once sported a car bumper sticker reading "Have You Slugged Your Kid Today?"—is in charge of the U.S. program to help juvenile offenders.

Regnery not only approved this flaky science but rose to Reisman's defense on Capitol Hill. But when congressmen and the press ridiculed the project, Reisman scuttled the lab work and substituted a study of child images in the cartoons of *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Hustler*.

Reisman's credentials are as suspect as her proposals. Although she holds a doctorate from Case Western Reserve University in the unrelated field of speech, she has never had a permanent academic appointment, nor has she published a single scientific article or book in her career.

She lists membership in eight "professional organizations," including six which require no professional credentials. "It's like belonging to the National Geographic Society," said a spokeswoman at the American Association for the Advancement of Science, where membership comes with a subscription to their magazine. "I don't think it would be absolutely ethical" to include membership on a résumé, commented a spokeswoman at the Hastings Center of Society, Life Sciences and Ethics. Five of the organizations Reisman lists said they had no record of her membership.

Reisman's vita also includes four books which have never been published, although the titles were cited as "forthcoming" in her résumé as long ago as 1978.

The Reisman grant was funneled through American University, which was encouraged to hire her as a professor in exchange for the lucrative fees the university would receive for administering the funds. When some university officials slowed the Reisman push, however, they found an additional incentive: White House counselor Ed Meese's office called directly to urge the appointment. Meese's wife, Ursula, is a member of the A.U. board of directors, and the call came at Regnery's request, according to testimony he himself offered to a congressional committee.

While members of Congress fumed over the grant, Regnery hit the hustings to brag to New Christian Right audiences about his success in defunding liberal programs and switching federal monies to groups with Christian affinities. He was highlighted in an interview in the *Family Protection Report*, and appeared at Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority–sponsored "Family Forum," which coincided with the 1984 Democratic National Convention.

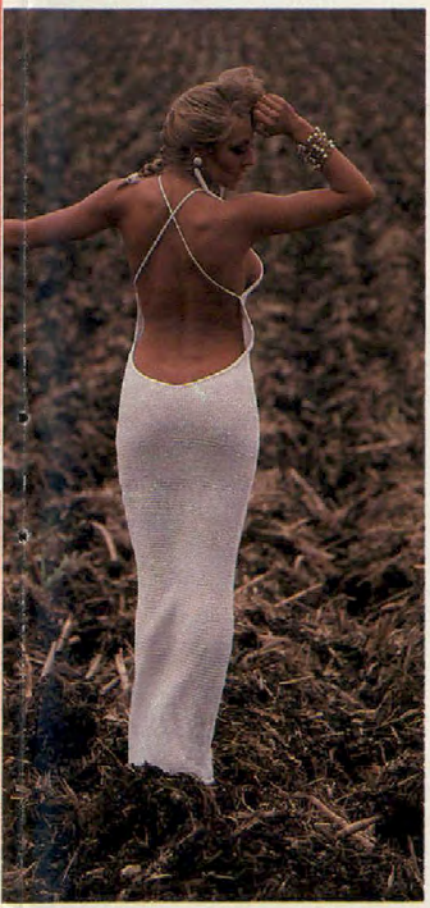
Another Reisman booster sits at the right hand of the President—White House Communications Director Pat Buchanan, who used his former syndicated column and television program to propel Reisman into the big leagues.

Apart from tinkering with pornography, how is Regnery doing these days at Justice? Strangely. Apparently, Regnery the Sexual Ideologue never sleeps on the job.

"I know of one group—with solid Republican credentials—that waited for months on a grant application while Regnery spread rumors about the director's private sexual life and then tried to use it as grounds to deny the grant," said an official of a nonprofit group who asked not to be identified. "I also know that he has told nonprofit officials he's going to make sure that no group getting grants has gays on the payroll."

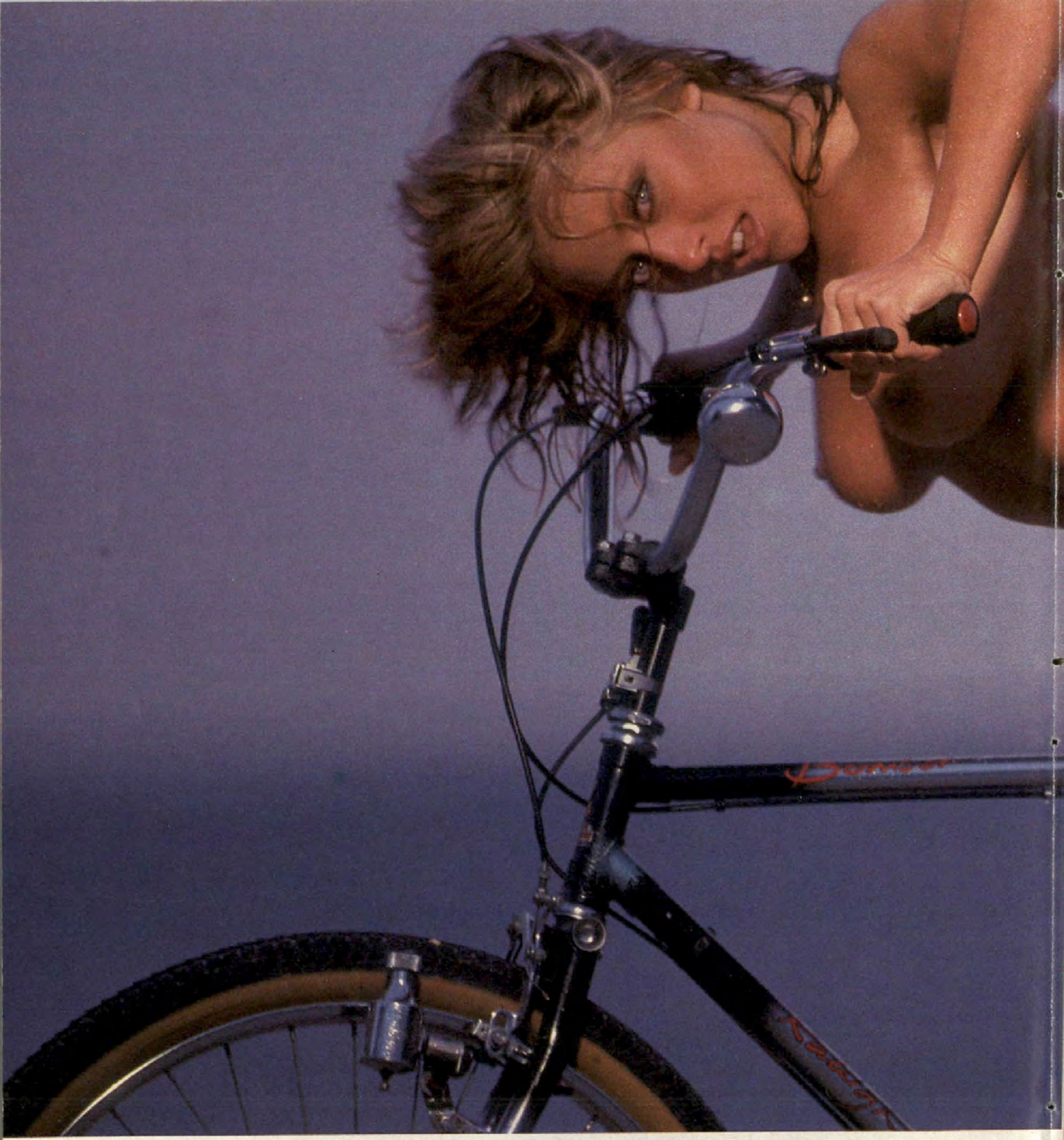
Last year, during the congressional debate over the Reisman grant and other controversial Regnery plans, he took the draconian step of ordering an FBI investigation into possible prosecution of employees in his own agency who supposedly had provided the press with copies of the grant applications from the files—even though the documents are public information.

Rumors circulated in Washington last year that Regnery was not long for his post. But the elevation of Ed Meese to attorney general scotched such talk. Al Regnery—the man who once put a bumper sticker on his car reading "Have You Slugged Your Kid Today?"—remains in charge of the nation's program to help juvenile offenders, and he continues to map out his plans to regulate the psychosexuality of America.



"My favorite pastimes are tearing around on my old Triumph chopper, and making love. . . ."

CARINA



"In love, I always give as much as possible to make every sexual experience remarkable. . . ."

DESIGNED FOR LIVING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Ravishing Carina Ragnarsson, our November Pet of the Month, tells us that she has two favorite pastimes: tearing around without a helmet on her old Triumph chopper, and making passionate love. But the bountiful, Swedish-born-and-bred lady from Borås (just outside of Göteborg) also appreciates New York, where "I can just take a cab and relax."

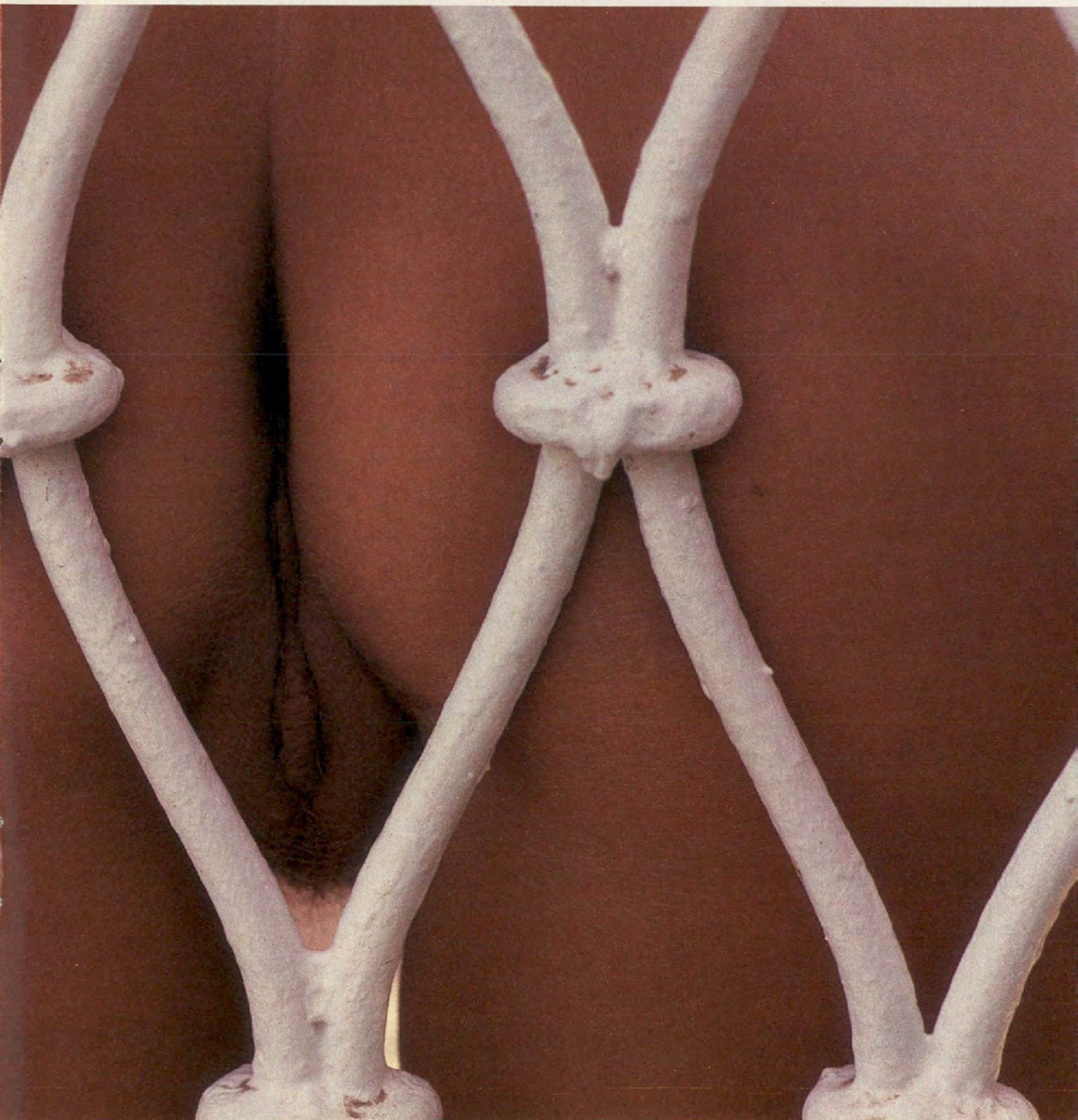
Clothes by Acrobat; lingerie courtesy of Looking Too; accessories by Antique Boutique

When it comes to her career, though, this lovely, headstrong Leo is firmly in the driver's seat. "I started out sewing and designing my dolls' clothes when I was little, then did my own clothes during adolescence. Later, after high school, I secured a job as a designer's assistant."

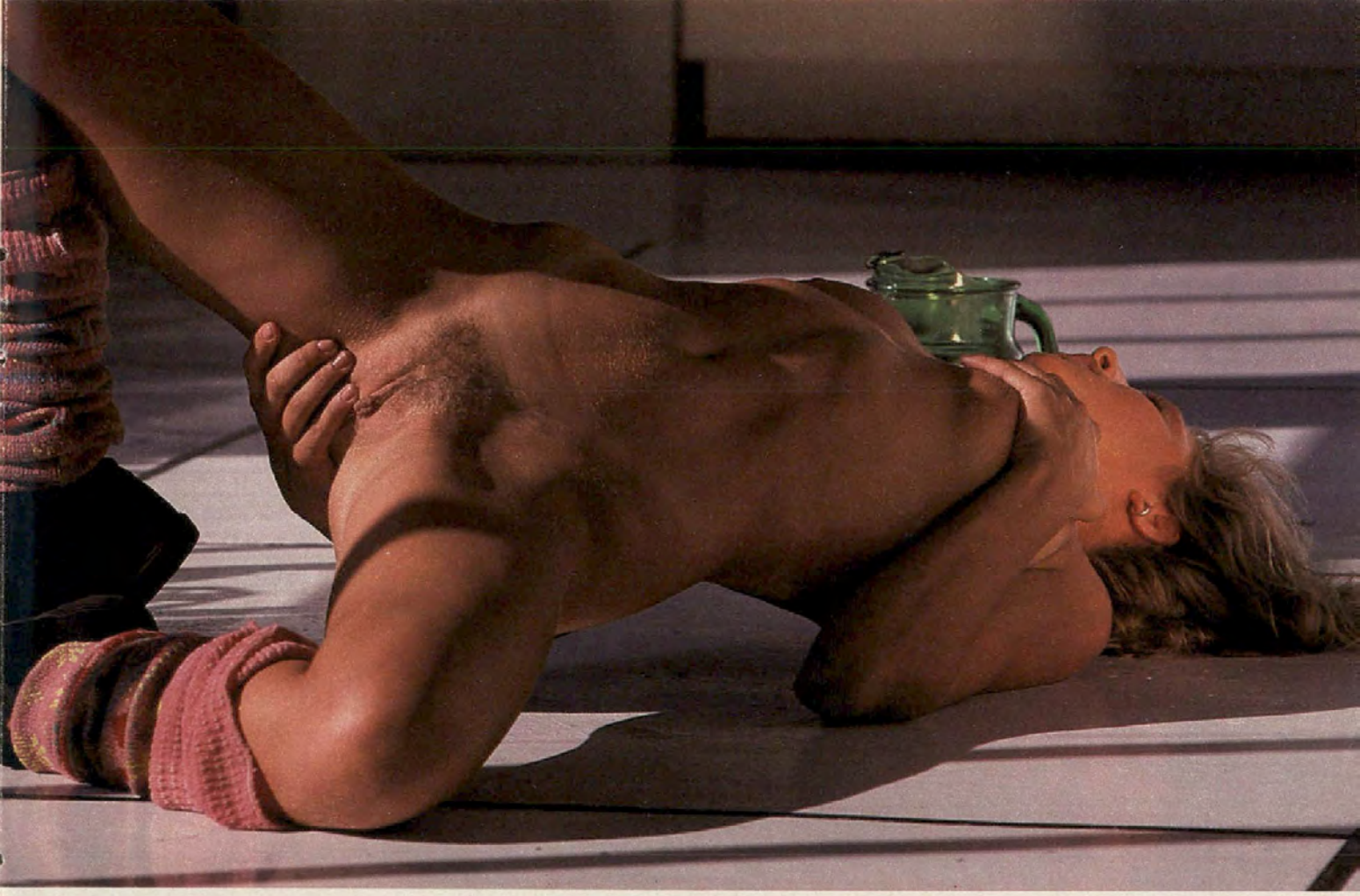
"I intend to enroll in New York's Parsons School of Design." In the meantime, Carina likes to keep her body and mind in shape.

"I work out at least ten hours every week and I read as much as time allows." But there's a lighter side to Carina, too. "My favorite television show is 'Bugs Bunny,' and I adore strawberries and champagne."

She'd prefer to share this treat with just one man. "The short happiness an affair can offer can't compare with the passion and intimacy I feel for the one special person I love."



"In love," she says, "I always give as much as possible of myself to make every sexual experience remarkable."



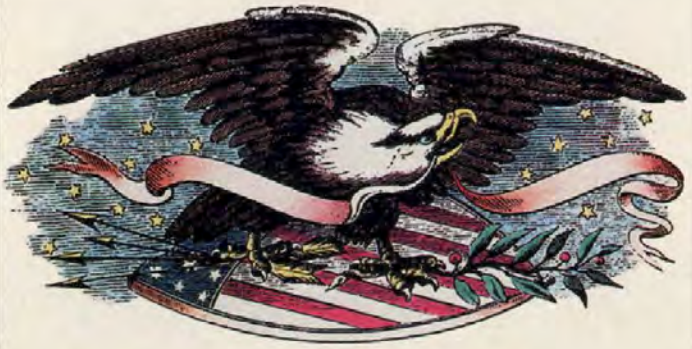
"I am a little shy," Carina says, "about appearing in *Penthouse*, but I think it will convince me that people appreciate my looks." While it may be true, Carina, that clothes make the man, your beauty doesn't need any adornment.

MISS CARINA RAGNARSSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"David Carradine's *Americana* ventures beyond action-packed adventure stories to reach the heart of what Vietnam means to us as a nation."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Although one would think, with the success of *Rambo*, that the Vietnam veteran as superhero is today's prevalent myth, many writers, playwrights, and moviemakers are venturing beyond simplistic, action-packed adventure stories to reach the heart of what Vietnam means to us as a nation. *Americana*, a humane and subtle film made nearly 12 years ago, was recently released by Crown Productions and—for veterans and nonveterans alike—is well worth seeing. It was produced and directed by David Carradine, former star of the well-known television series "Kung Fu." (The script, interestingly, was adapted from *The Perfect Round*, a novel by Henry Morton Robinson about a returning World War II veteran.)



Americana is a film about a man who is trying to avoid violence, sometimes at a high cost to himself. The Green Beret hero, played by Carradine, slowly enters a small, hot Kansas town on foot one summer afternoon. A stray dog lounges in the middle of the road, then aimlessly scurries away to avoid the truck that has just dropped Carradine off. (It's our first, sobering view of a grim and desolate little place probably not unlike the small towns many veterans returned to after the war.) He's a stranger and he's looking for work. He wears his uniform like a flag and, in his quiet way, demands that people recognize what he's done. He finds his way to an abandoned carousel in an overgrown field within sight of the few stores and the service station that signal the beginning and end of the town. He spends the night at the foot of the carousel and begins, the next morning, to lovingly rebuild it.

A local storekeeper quietly befriends him, but he is viewed with suspicion by everyone else. His actions in the face of challenges and cruelty are deliberate. While he's forced to live with the nightmare in his head, he must also reconcile himself somehow to the nightmare that he realizes he's living in the town. The situation is classic. Most Vietnam veterans will recognize it.

Carradine told *Penthouse* he has no regrets that *Americana* is just now getting public attention. He feels that we are at a point, as a nation, when we might begin to distort the past or romanticize some of the difficulties that veterans faced in the seventies. He hopes that *Americana* can help to prevent that.

"This portrayal," says Carradine, "is not like other portrayals. The Green Beret is willful, but not violent. He has enormous dignity. He's almost Christlike. We've been offered lots of pictures about violent, confused, trigger-happy vets. Is this how we heal our wounds? How can we?"

Americana is a movie about choices and about how to face a challenge. Carradine says, "It's really the story of a vet who gets it straight . . . who rehabilitates himself correctly without any help from the outside. He soldiers his way through. He uses the discipline learned in the Army to get through." The Green Beret's choice, ultimately, is to build rather than destroy. He comes back from the war with an impulse to begin fixing things. As he painstakingly rebuilds the carousel, he's really healing a damaged part of himself. In a town that has little to offer but cockfights and aggression, the Green Beret offers only enough resistance to protect himself, and no more. A young woman in the town, played by Barbara Hershey, who is constantly abused by a group of young delinquents, sets an example for the Green Beret with her gentle, silent optimism. Because she barely resists the abuse, she manages to survive.

Carradine's Green Beret isn't sensationalized. We discover, near the end of the film, that he's a captain who reenlisted and was decorated many times. He's a hero and he's deeply patriotic, but the townspeople nearly succeed in defeating him by subjecting him to their own brand of cruelty. He finally claims some of his disability pay (we're not told what his disability is) and returns with enough money to buy the few remaining parts he needs. The Green Beret reconstructs many of the wooden horses, and strips and repaints them. But, as the film makes clear, he is also saving his own soul.

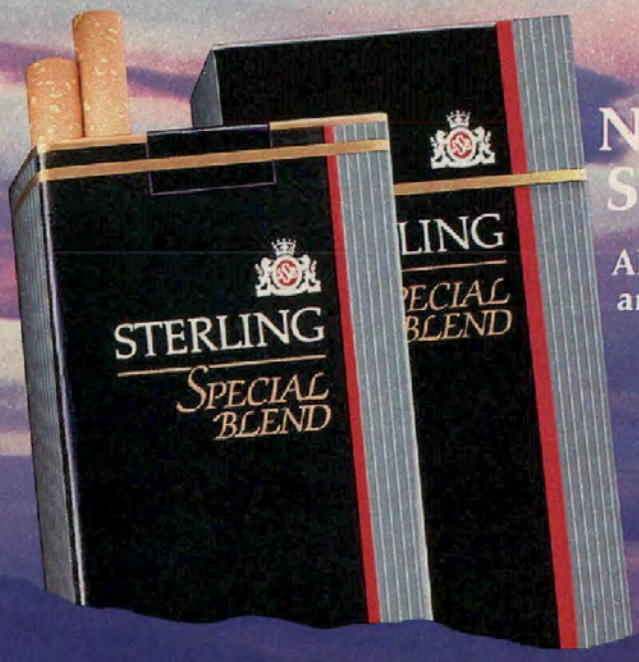
Carradine has mastered the art of treating difficult emotional moments in the film with images. Dialogue is spare. As director, he has wisely chosen to disclose certain truths to us by way of powerful symbols: the neglected carousel, the lonely stranger entering the town, a young woman endlessly pursued by purposeless young men, and finally, the merry-go-round once again working, for a new generation of children.

The film may be a difficult one for veterans to see. Carradine's portrayal of post-traumatic stress is accurate. The Green Beret's nights are filled with images from his years in the jungle and with the sounds of gunfire, walkie-talkies, and helicopters. But veterans have told Carradine that they hadn't been able to describe this to their families. They were glad they had all seen the film together.

Americana has been running in selected cities since late summer to enthusiastic audiences. It will be showing during the fall on HBO and is currently available for home rental. David Carradine is making the film available to veterans groups, who should write to: Dazzle & Heart Productions, 7101 Woodrow Wilson Drive, Hollywood, Calif. 90068. We highly recommend it.—*Claudia Valentino*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

SOFT PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, BOX, MENTHOL BOX: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



NEW SOFT PACK*

Also available in regular and menthol box.

REACH FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL

STERLING

*Not available in all areas.

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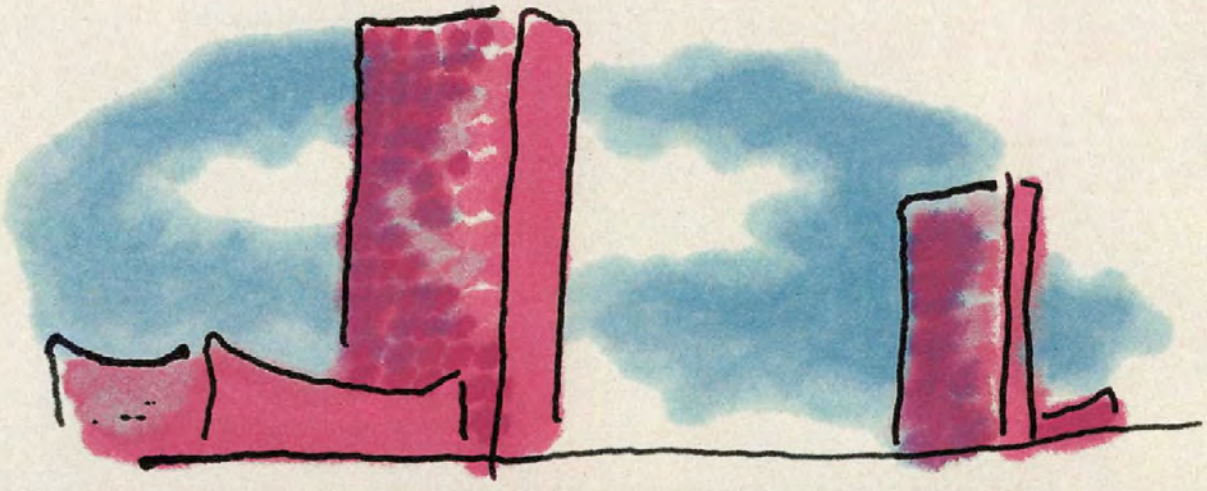
The *Penthouse* Humor Editor suggests some

ALTERNATE USES FOR THE U.N. BUILDING

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

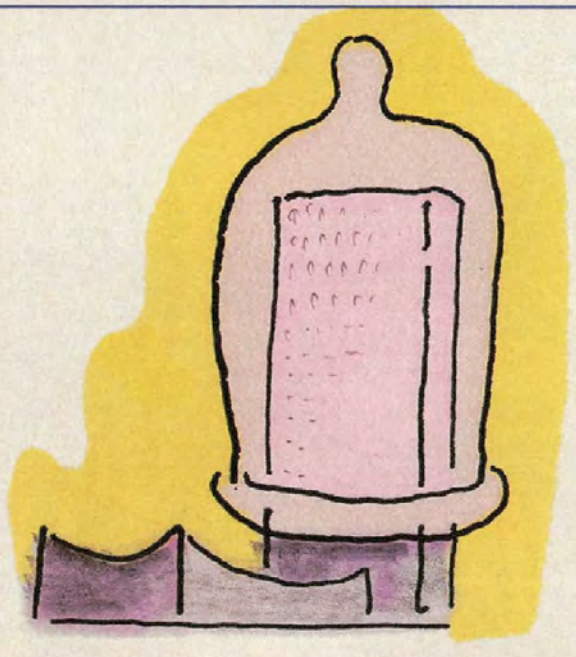


BOOKENDS

Construction of another U.N. building of equal size, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, would create a permanent holding area for the world's largest "cooked" books.

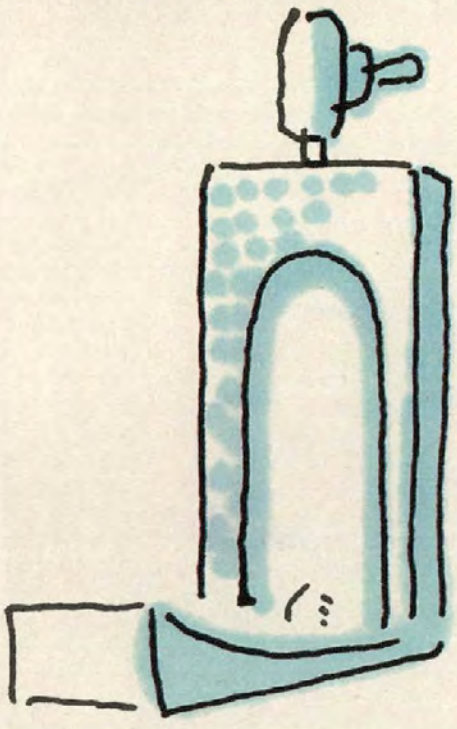
FIRE DEPARTMENT TESTING SITE

Burning this dummy skyscraper (from the top down) would provide many delightful years of firefighting practice for the new recruits of New York City's fire department.



PHALLIC SCULPTURE

A dramatic "up yours" addition to the New York skyline, this lackluster erection could (literally) come into the world of art history by the proper placement of a giant rubber condom down and over the entirety of its perpetually erect and upright surface.



A PUBLIC TOILET FACILITY
Any New Yorker who's ever faced the discomfort of searching (in vain) for a place to "pause and refresh" would welcome the opportunity to convert this relatively useless impediment into a useful riverside comfort station.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LAXATIVE
An all-chocolate-laxative building would be an important assist to the overly constipated atmosphere of Manhattan's Upper East Side.

THE THIRD WORLD HOUSE OF LEATHER AND PLEASURE
A perfect alternate use for this (otherwise) sedentary structure, supported by and catering to the masochistic needs of the American taxpayer. The location can't be beaten, but the customers can.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

for my classwork." She did affirm, as had other students, that she felt grateful for the experience, but didn't necessarily recommend it to others or feel eager for a second go-round.

Taboos have also been lifted in the sexual climate for gay students. The subject is not totally out of the closet, but the door is open to a much greater degree, and more collegians than ever have actually made their way through it. While on some campuses, posters for Gay Alliance meetings are right up there alongside those for the French Society tea, it's still a topic given truly free rein only at the larger, more urban institutions, which attract a more sophisticated student body. Students in these settings said they felt no particular prejudice toward gay schoolmates, although one straight male U.S.C. senior candidly pointed out, "It's not usual for us to mix socially."

A former Big Ten football player, now a senior and "out of the closet," confessed that he tends to keep to friends who've made similar choices. "It's hard enough to be different when you're young," he reflected. "I just feel more comfortable around people who are struggling with the same problems that I have. People are still threatened when you make a different choice these days." Yet a straight male fellow classmate confided he was supportive and even positive about the gay influence on campus life. "The gay element is making it easier for all of us to break down stereotypes. That, and women's lib, make it easier for a once basically macho guy like me to think it's okay to be sensitive, to get in touch with my more feminine side." Indicating the bright-turquoise windbreaker he was wearing, he said, "Hey, it's even seen in the kinds of clothes guys wear nowadays. Years ago I couldn't have worn this kind of color without getting a lot of static." It appears that gay students, while still small in number, may be having a greater impact.

Even though it may appear that sex is treated with a more laissez-faire attitude today, a truce has yet to be achieved in the ongoing collegiate war between the sexes. Male and female students still sit around dorm rooms over stale cups of coffee and bitch about the opposite sex, but the complaints have changed. One major gripe heard from collegiate women coast-to-coast was the "lack of aggression in men." As one Brown University senior moaned, "It takes guys forever to ask you for a dance, let alone a date. Of course, sexually, there are some incredibly horny guys who'll put the moves on right away, but for the most part, they're all tentative. Sometimes I think I'd take a good 18-year-old over a college man any day. I think women's lib and the sexual revolution have done lots of good things, but one negative result has been to scare the shit out of guys."

That woman's complaint wasn't far off target, judging from comments made by college men. "I definitely find myself more afraid to make the first move," one Yale man stated. Looking like academe's answer to Robert Redford, you'd never guess he had a problem. The reasons, he explained, are linked to the shifting roles of the sexes in contemporary society. "Women seem so much stronger these days, and I don't think men have caught up with feeling how strong they themselves can be. Women act like they don't need you at a party, and seem so standoffish that you're sure you'll be rejected, even if it turns out the girl's been dying to meet you." A freshman from Dartmouth agreed: "It used to be the women who looked scared at parties. Now the women are the ones casing the guys out. I don't think guys really know how to deal with that. Sexually, I happen to love it when a woman turns the tables and is more aggressive with me. It doesn't threaten my masculinity at all, but everyone's scared to take chances. We'd all like the safe way out."

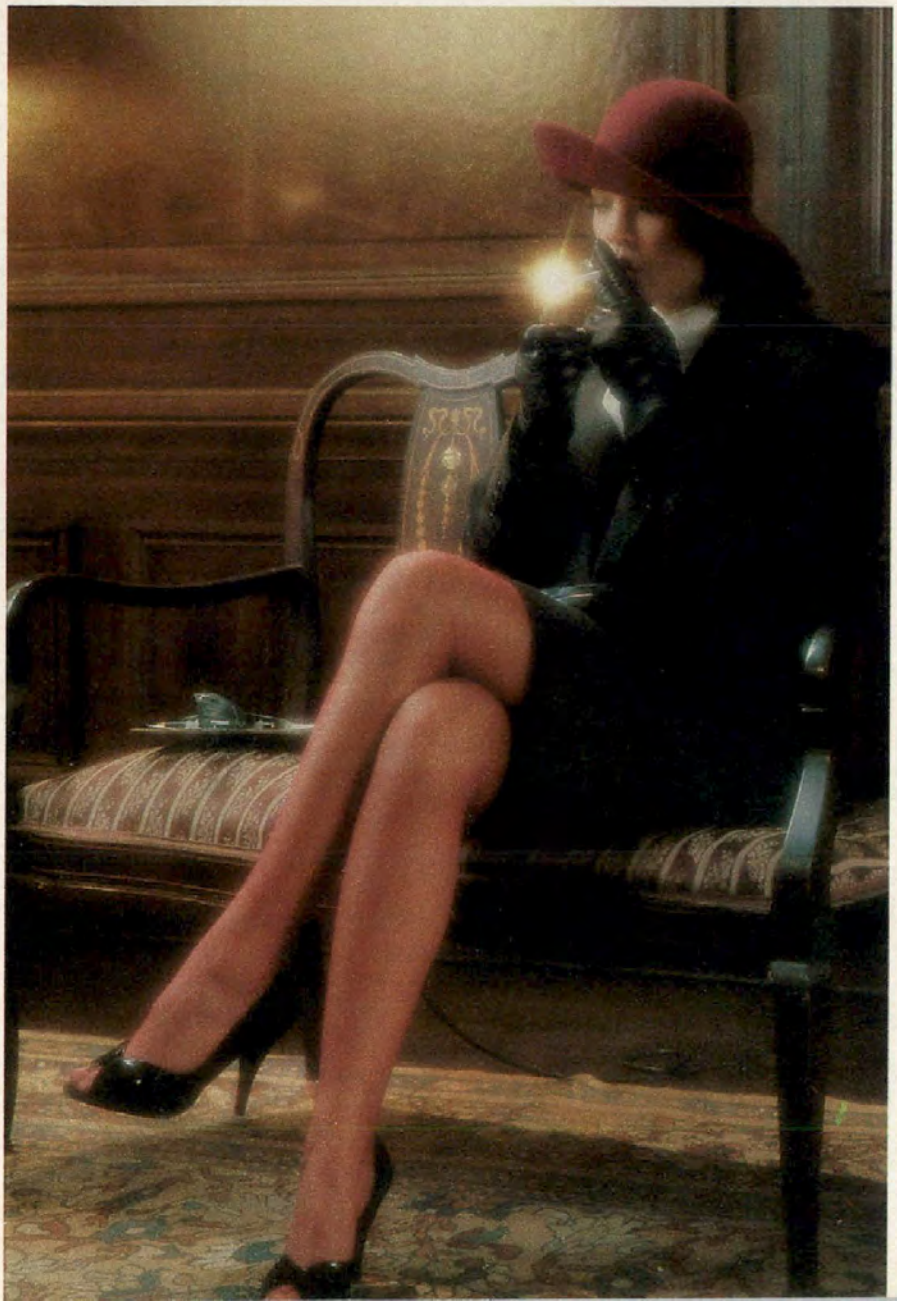
> We're not saints and some of us will say anything to get a girl to bed if we're horny. But then, we'll never want to see her again!

The "safe way out," for many, used to mean graduating to the strains of "Goin' to the chapel . . ." Although marriage in general has been on the increase, many students, even the most conservative, expressed reticence about tying the knot too soon after college. Just as they're practical about the harsh realities of other aspects of life, they're level-headed about the pitfalls of marriage—especially an early one. Most of them cited high divorce rates as the source of their hesitancy to go through with the vows, even if they've had steady partners throughout their college years. Once considered more interested in pursuing an "M.R.S." than a B.A., increasing numbers of women are more concerned with guaranteeing steady employment for themselves after their college career than with steady dating throughout it. A University of Florida woman summed up her immediate focus on a career in this way: "You always have time to get married, and then if you fuck it up, at least you're going to really have something solid to fall back on that will always be with you."

Then just what do today's contemporary students yearn for? A University of Michigan senior, home in Los Angeles for the holidays, contemplated the question as he reigned over a beach party at his parents' Malibu home. His father is a successful film producer and he feels he's had more than his share of the good life. "I've had cash in my pocket, I'm good-looking, and I've been getting laid since I was 15, but you wanna know what my ultimate fantasy is?" He paused, throwing a volleyball out to some spirited companions. "With all that's available, my biggest turn-on would be to finally get to know and love someone and then experience what it would be like to make love with them. What I want is personal contact, deep personal contact with someone. And that's so hard to get. Of course, some people just hide out for four years with a steady, but they'll break up after graduation. People say romance is back, and you see more couples pairing up now, but that's only for security. They're scared. Most of us would rather hang out in groups. These girls here are really friends of mine. I like them as people and I'd rather have them as girls to pal around with."

A girl in denim shorts seconded the thought: "The quickest way to screw up a friendship is to sleep together. There are so many things to cope with in college today. You need all the help you can get, and most of us have found out that just getting laid doesn't provide it." Most of the group felt more comfortable putting their priorities in something other than sex. "And it isn't because we don't want to fall in love, it's just such a long shot," one girl commented. A burly football player handed out some margaritas, saying, "During the past years, some great things have happened, but it's also like we've been through some kind of emotional nuclear war. Now, we're all behaving like the superpowers. Everybody's got their deterrents up."

Back at the U.C.L.A. hangout in Westwood, those deterrents are an important factor in Jimmy's reaction, as his older brother urges him to make some decisions. There are the two girls Jimmy could leave the bar with, the brunette or the redhead. "You wanna get fucked or fall in love?" B. J. teasingly reiterates, indicating Jimmy's options—at one time, any college man's dream. Suddenly, Jimmy is nowhere to be seen. His brother finds him out on the street in his convertible. Alone. "Jimmy, don't tell me you'd rather go home and study?!" Jimmy pauses. "No, but it's a helluva lot simpler," he says with a knowing smile. The car speeds off into traffic as another, packed with students, takes its place. "Let's go for it!" resounds through the air once again as another horde of kids enters Stratton's to make their choices in today's collegiate sexual smorgasbord.



PENTHOUSE VIDEO PREVIEW

PENTHOUSE VIDEO

THE THERAPIST

Poised on the therapist's couch, the young woman's composure deserts her. The magic is gone from her marriage bed, she confesses. She feels desolate . . . hollow . . . empty. . . . Hoping to relax her and explore her psyche further, the gentle doctor puts her into a mild hypnotic trance. "I'll be back," he says, "and Laura, here, won't leave your side." How true, the nurse thinks, as the doctor exits quietly. "You're in good hands," she murmurs to her charge.

Tender loving care is administered in The Therapist, *one of the many exciting featurettes from* Penthouse's *second videocassette. Produced and directed for Penthouse Video by Ed Holzman, it will be available in the late fall of 1985.*

She cautiously explores the now-relaxed body, diagnoses the problem, and prescribes a megadose of feverish kisses, cuddles, and caresses.

"All you need is nurturing,"
she says, burying her face between
the young wife's girlish breasts.
"You need to open up," she adds thickly.

Forcing the patient's thighs apart, she presses their heated bodies together and delivers her final, lip-smacking analysis: "You need to try something *new*," says she, enlarging the theater and scope of her operations.

The patient attempts to rise through the veil of sleep, but finally succumbs with a sigh, allowing the eager nurse to undress her wounds.

Showing positive signs of responding to Nurse Laura's innovative therapy, the patient develops a dramatic, if not short-term, dependency on the narcotics of probing fingers and burning tongues.

As her lusty treatment nears a conclusion, the nurse thinks passionately of her special power to heal. . . . Nor does it bother her that a simple doctor may get all the credit in the end. . . .

MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART THREE

The American medical establishment's total war against chiropractic has left millions of suffering patients as casualties.

PAINFUL TREATMENT

BY GARY NULL

To millions of Americans, chiropractic adjustments are the only reasonable way of relieving chronic pain. But, as pointed out in last month's story, "The War On Chiropractic," if it were left to the American Medical Association, chiropractic would have ceased to exist many years ago. Claiming chiropractic to be a cult with no scientific validity, the AMA, in 1963, formed a special investigative unit which had as its assigned task the isolation and elimination of chiropractic. A plan for this was drawn up by an attorney named Robert Throckmorton, who worked for the AMA as its general counsel. His plan involved insurance companies, hospitals, state medical-licensing boards, public and private colleges, and lobbying efforts.

The legality of the AMA's actions was finally challenged in 1975, when five chiropractors filed an antitrust suit against the AMA and ten other medical organizations. The suit went to trial in federal district court in Chicago in late 1980, and the jury found the defendants not guilty. But in 1983, a federal circuit court judge ruled that the case must be retried.

The case is still pending, but the evidence that has so far been presented demonstrates the power that has been

PAINTING BY MICHEL HENRICOT

wielded to manipulate and control health care in the United States.

The AMA was willing to go to great lengths to carry out its antichiropractic campaign. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in its "containment" of physicians' studies on chiropractic that were conducted for workmen's compensation boards.

The Oregon Workmen's Compensation Board once scheduled a seminar for all providers of health care to industrial-accident victims. These providers included osteopaths, medical physicians, company doctors, and others involved in workmen's compensation programs. A chiropractor was invited to address the group.

When the session was first proposed, the Multnomah County Medical Society and the Oregon State Medical Society, without the knowledge that a chiropractor was to be involved, planned to cosponsor the meeting in order to help build interest in it. Medical physicians who attended it, they announced, would receive continuing medical-education credit toward their license-renewal program. But when it became known that a chiropractor was going to address the session, the medical societies immediately withdrew their sponsorship, and notified prospective attendees that they would *not* receive education credit for attending. In fact, some of the medical panel members then backed out, and the program went forward with a much reduced attendance.

What a tragedy—that skilled physicians would refuse to listen to another licensed health-care provider explain how to treat injured industrial workers, when evidence indicated that his profession got markedly superior results in reducing human pain and agony and in reducing the costs of industrial accidents.

It is ironic that one of the AMA's major arguments against chiropractic is that chiropractors do not do research in their field. This has been largely true until recently, because chiropractic was a profession struggling with limited resources, and was not able to support a cadre of researchers. The graduates of chiropractic colleges went out and practiced; they relied on clinical results rather than formal research. The AMA criticized their failure to publish.

But in academic parlance, to "publish" a paper often means to read it to one's peers at a conference, where the work is subject to colleagues' questions and criticism. Yet, in the case of the Oregon seminar—when medical physicians had the opportunity to examine and criticize the ideas of a chiropractor—they decided instead to boycott the session, effectively preventing the chiropractor from sharing his findings.

The individual doctors cannot be entirely blamed: They were under terrific pressure from their medical societies. But, collectively, they are responsible for the policies of their elected medical-society and AMA leaders, who put them in such a position.

Another example of the AMA's attempting to sabotage chiropractic education in a manner that was directly damaging to its own membership and their patients is the case of Dr. Philip R. Weinstein, a California neurologist. Dr. Weinstein had given many lectures to chiropractors on diagnosing illnesses of the spine before he learned of the extent of the AMA's opposition to interprofessional exchanges with chiropractors. He testified at the trial that chiropractors—who often serve as portals of entry to the health-care delivery system—ought to be better able to recognize several, more exotic physical conditions. They would thus know when to refer their patients to their medical colleagues (thereby benefiting medical doctors as well as patients).

But pressure was brought to bear on Dr. Weinstein, and he canceled his lectures. His letter to a chiropractic group reads, "Please accept our sincerest apologies for this late cancellation due to circumstances beyond our control. We were unaware that delivering medical lectures to your [organization] was prohibited." But the AMA's efforts went far beyond canceling or undermining a few professional seminars.

> The most insidious and indefensible activities exposed at the trial were the efforts by medical groups to prevent chiropractors from improving their educational base.

Perhaps the most insidious and indefensible activities exposed at the trial were the efforts by medical groups to prevent chiropractors from expanding or improving their educational base. While the only issue in the court case is whether or not this was in violation of antitrust statues, the question for the public is much larger: whether a private organization hindered learning, study, and expression of ideas. In effect, the AMA sought to establish absolute control over the dissemination of medical and health information in the United States.

In its zeal to destroy chiropractic, the AMA had committed itself, through Robert Throckmorton's master plan, to contain chiropractic schools: "To the extent that [the schools'] financial problems continue to multiply, and to the extent that the schools are unsuccessful in their recruiting programs, the chiropractic menace of the future will be reduced and possibly eliminated."

The AMA maneuvered on many fronts. In order that "the [schools'] financial problems" should "continue to multiply," the AMA tried to prevent the government from granting chiropractic students guaranteed student loans. More successfully, it also tried to put a stop to government grants for research and teaching at chiropractic colleges.

The AMA also sought to keep chiropractic schools from gaining accredited status, thereby discouraging the better students. For a long time, chiropractic colleges were accredited only by the chiropractors themselves. There were two accrediting groups: one sponsored by the International Chiropractors' Association (representing "straight" chiropractors, who offer only spinal manipulation), the other sponsored by the American Chiropractic Association (the "mixers," who provide additional modalities of therapy, such as nutrition counseling).

In the sixties, the AMA argued that chiropractic education did not meet minimal standards because the two accrediting organizations were not, in turn, accredited by any nationally recognized accreditation agency, such as the North Central Group or the New York Board of Regents. But at that time the chiropractic accrediting organizations had not been government-certified.

The AMA had publicly shed crocodile tears at what it said was the poor state of chiropractic education. Now it went into high gear to see that the status quo didn't change. In every state, it lobbied to oppose the creation of a government-approved accreditation body. Accreditation is a quantum leap forward in status for any school, and the AMA feared that the designation of a national accreditation body for chiropractic colleges would make it hard to continue to criticize those schools. And it was right.

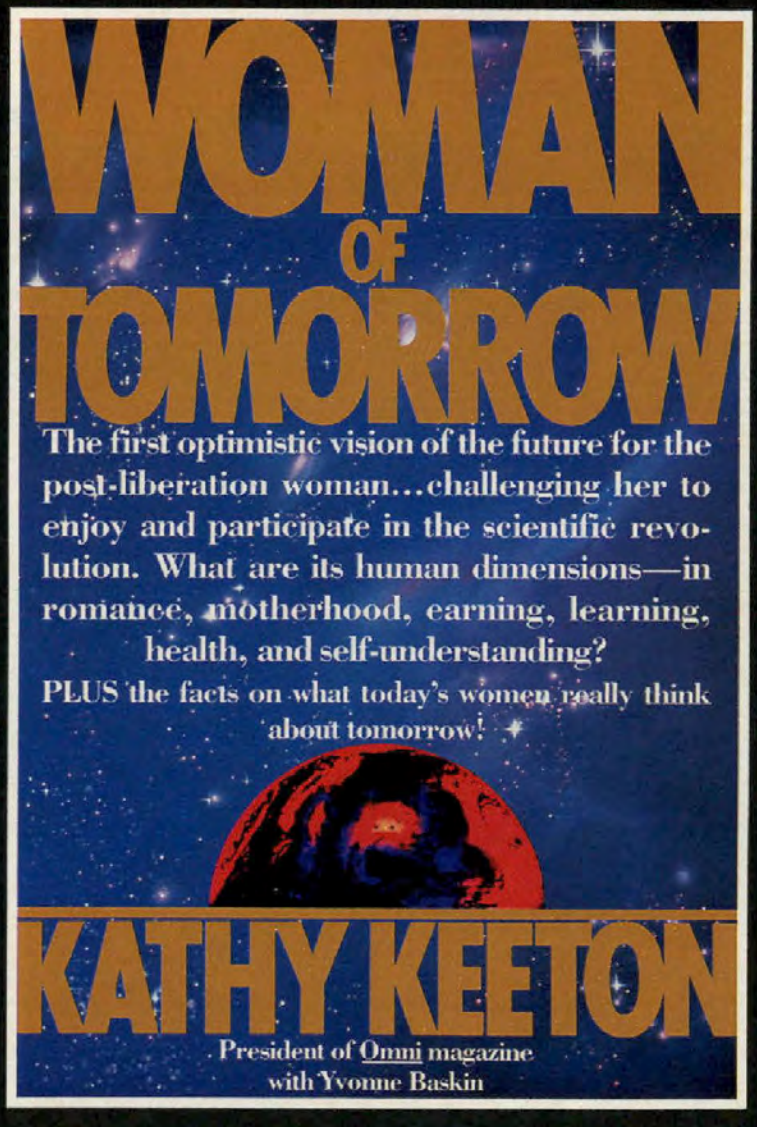
To the credit of HEW's Office of Education, which was made up of educators rather than medical doctors, the AMA's pressure was resisted. The educators' response to the AMA was to insist that their job was to see that the proposed accreditation body met formal standards—not to become mired in a petty conflict between competing health-care systems. In 1974, the HEW Office of Education sanctioned the Council on Chiropractic Education as the national accreditation body for chiropractic schools.

This had a tremendous impact on improving educational standards at the chiropractic colleges. Whereas at one time faculty-student ratios were poor, there are now 129 professors for 1,800 students, for example, at the Palmer College of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa.

Chiropractors across the United States cooperated in asking legislatures to pass laws that would require two years of pre-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

BEGIN TODAY TO BECOME A WOMAN OF TOMORROW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The first optimistic vision of the future for the post-liberation woman...challenging her to enjoy and participate in the scientific revolution. What are its human dimensions—in romance, motherhood, earning, learning, health, and self-understanding?
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KATHY KEETON
President of Omni magazine
with Yvonne Baskin

The future: you can influence it—or be overwhelmed by it. Rarely does a book challenge and inspire its reader to change her very life. Now the limitless possibilities of that future are explored and explained in this landmark book by Kathy Keeton, president of *Omni* magazine. Already being hailed as the "megatrends for women," here is an optimistic view of the ways science will affect women's concerns (health, sex, men, children, careers, families, homes) as well as a revealing survey of women's attitudes towards careers in space, test-tube babies, robots in the home, and other revolutionary trends. *Woman of Tomorrow* is filled with possibilities. If you care about the future, and women's role in it, you owe it to yourself and your children to learn how women will use technology to shape that future. To be a woman of tomorrow, you have to begin today.

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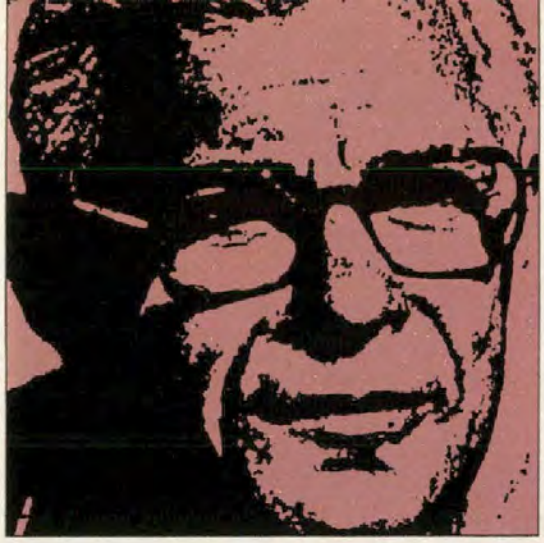


"Given a green light by the Federal Communications Commission and the Justice Department's antitrust division, evangelicals, tycoons, and ideologues are converging to take over television and shape it in their image."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY DANIEL SCHORR

The author, one of America's most honored broadcast and print journalists, has been a national and foreign correspondent for CBS News and, more recently, senior correspondent for the Cable News Network. Honored, as he says, by winning both an Emmy and a place on Nixon's "enemies list" for his Watergate coverage, Schorr has been called "maybe the best television newsman in the field" by William Safire of *The New York Times*.

REAGAN'S BIG CHILL

President Nixon, his words preserved for posterity on the Oval Office tapes, told John Dean on February 28, 1973, "Well, one hell of a lot of people don't give one damn about this issue of the suppression of the press, et cetera."

Operating on that premise, Nixon stage-managed a cover-up of Watergate while conducting what his speech-writer William Safire would later call "a conspiracy to discredit and malign the press."

"I must have heard Richard Nixon say, 'The press is the enemy,' a dozen times," wrote Safire in his revealing book *Before the Fall*.

It's the same with President Reagan, only more so. Anti-media sentiment, running deeper in the American public, is more cleverly stimulated and exploited in the name of national security and morality. More ways have been found to suppress information, and more ways to intimidate those who might disclose it.

Complaining of being up to his "keister" in leaks, Reagan has presided over rules establishing lie-detector tests for Pentagon employees, lifelong censorship oaths for officials handling sensitive information, and more sweeping classification procedures that have increased the volume of national information locked away as national secrets.

Ironically, as intelligence professionals will (anonymously) tell you, no one plays more fast and loose with secrets, when it suits his publicity purposes, than Mr. Keister himself. The President ignored the warnings of security officials against compromising "intelligence sources and methods" when he showed reconnaissance photos of installations in Nicaragua during a television speech and had Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick play, for the United Nations, the recorded voice of the Soviet pilot who shot down the KAL airliner.

With great aplomb, Reagan makes the press the whipping boy for administration mistakes. When his budget plans were in disarray, he said, "There has been disarray approaching chaos in the press corps." When he committed his greatest blunder to date as President—the visit to the Bitburg cemetery in Germany, belatedly "balanced" with a visit to the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp—he blamed the press for creating the issue. Considering the uproar in Congress and among veterans and Jewish groups, that took some gall.

What is scary is that suppression cum finger-pointing generally works for Reagan—much better than it worked for Nixon. When the press was kept away from Grenada during the first two days of the invasion (facilitating the cover-up of tactical mistakes), journalists howled in protest, but many Americans applauded. (One joke had a White House

spokesman saying, "Okay, next time we send in reporters from the word go—*only* reporters, no troops.")

Information control is now facilitated by the most pervasive public hostility to the news media in memory—some of it a "kill the messenger" reaction, but some of it based on legitimate grievances. Television-ratings competition has generated some trampling on privacy, insensitivity to grief (like ambush interviews with the next of kin of victims of the Beirut bombings), and a search for sensation, including some half-baked "investigative" reporting.

Network superstars are perceived as overpaid and arrogant. Media moguls are perceived as wielding too much influence on the life of the nation. Chain ownership of newspapers has eroded a sense of community connection. The public has gradually been transferring to "the media" the epithets once reserved for government—intrusive, self-serving, overbearing, and exercising too much power over people's lives.

Public hostility affects the willingness of juries and judges to sock the news media with whopping libel judgments and to back suppression of information. The Supreme Court held, seven to two, that the CIA has absolute power to keep information secret, even when its source is not confidential. An appeals court panel reinstated a $2-million libel judgment against the *Washington Post*, suggesting that investigative journalism, as such, is suspect.

A tremor of fear running through the news media has led to investigations aborted or, more often, not undertaken, and to stories watered-down, on legal advice, to avoid the risk of litigation. I felt the chill myself when lawyers excised a paragraph from an article I had written for a leading newspaper. It quoted outrageous anti-Semitic remarks by a well-known media tycoon (see how quickly one adapts to conditions!), but my sources were confidential, and the lawyers said that might present a problem in the event of a libel suit.

Suppression of information—sometimes voluntarily—is a feature of the Great Chill. But suppression is only the first step in the campaign of the right wing for control of the news media, starting with television.

A long time ago, in 1978, there was a Republican politician who complained that President Carter had too much access to television, that he was in a position to give America "a powerful dose of his presidency every night of the week." That politician was Ronald Reagan, who, by 1982, had changed his mind about the dangers of presidential television, telling *TV Guide* that "I'm grateful for the time it has made available." Reagan likes himself on television but not much else, saying there is too much sex and violence, too much "leaked" information.

The right wing talks about good news versus bad news, sex and violence versus family entertainment. What it is really after is the political power that television represents. Ted Turner, who is trying to get control of CBS, talks of improving quality. But he once told friends that television is "the greatest political base," and, with that, when the time comes, "I can make my pitch to be president."

Television's newly developed immune-deficiency syndrome to takeover fever can be traced to the lowering of regulatory barriers by the Reagan administration. To the Jesse Helmses and Ted Turners laying siege to the networks, President Reagan has extended his blessing.

Asked about network takeovers at a news conference, Reagan said that some of those promoting acquisitions are "unhappy with what they think is bias." To make clear where he stood, the President added, "Every once in a while I scream a little to myself" about network news coverage.

The right wing has been screaming, not always to itself, for a long time about television networks and newspapers and magazines that it has seen as biased in favor of liberal causes. Its think tanks have done countless studies, using self-selected premises, to document that "bias." Now, given a green light by the Federal Communications Commission and the Justice Department's antitrust division, evangelicals, tycoons, and ideologues are converging to take over television and shape it in their image.

Apparently unaware of any contradiction, the Reaganites crusade simultaneously *for* media economic deregulation and media content regulation—for a free market, but *against* free expression.

The Reverend Jerry Falwell would probably be furious with me for telling him that the last time I experienced press, radio, and television being held to standards of promoting a higher value was during my time as a correspondent in Moscow. It seems ironic that staunch anti-Communists come so close to Communists in their ideas about guided information.

If the French Revolution started with the storming of the Bastille, the Reagan revolution is meant to end with the storming of the media citadel, ensuring a control of information that will help to perpetuate its power.

If that succeeds, a right-wing president will no longer have to work so hard at suppressing information and peddling photo opportunities. The press—at least the television networks—will no longer be "the enemy," but a reliable ally ladling out "the far-Right stuff."

professional education before students matriculated into a chiropractic college. In other words, a total of six years of post–high school education would be required for the Doctor of Chiropractic degree. The chiropractic organizations supported that upgrading of their profession, even though they feared that young people contemplating a chiropractic career, perhaps already intimidated by the AMA attacks, might be reluctant to submit to a six-year program. The chiropractic groups, nevertheless, took the risk of losing some less highly motivated students, because their commitment to serving the public and upgrading their profession demanded high educational standards.

LEANING ON THE UNIVERSITIES

The results caught the AMA and the state medical societies by surprise. As state legislatures endorsed preprofessional courses for chiropractors, educational institutions began to make arrangements to offer high-quality undergraduate chiropractic programs.

In New York State, C.W. Post College, a division of Long Island University, was asked by Indiana's Lincoln College of Chiropractic to cooperate in establishing a preprofessional course, and indicated it would do so.

The AMA decided to try to scuttle the program. A doctor on the AMA's Committee on Quackery published a series of articles in the medical-society newsletters sent to physicians all over New York State.

With exaggerated bombast, the doctor intoned that "the lights of the Empire State have gone out," because one New York school was contemplating teaching courses to chiropractic students. He implored medical physicians to pressure the academic officials at C.W. Post to drop their plans.

The AMA had a lot of ammunition it could bring to bear, since any school with a premed program or any other preparatory program for health professionals has to worry about maintaining its friendships with medical organizations. If a school can't get its premed students admitted to medical schools, its program is worthless.

An example of the pressure tactics used on C.W. Post appeared in the July 1972 issue of the journal of the Medical Society of the State of New York, in an article headlined: LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY SAYS IT WILL NOT TEACH PRE-CHIROPRACTIC STUDENTS. It reported that "the proposal was protested vigorously by the Medical Society of the State of New York in a letter which the Medical Society of the State of New York Executive Vice President . . . sent to medical and community leaders and the Deans of the State's medical schools. Ernest R. Jaffe, Acting Dean of Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva University, also added his disapproval in a letter to L.I.U. Dr. Jaffe said: 'I urge you to take all appropriate measures to terminate any relationship with the Lincoln College of Chiropractic. It can only bring discredit to your university.' "

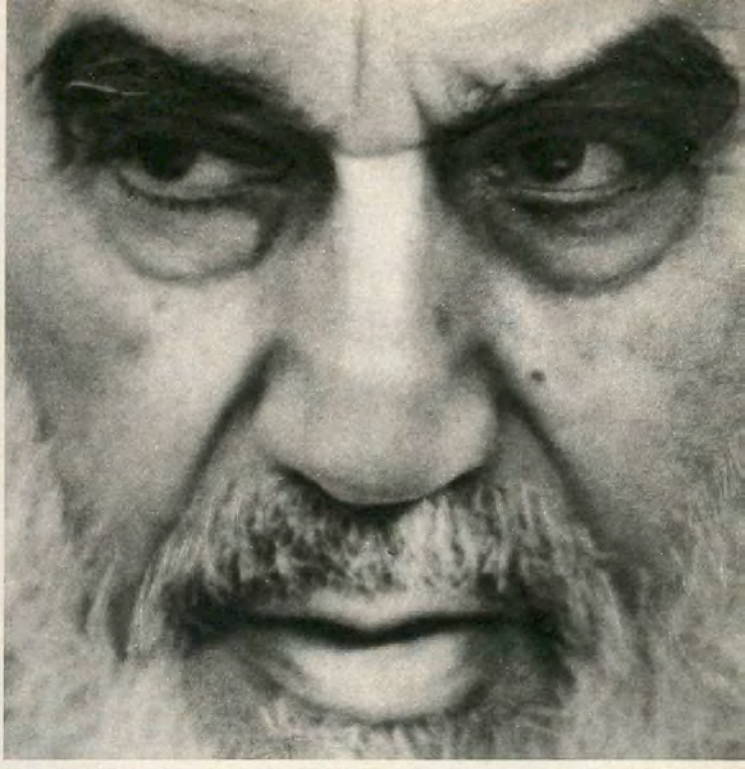
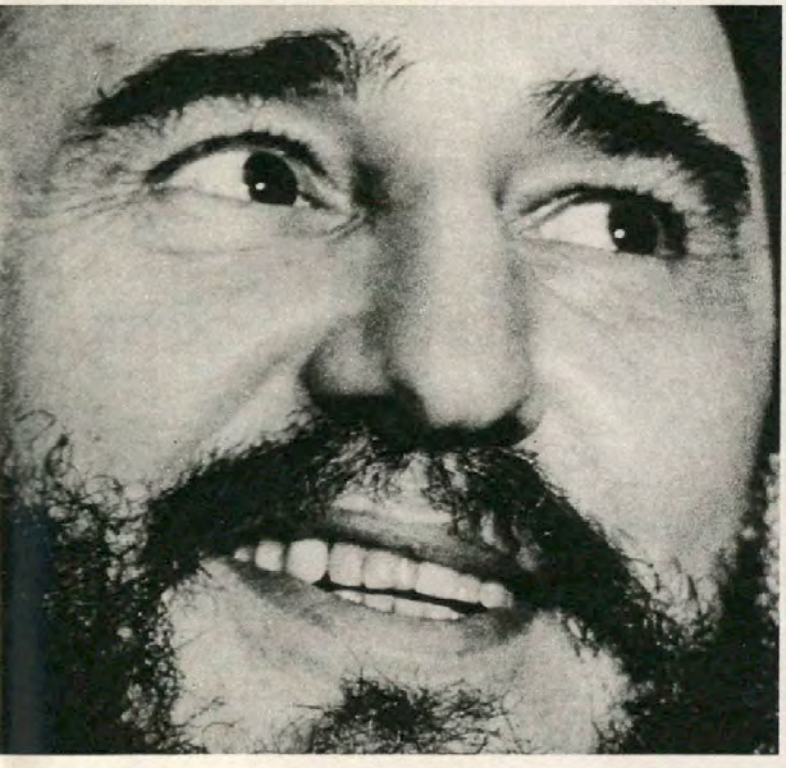
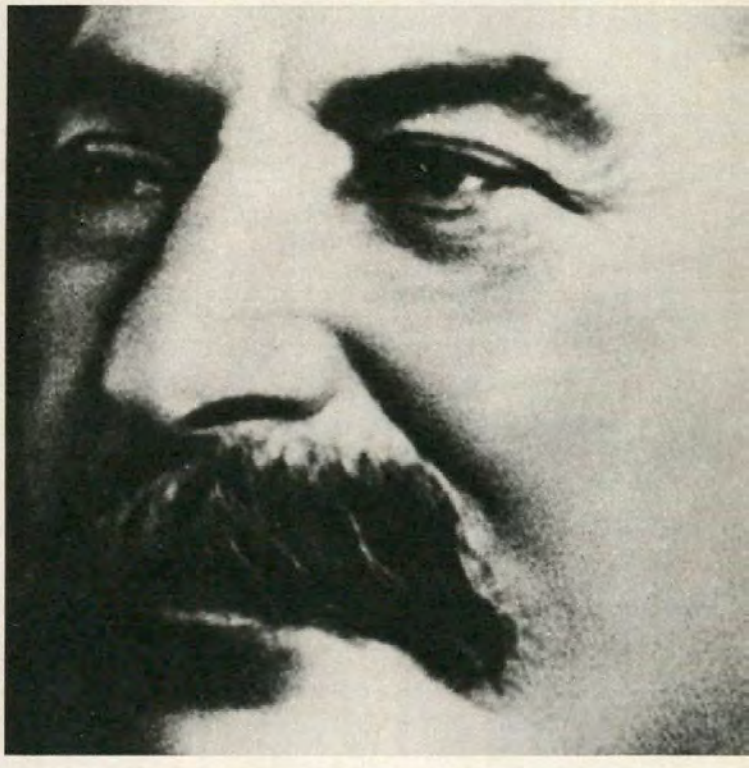
Sadly, C.W. Post capitulated to this pressure, terminating all discussions with the chiropractic college. Thus, the medical societies succeeded. This conduct strikes at the very foundation on which our health-care systems—indeed, our democratic traditions—are based, and that is education. To this day, C.W. Post has not reversed itself.

Nor was C.W. Post College the only institution pressured by medical organizations. Morehead State University in Kentucky also decided to add a prechiropractic curriculum. Members of the Kentucky State Medical Society, including a doctor who was a member of the AMA Committee on Quackery, informed Morehead's president that the university's accreditation would be reviewed if the chiropractic program went forward. To his credit, the president stood firm. Morehead offered the program.

The same thing occurred in St. Paul, where the College of St. Thomas entered into a cooperative program with the Northwestern College of Chiropractic. The AMA and the Minnesota Medical Society, the trial evidence showed, took steps to try to terminate that relationship.

It is difficult to understand how medical physicians and their trade associations, who have received billions of dollars in public funds for their schools and their services, had the temerity to work to prevent educational improvement for other health-care professions. Their concept of "medical ethics" apparently became so twisted that it no longer had any bearing on patient welfare—only on their own economic welfare.

The New York Board of Regents also

THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television programs like "Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say *No* to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

came under intense pressure from the AMA. Many years ago, the Board of Regents had approved graduates of the National College of Chiropractic in Lombard, Illinois, to practice in New York.

The New York State Medical Society, working at the behest of the AMA, tried to get the Board of Regents to revoke National's accreditation. The board asserted that its decision would not be influenced by partisan, competitive considerations. Its responsibility was to carry out the mandate of the state legislature to impose minimum standards for anyone practicing in the health-care field in New York State. National College met its criteria in all respects.

But National was not so lucky in its relations with Illinois institutions. The school was involved in a television program sponsored by a group related to the University of Illinois College of Medicine, and the Illinois State Medical Society. When the AMA found out about it, the chairman of the board of trustees of the Illinois State Medical Society wrote to the executive dean of the University of Illinois College of Medicine on January 11, 1974, as follows:

"I call this to your attention since the article implies that the University of Illinois College of Medicine is favorably disposed towards the National College of Chiropractic.

"Any time chiropractors can gain a foothold by reporting on collaboration with the Medical Center, it will give them status. It might be wise to prohibit any contact of any kind at any time by persons at the Medical Center with any chiropractor. You might wish to discuss this with . . . others who have been involved in this problem. I would appreciate knowing the disposition of this matter."

The University of Illinois is a tax-supported, public institution, and chiropractors and their patients pay taxes to support it. Yet the head of the Illinois State Medical Society asked the university to blatantly discriminate against members of a state-licensed health profession.

Placing this kind of pressure on academic institutions was central to the strategy of the AMA and the other medical organizations involved. If chiropractors had access to the same university privileges that the medical profession enjoyed—including internships and residencies in university medical-school hospitals—it would totally undercut the medical profession's arguments that chiropractors lack the education necessary to diagnose or treat human ailments.

CHIROPRACTORS AND HOSPITALS

The AMA realized in the early 1960s that chiropractors would soon turn their attention to gaining hospital privileges. At the trial, one of the defendants' attorneys told the jury that patients go to hospitals "for medical care." The chiropractors' lawyer, George P. McAndrews, replied—and the difference is more than semantic—that patients don't go to hospitals for medical care, they go to hospitals "to get well." The hospital is not supposed to be a low-overhead business office for medical physicians.

Hospitals take care of both acute and chronic cases. There are many people in hospitals who have difficulties with their neck or back. They may be in the orthopedic wards in traction. They may be in the general medical-care wards, where they are just obtaining bed rest. They may be in the presurgery wards, where, in all probability, they would benefit from a second opinion before undergoing surgery from a doctor highly skilled in musculoskeletal mechanics, such as a chiropractor.

Among the hospital patients most likely to be in need of chiropractic care are women in the maternity wards. This issue was raised at the trial during the testimony of the late Irvin Hendryson, M.D., a distinguished orthopedic surgeon who had been a professor of surgery at the University of Colorado and a member of the board of trustees of the AMA.

> The medical establishment's concept of "ethics" apparently became so twisted that it no longer had any bearing on patients' welfare—only on its own economic welfare.

Dr. Hendryson had first become aware of chiropractic in the Army as a combat surgeon during World War II at Guadalcanal. A chiropractor serving as his orderly seemed to have very good results in relieving back and neck pain, at least comparable to those of the orthopedic surgeons in nonsurgical cases. Subsequent to his wartime experience, Dr. Hendryson made further observations about the value of chiropractic adjustments in other situations. He submitted a report detailing these observations to the AMA, which refused to publish it. In his testimony, Dr. Hendryson noted that women in pregnancy, particularly during the final trimester, have all sorts of mechanical problems involving the back and neck. This is the result of human evolution: Instead of the womb being suspended gracefully from the midpoint of a horizontal spine, its weight centered between the sturdy pillars of two pairs of legs—as it is in four-legged animals—the human womb is carried awkwardly during pregnancy, in front of a vertical spine. The dislocation of the spinal vertebrae caused by this off-center weight can cause tremendous pain and discomfort as the fetus's weight increases.

His trial testimony illuminated the AMA's attitude toward women. Literally tens of millions of women have had to suffer unrelenting back pain during their pregnancies, or risk the adverse effects of drugs on themselves or their babies, because they were not informed of the benefits of chiropractic care during pregnancy and labor. To quote Dr. Hendryson:

"It is commonly known that in the third trimester of pregnancy, unrelenting, unmitigated back pain is one of the prices that is paid for perpetuation of the race. I have learned from personal experience that general manipulations of backs in this particular condition has given these women a great deal of physical relief, and has permitted them to go on to term and deliver without having to be bedfast during the latter term of pregnancy.

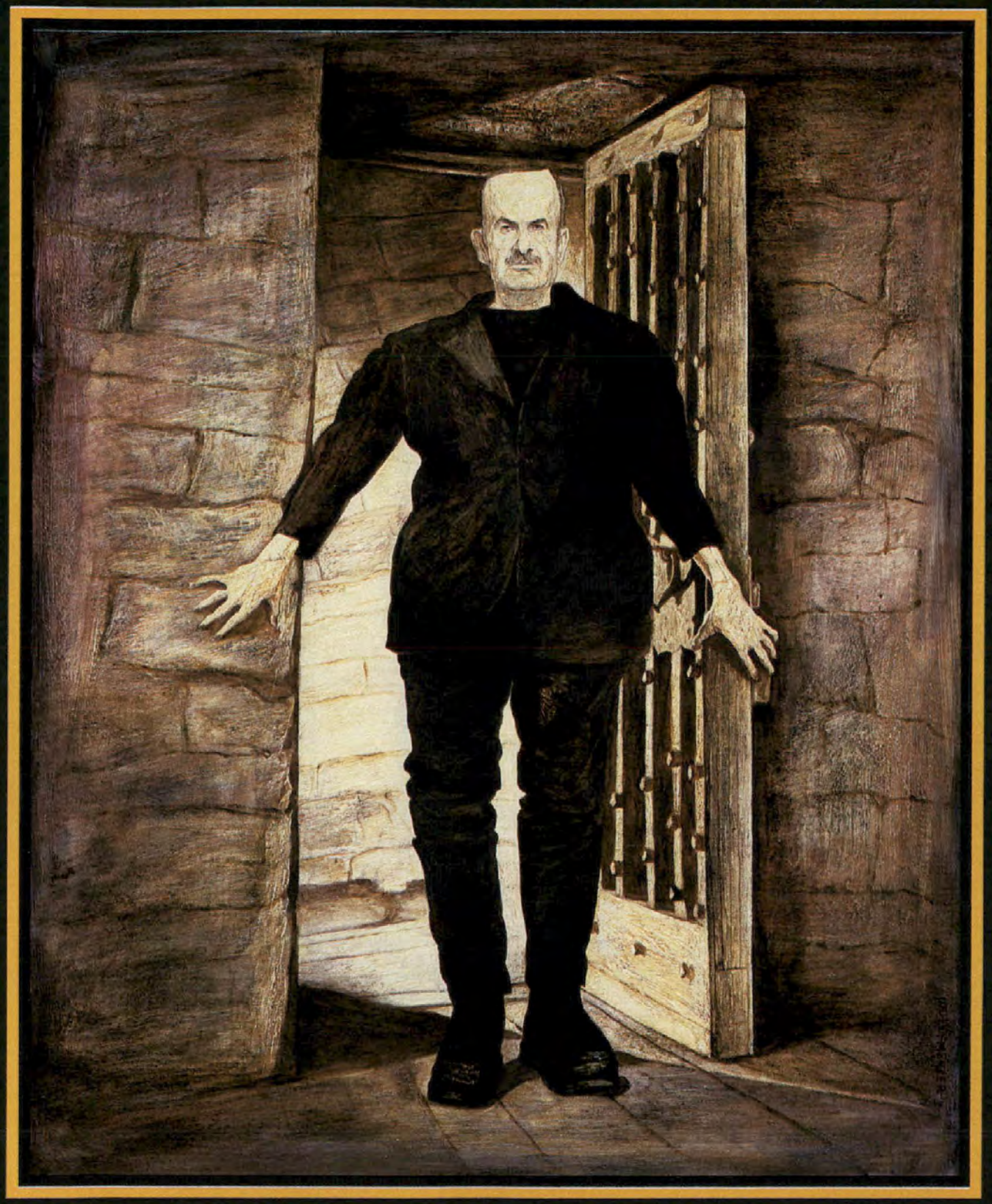
"I would not for an instant indicate that it is manipulation alone that permits these women to go on and carry on normally, for at the present time we are giving them manipulation to relieve them of their acute symptoms and also fitting them with support, which is well recognized in medical practice. However, I must say that I am impressed by the many cases who are able to go on to term, to manage their households, to lead a comparatively comfortable third trimester without having to be hospitalized or given traction, heat, support and all the rest of it."

This information, in the normal course of events, should have been published and made available to gynecologists and obstetricians. If it relieved back pain for five minutes in every woman who has delivered a baby in the 20 years since then, that would have been a significant contribution to health care in this country.

But if asked, few obstetricians would say that they have heard that chiropractic adjustments, either during the third trimester or during labor and delivery, would be helpful. They will most likely respond by saying, "No, and I don't believe it would help, otherwise I would have read about it in the medical journals."

The reason they have not read it in the medical journals becomes clear from the minutes of an AMA Committee on Quackery meeting, at which it was decided to suppress Dr. Hendryson's report: "[One committee member] stated that many orthopedic surgeons have manipulated for years, and they probably learned these procedures on their own and not from chiropractors. He commented that there would be a strong likelihood of Dr. Hendryson's report being misconstrued if his position were made public."

The AMA, in effect, denied women knowledge of this conservative, noninvasive, nontoxic approach to relief of back pain during pregnancy because they didn't want other medical physicians fol-



FOLK HEROES, PART 31

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

On this Syrian let's not shoot our wad
As a statesman he acts very odd:
He says he's just playing
But for terror he's paying
So walk carefully with President Assad.

lowing Dr. Hendryson's example of learning from a chiropractor.

AMA CONTROL OVER HOSPITALS

The Hendryson report indicated that chiropractic could be of use in the orthopedic wards, in the general wards, and certainly in the maternity wards. Yet, instead of trying to meet that need for the sake of patients, the AMA moved to prevent chiropractors from gaining access to hospital wards.

It did it primarily through an organization called the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals (JCAH), which is sponsored by the AMA, the American College of Surgeons, the American College of Physicians, and the American Hospital Association (all of which are defendants in the five chiropractors' suit). It is the JCAH—a private group—which accredits, and thereby controls, hospitals in the United States.

From accreditation, many benefits flow. From lack of accreditation, many problems can arise. Any hospital that loses its accreditation faces the loss of its internship and residency programs, its nursing affiliations, and its automatic checkoff for direct insurance payments. Its malpractice-insurance rates would soar, and the interest on its financial bonds for building would probably increase. The JCAH also apportions work (and hence, income) among medical specialists. For instance, the JCAH can require that all hospital X rays be read by a radiologist, even though, in many cases, a family practitioner could do it at a savings to the patient.

In the late 1960s, the AMA asked the JCAH to add a new standard as a condition for accreditation. The new standard sounded innocent enough. It simply required all members of the medical staff in an accredited hospital to adhere to the ethics of their profession. The footnote to the standard referred to the AMA's Principles of Medical Ethics, which prohibited its members from all forms of exchange with chiropractors.

This was the barricade that the medical societies used to keep chiropractors out of hospitals.

Most medical physicians need hospital privileges. They must have access to a hospital when their patients' conditions require it. Years ago, a sole medical practitioner could ordinarily survive without worrying about the AMA. But that changed dramatically when the JCAH made hospitals agree to enforce the AMA's Principles of Medical Ethics on all its attending physicians.

This put a tremendous burden on the individual M.D. who might want to consult with or refer a patient to a chiropractor, even in his private practice. The fact that he didn't associate with the chiropractor at the hospital would be immaterial. He would still be considered an unethical practitioner. The ethics committee at the hospital would then be required to call him in and say something like the following: "Because you are dealing with a chiropractor, you are unethical. Our choices are to dismiss you from the medical staff, or to run the risk of losing accreditation for the hospital."

When doctors were faced with this threat—that association with chiropractors would mean committing professional suicide—the outcome was predictable.

When the AMA was able to get that standard instituted, chiropractors' efforts to obtain consultative or support services were dealt a staggering blow. The JCAH aided and abetted the AMA, as the following letter, dated August 13, 1974, from the commission to a hospital administrator, shows: "Any arrangement you would make with chiropractors and your hospital would be unacceptable to the Joint Commission. This would be in violation of the *Principles of Medical Ethics* published by the American Medical Association that is also a requirement of the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals."

> The AMA's actions are a classic illustration of a powerful special-interest group imposing self-serving rules on public institutions.

Since most legislators feel uncomfortable dealing with medical matters, the medical profession has been allowed to grab almost complete power in regulating the health-care industry. That this private power can then be turned back to thwart the will of the people is demonstrated by another letter, dated January 9, 1973, from the JCAH to a hospital in Silver City, New Mexico: "This is an answer to your letter of December 18 referring to a bill which may be passed in New Mexico that hospitals must accept chiropractors as members of the medical staff. You are absolutely correct—the unfortunate results of this most ill-advised legislation would be that the Joint Commission could withdraw and refuse accreditation of the hospital that had chiropractors on its medical staff."

The medical trade associations were able to enhance their members' incomes by restricting the use of publicly subscribed facilities and equipment to their members only. The radiologists and orthopedic surgeons, for example, have free access to all of the facilities of a hospital for the care of their patients. They invest nothing in the purchase of hospital equipment. The cost of X-ray equipment does not have to be added to the costs of doing business.

On the other hand, the chiropractor down the street, who may be taking care of a patient with the same type of back or neck problems, has to invest $5,000 to $25,000 in X-ray equipment and add that amount to his overhead. It should be obvious that the medical physicians, with less overhead, realize a substantial profit from having their costs covered by a tax-supported or publicly subscribed hospital.

Moreover, since most hospitals pride themselves on their status as community health-care centers, it seems anomalous that patients can seek health care at such facilities only if they choose health-care providers whose trade associations have gained control of the facility.

Here is a reason given by one medical physician for keeping chiropractors and their patients from using hospital facilities: "Once chiropractors can freely send their outpatients to our hospitals, they'll soon be able to admit inpatients. Once they can get all the scientific studies they order, it will be hard to refuse them medical staff membership on the ground that their practice is unscientific."

Note that the doctor made reference to the hospitals as though they belonged to the medical physicians. He referred to "our" hospitals. If this viewpoint is widely held, then it would seem that the time has come for state legislators to reclaim hospitals for their owners and for the patients who rely on them for health care.

It is not only state legislatures that have been bamboozled by the AMA through the JCAH. Congress, and even another powerful lobby, the veterans' associations, have not been immune to the AMA's arm-twisting.

Many veterans, victims of trauma resulting in disabling neck and back injuries, seek care from chiropractors. These veterans and their organizations have repeatedly asked Congress either to allow chiropractic care in the VA hospitals or to reimburse hospitalized veterans for outpatient chiropractic services.

Yet the medical trade associations have been able to thwart the veterans' organizations and even Congress on the chiropractic issue. They have been able to do this by simply stonewalling congressional suggestions that the veterans' hospitals authorize increased use of chiropractic care, and by threatening Congress with a potential disaffiliation of all medical schools from veterans' hospitals. This unelected "government," composed of medical physicians, can intimidate even the Congress of the United States with letters such as that sent to a congressional committee as recently as June 12, 1979, which states: "The fact that the Federal Government now pays

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for chiropractic services in a variety of programs including Medicare does not persuade this Association [of American Medical Colleges] that the practice should be extended to the programs of the VA. Previous decisions to include chiropractic services among those that are paid for by the Federal Government were improper; to now make them available to beneficiaries of the VA would simply compound the original mistake.

"Once this Pandora's box is opened, there would seem no logical basis for refusing to include chiropractic 'physicians' on the medical staffs of the VA or the house staffs. Should this happen the medical schools of the nation might well reconsider the propriety of continuing the mutually beneficial affiliations of the last three decades."

It is very unlikely, at this juncture—with the five chiropractors' case still pending and the Illinois State Medical Society, the third largest state medical society in the country, no longer backing the AMA position—that the AMA would be willing to risk the veterans' and the public's wrath by boycotting the VA hospitals. The AMA would stand exposed of making veterans the unwitting hostages of its crude machinations. After all, no one is suggesting that veterans be forced to seek chiropractic care; all that is asked is that they be allowed to do so if they believe they can obtain more effective care from a chiropractor than from a medical physician.

One may ask if the time has come for either the state or federal government to seriously consider whether an accreditation body like the JCAH should be allowed to continue to function. It represents only one licensed-provider group (medical physicians) and excludes from its deliberations consumers and patient representatives, in addition to all other licensed-provider groups (podiatrists, clinical psychologists, optometrists, and chiropractors). At least the accreditation group should have to sever its ties with private trade associations that seek to control its functions, or be opened to broader influences in the public interest.

THE FUTURE: COOPERATION

The recent decision by the Illinois State Medical Society not to back the AMA's position on chiropractic is heartening evidence that the future will bring increasing cooperation and communication between M.D.s and chiropractors, and that chiropractors will eventually be welcome in hospitals. Of course, the transition will demand goodwill on both sides.

The medical organizations have spent decades indoctrinating their members to believe that chiropractors should not be allowed to participate in the delivery of health care—particularly when that health care is delivered in an institutional setting. Efforts will have to be made by all parties to break through this legacy of suspicion. Trust requires communication. Good communication requires understanding. There will be a period when medical physicians and chiropractors size each other up and learn the particular terminology used by the other profession. But in the long run, medical physicians who are concerned for their patients' well-being will be pleased to refer cases they can't treat to chiropractors competent to do so. And vice versa, of course.

There are signs from widely varied sources that a rapprochement will come about either voluntarily or, if the medical organizations resist that course, through the courts and legislatures.

In October 1979, the New Zealand government issued a report prepared by a Royal Commission of Inquiry investigating the subject of chiropractic. The study was conducted over a period of 18 months in five countries (New Zealand, Australia, Canada, the United States, and England). The Commission of Inquiry concluded:

"The hospital boards should, under suitable conditions, allow chiropractors access to hospitals: (a) to treat patients who wish to have such treatment and would benefit from it; (b) to assist with general health care by providing spinal manual therapy in appropriate cases; (c) to further their clinical education and training."

The commission was very specific in analyzing the limitations that stemmed from the isolation imposed on chiropractors by the medical organizations: "In the public interest and in the interest of patients, there must be no impediment to full professional cooperation between chiropractors and medical practitioners.

"Chiropractors should, in the public interest, be accepted as partners in the general health care system. No other health professional is as well qualified by his general training to carry out a diagnosis for spinal mechanical dysfunction or to perform spinal manual therapy."

In the United States, the physician members of the American Academy of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, the American Osteopathic Association, and now the Illinois State Medical Society have announced that they will impose no ethical or collective impediments to chiropractors seeking to achieve those goals here.

Moreover, medical physicians in the United States have long recognized that vital health-care functions performed by chiropractors are not otherwise available. Dr. John McMillan Mennell, a distinguished orthopedist and expert in pain control, sent a letter dated October 28, 1968, to the HEW panel on Medicare coverage for chiropractic in which he participated, which reflected his respect for the capabilities of chiropractors: "Manipulative therapy relieves symptoms of pain arising from mechanical joint dysfunction and restores lost joint function. No other modality of physical treatment can do this as effectively. This is clear from personal experience, from assessing the value of manipulative therapy in my practice, from experiences related by intelligent well-educated people in all walks of life including other doctors. . . . From the best figures available to me I would suspect that nearly 20 million Americans today could be spared suffering and be returned to normal pain-free life were manipulation therapy as readily available to them as empirical nonspecific drug treatment is."

> Medical trade associations have been able to thwart veterans' organizations and even Congress on the chiropractic issue.

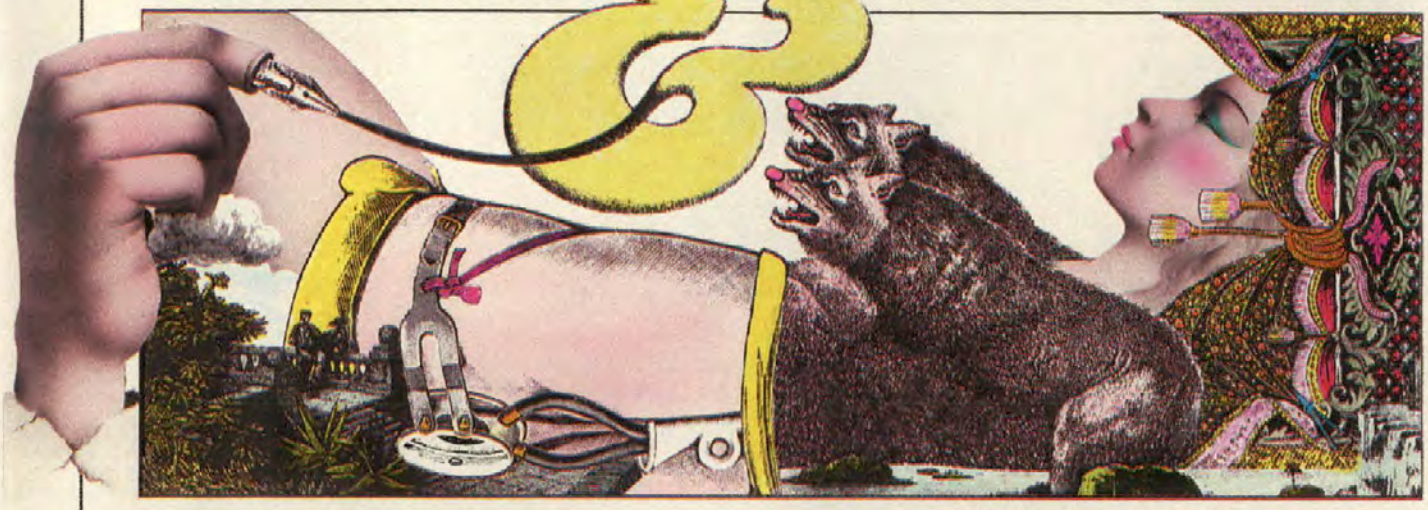
The role we, the public, play in upcoming legislative battles, and in bringing political pressure to bear on the AMA to revise its Principles of Medical Ethics and settle with the chiropractors, is a crucial one. Power groups such as trade associations often attempt to become lawmakers by creating private rules that extend their control and influence far beyond that intended by legislatures.

The AMA's actions in the health-care field are a classic illustration of a powerful special-interest group imposing self-serving rules on supposedly public institutions. When such groups go so far in their arrogance as to severely cripple an important health-care profession, suppress valid scientific studies, override educational institutions, state legislatures, and even Congress, serious damage is done to the public interest, and we must respond. And even when this damage is finally rectified, we must remember how much power we allowed one group to amass, and be vigilant to prevent it from happening again.

Meanwhile, let us hope for an early resolution of the case, so that doctors and chiropractors can begin the challenging task of learning to work together for the mutual benefit of both groups' patients.

Editor's note: Reprints of Gary Null's Penthouse *articles on America's health crisis are available to readers free of cost. Please send a stamped, self-addressed, envelope to: Editorial Department,* Penthouse *Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.*

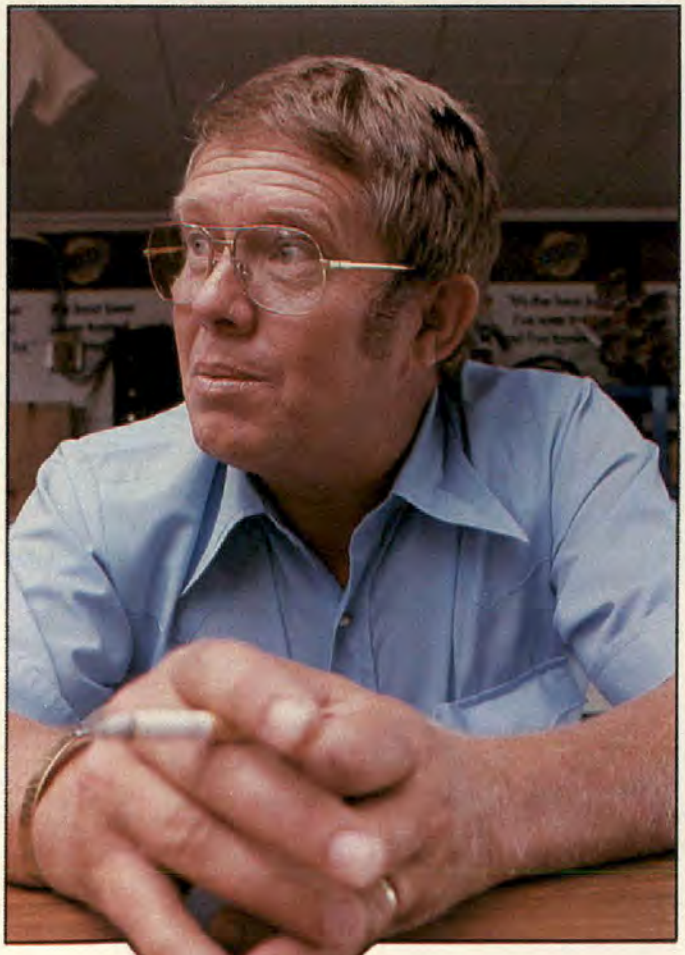
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



KNOCK ON WOOD

Newscaster Phyllis George of CBS, reacting to attacks by television critics who call her stupid, said: "I learned how to do my hair and put a little highlight in it. And I learned how to do makeup. I've grown and grown and grown."

Billy Carter, informed that the Landmarks Commission will not include his former Plains, Georgia, gas station in the proposed national landmark site for Jimmy Carter's birthplace, said, "I don't care if they bulldoze the whole town!"



FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

A worker at a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Anniston, Alabama, was fired after drinking a Pepsi on the job.

In what its developers called the latest word in robot technology, a robot programmed to serve drinks was set into motion in an Edinburgh, Scotland, restaurant. The robot, dressed in a black hat and bow tie, immediately ran amok, knocking over furniture, attacking customers, and spilling several glasses of wine. Developers of the robot worked overnight in a desperate attempt to correct the robot's flaws. The next day, they tried again. This time, the robot's head spun around and fell off into a startled customer's lap.

LAST LAUGH

Two hunters in Adelaide, Australia, tied gelignite to a rabbit's ears, then lit the fuse and let the animal loose. The rabbit hopped away and stopped under the hunters' brand-new utility truck. The resulting explosion blew the truck to pieces.

WE ARE THE CHILDREN, ET AL

Russia said that it is sending experts in aerobic exercise to Ethiopia, site of the world's worst famine. The Soviet experts will teach Ethiopians "rhythmic gymnastics."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

RAMPANT ACHIEVERS

A Florida schoolteacher was suspended after it was discovered that she was supplementing her salary by selling M&M candy to students for 50 cents a pack, and also attempting to scalp tickets to a school play that was supposed to be free.

A Milwaukee man was arrested for making a telephoned bomb threat to police headquarters. Police traced the call and found that the man had fallen asleep while making it.

A Los Angeles robbery suspect, fleeing from two police officers, broke into a building to hide. The building turned out to be the kennels of a training school for guard dogs.

SPICE OF LIFE

NASA teams, planning living conditions aboard a space station due to be launched during the 1990s, are discussing having special sleeping compartments where male and female astronauts can have sex. The planners are working on "compartmentalized accommodations" to be installed for what NASA calls "married or significantly relating couples."

LIFE AT THE TOP

Congressional auditors discovered that among the expenses submitted by major defense contractor General Dynamics to the Pentagon for reimbursement were a $100 kennel charge for an executive's dog, a $400 company barbecue, a $1,000 chili-cooking contest, and $500 for two company executives to fly to a birthday party.

EYE FOR AN EYE

A Dallas stripper was arrested for allegedly beating a heckler in the audience with her breasts.

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

The Federal Emergency Management Administration (FEMA), in charge of contingency plans in the event of a nuclear attack on this country, has devised a system for special postal cards to be filled out by Americans fleeing their homes after nuclear war has broken out. The cards, says FEMA, are to be "mailed promptly to your home post office." The agency also advises Americans to brush fallout particles off their clothes and "remember that radiation sickness is not catching."

PREMENSTRUAL STRESS

Model Christie Brinkley became so enraged during an argument with another model during a photo session that she flushed the woman's makeup down a toilet.

HERE COME DE JUDGE!

A trial in Kenya was hurriedly adjourned when a giant monitor lizard suddenly appeared in front of the judge's bench.

While the bailiffs were busy beating the lizard to death with clubs, 20 accused criminals escaped.

BAD KARMA

President Reagan told his aides he did not know his telephone number at the White House.

CZECHMATE

Czechoslovakian authorities summarily canceled a scheduled appearance by new-wave rock star Bruce Cockburn in that country, saying that the singer's habit of wearing an earring in one ear was "subversive."

EXTLA!

Two men held a press conference in Osaka, Japan, to announce their intention to murder an accused swindler. Then, while a group of 30 reporters and television-news crews looked on, the men hacked their victim to death. The reporters said later they did not call police because they did not think the two murderers were "serious."

WRETCHED EXCESSES

Health-spa founder Jack La Lanne celebrated his 70th birthday by swimming over a mile with his hands and feet tied while towing 70 rowboats, accompanied by a chorus that sang "Row, Row, Row Your Boat."(below)

In an attempt to disprove what it called an unfair image of homosexuals as sissies, a British homosexual-rights group plans to climb Mount Everest.

Artist Robert Pollak announced plans to replicate Monet's water-lily paintings by floating 1,000 women's bikini underpants in a London park lake.

Army soldiers on maneuvers at Fort Hunter Ligget in California shot 74 head of cattle that had wandered onto a firing range. The Army explained that the cattle were mistaken for enemy soldiers.

A New Zealand feminist group announced that it would protest a tour of South Africa by the New Zealand rugby team by refusing to have sex with any players or fans.

Members of a British anti–fox hunting organization were charged with attempting to disinter the corpse of a dead duke who had championed fox hunting, then decapitating it and mailing the head to Princess Anne.

An Indiana man was charged with mailing a vibrator to his estranged girlfriend. She discovered it was filled with explosives.

In an attempt to relieve the boredom of crews during routine firing practice, it was charged, a U.S. Navy captain used a school of whales for targets.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

and rolled her clit. The sound of the jet engines seemed to grow louder, carrying her silent scream. Time held, and then the contractions slowed and stopped. She sank into the seat.

"I can't believe we just did that," she said, blushing.

I pulled my finger out and looked at her. "I'm going to the bathroom," I said. "Follow me."

I got up and nonchalantly strolled down the aisle. I looked back and saw her in the aisle. Making sure she saw me, I stepped into a vacant lavatory, waiting in the half-darkness of the tiny room.

The door opened and she stood there, dazed by what we were doing. She closed the door behind her. We kissed. As my hands went under her skirt and began pulling down her panty hose and the lacy white panties underneath, her mouth opened wide.

I unbuckled my belt, unzipped my pants, and dropped them. My cock stood straight out, charging at her. She couldn't resist looking at it. I grabbed her waist, put her up on the metal sink counter, and yanked her skirt clear.

"Oh," she squealed. "It's so cold!"

That made me even harder and I drove my cock in, feeling it part her cunt hair as it found its home.

I banged away, feeling my balls slap into the cabinet as my cock plunged through her. Finally, she begged for mercy. "I can't come anymore," she said.

At this, I pulled out and let her off the cabinet. She stared down at my cock. It was rock-hard and bright red. She took hold of it, but her little hand didn't even begin to cover the whole thing.

Slowly, now, she crouched down on her high heels until my cock stared her straight in the face. I looked in the mirror and I could see him pulsing at her, her look of almost worship, the collar of her white blouse and the little white bow, her little hands around the long fierce cock, the drop of precome at its tip. She opened her small mouth and, although the cock looked too large for her, she began working it in.

With one hand she grabbed my ass and pulled me even tighter; her other hand went under my shirt and pinched and pulled at my nipple. It was like a direct line to my cock. I felt the come boiling up in me and I looked in the mirror. I could actually see the bulging cock head as it slammed against her cheek. Her cheeks swelled as she took it in.

"Oh, fuck!" I yelled out, and I turned inside out, coming and watching her swallow my come. A little rivulet of white broke through her lips and ran down her chin. Seeing that, I closed my eyes and suffered one last spasm, unable to look anymore.

There was a knock at the door. I shouted, "Just a minute."

My love's face went red with embarrassment. Quickly she pulled up her panties and panty hose and pushed her skirt down. She grabbed a paper towel to wipe her face. I zipped up and we kissed. I could taste my come in her.

The knocking started again. She tucked in her blouse. I threw the latch and opened the door. There stood a matronly stewardess with her arms folded. About six people were lined up behind her, staring with curiosity. We stepped out with as much dignity as we could manage. The stewardess stepped into the john, sniffed, and turned back to us.

"Were you two smoking in there?" she barked.

I remembered the punch line to the old joke and said, "I don't know, I didn't look."

And like naughty children, we walked past the waiting passengers and giggled our way back to our seats, completely in love.—*Name and address withheld*

Our tongues sparred as we explored every curve and swell of each other's body. My fantasy had come to life.

SURPRISE GUEST

I'm a man of 28, happily married, with a great-paying job as an engineer in the aerospace industry. My wife, Marge, and I have enjoyed *Penthouse* for quite a few years. We never thought we'd have anything to share with other "Forum" readers—that is, until recently.

I've always purchased each month's issue of *Penthouse* at a convenience store I pass on the way home from work. Frequently, Yvette, a young clerk, sold me the issue. She's a knockout, so I made it a point to stop in whenever she was on duty. She'd always greet me with a perky smile and a wink. It got to the point where if she wasn't working, I'd just buy a pack of cigarettes and stop back the next day.

One day, when I came in, she had on a low-cut blouse and when she bent over to get my *Penthouse* from behind the counter, I could see down her blouse and caught a glimpse of her two perfect 38s. Without a bra on, her pink nipples jutted out, begging to be tweaked.

Fully aware of the magnificent view I'd just received, Yvette stood up and gently ran the tip of her tongue over her moist lips. (Now, if this wasn't a come-on, my dick didn't know it, because it immediately pressed for freedom against my jeans.) Yvette's eyes darted down toward my bulging mass. She smiled, gave me one of her knowing winks, and slid the *Penthouse* across the counter. "I hope," she said, "you find this issue as *stimulating* as I did." I thought I was going to come right in my pants. Instead, I said, "May I ask what it was that sta—sta—*stimulated* you?"

"Oh," she said, with a wiggle of her shoulder that swayed her breasts to and fro, "the 'Forum' column, of course."

Not being one to pass up an opportunity, I told her that it was my favorite section, and suggested she could show me the letters she found "stimulating" after she got off work.

Yvette readily agreed. After giving her my address, I left the store on cloud nine. However, my euphoria soon dissipated when I suddenly remembered my wife.

Once home, I told my wife half the truth: I'd met an interesting young woman who had something in common with us, and I invited her over for a drink.

Marge said that was fine, and around eight o'clock Yvette showed up. I was a little nervous when I introduced Yvette to Marge; however, much to my surprise, they really hit it off.

The girls sat on the sofa while I sat across from them on the easy chair. We made small talk and after about an hour and a half of some serious drinking, I suggested we smoke. I lit up a joint of first-class Colombian. After everyone was good and high, I thought it time to really break the ice, so I said, "Honey, guess what? Yvette is a 'Forum' fan, too." My wife's eyes sparkled. "Really?" The women shared some of their favorite stories and we were all getting pretty turned on. When it came my turn, of course, I confessed I'd always wanted to "make it" with two beautiful women, one of them being my wife.

Marge and Yvette glanced at each other, as if to say, "If that's what the old boy wants, let's give it to him."

Marge started things off. She pulled her sweatshirt over her head and exposed her small, firm breasts. Yvette followed my wife's lead and in no time the women were naked.

The ladies descended on me: My wife unbuttoned my shirt and Yvette unzipped my jeans. My throbbing cock sprang to attention and both women fell to their knees and grabbed for it.

Yvette proceeded to give my wife a lesson on cocksucking. (My wife must have been paying attention since her headjobs after that improved immeasurably.) With each stroke, she took me deeper and deeper down her throat. Marge slid her hand down Yvette's back and found her already-soaked pussy. My wife rubbed Yvette's cunt with circular strokes, faster and faster, creating the distinct sound of sloshing love juices.

As Yvette took my full length down her

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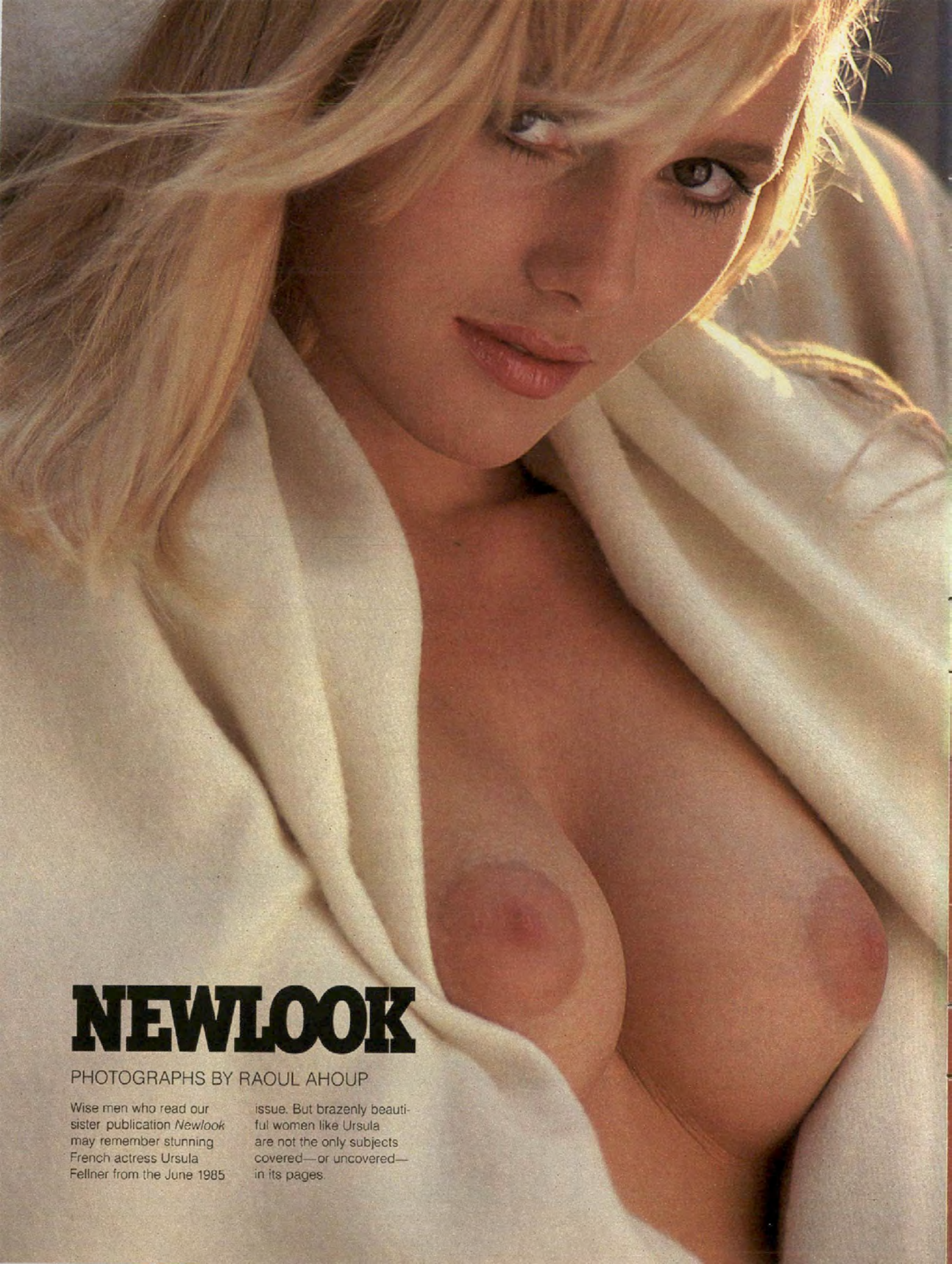
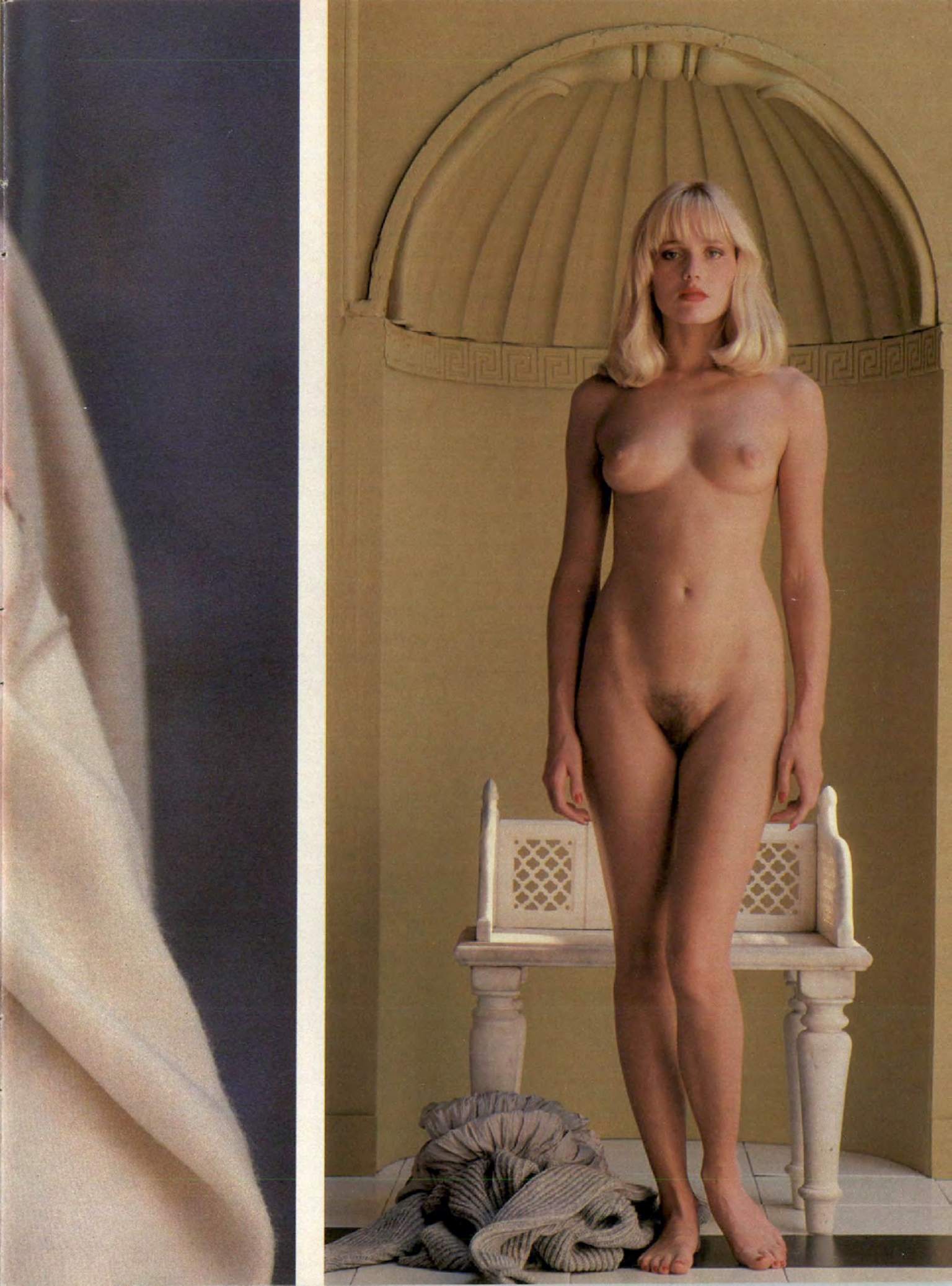
URSULA



NEWLOOK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAOUL AHOUP

Wise men who read our sister publication *Newlook* may remember stunning French actress Ursula Fellner from the June 1985 issue. But brazenly beautiful women like Ursula are not the only subjects covered—or uncovered—in its pages.



Through the unflinching eye of internationally acclaimed photographers and journalists, *Newlook* encompasses all that is good and bad and ugly in our world, and along with the stuff of fantasy . . . like Ursula, there's the raw reality of stunt men and fighting cocks, of cars, castles, and kings.

Also, predatory pool sharks that bite and hyenas that are no laughing matter. *Newlook*, in short, is more than just another pretty face—though in Ursula's electrifying case that would seem to be enough. . . .

That old story about apes at the typewriter pounding out Shakespeare is here disproved: Apes with video cameras produce nothing but crap.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

PENTHOUSE PICK
Taboo, American Style: Parts 1–4 (VCA)
This erotic miniseries is a powerhouse smash that cleans up in all the categories: Penthouse Pick, Basic Adult Video Library, Couples' Tape of the Month. The publicists are trumping up the comparisons between *Taboo, American Style* and trampy nighttime television serials like "Dallas" and "Dynasty," but *Taboo* dives beneath the lather of those soaps to reveal what's really going on. Alexis and J. R. may talk a lot about sex, but the Sutherland family of *Taboo, American Style* go way beyond words. Do they ever!

The four tapes that comprise the *Taboo* series are a study in the decline into decadence of a family driven by incest—a theme handled in adult tapes before, to be sure, most notably by the much-imitated 1980 classic, called simply *Taboo*. But where *Taboo, American Style* goes beyond anything previously done in porn is in sustained character development. It's not Shakespeare, of course, and it's not even Neil Simon, but as *TAS* continues you will find yourself subtly mesmerized and perversely drawn into the characters' lives. Much of this has to do with the plot, because *TAS* gives us a fascinating glimpse at a group of fellow humans disintegrating—it's like being a spectator at someone's nervous breakdown, or watching a party descend into an orgy.

The primary kudos, however, must go to the cast, an ensemble that brings the designation "professional" to adult entertainment. Paul Thomas plays Harding Sutherland, father of the clan, with a consummate oiliness, while perennially pubescent Tom Byron is at his usual high level of excellence as the son. But the real praise must be reserved for the women: Gloria Leonard, absolutely astounding as the weak, defeated mother; Carol Cross, naive and naughty, at her best in the role of a college cutie swept into the Sutherland vortex; and finally, the series centerpiece, Raven. This black-haired, hot-bodied beauty turns in a performance unlike anything we've come to expect from her, based on her previous listless work. She possesses her character with an evil brilliance, becoming almost Machiavellian in her determined destruction of her own family.

The sex is like a series of brilliant lightning flashes, illuminating the muddy trench battle that is the Sutherland home life. Director Ron Sullivan (aka Henri Pachard) is supremely effective in cutting from the sex scenes, interspersing other action, and yet keeping the erotic tempo high. The one real shame about *Taboo, American Style*—aside from the title, which is as lame as it is derivative—is that Ron Sullivan promotes the hypocritical porn cliché of the pseudonym. Neglecting to attach one's name to an erotic epic like this is a mistake of the first order, and while his real name is an open secret, he continues to perpetuate the lame illusion of anonymity. That does not, of course, prevent his work from being the deadliest piece of on-target eroticism to come down the pike in many a year.
Taboo, American Style ⊥⊥⊥⊥

Taboo *dives beneath the lather of nighttime soaps.*

DULL AS DALLAS
Debbie Does Dallas III (Video Select Entertainment)
It's too good to be true! Another *Debbie Does Dallas* triple-D extravaganza, featuring the achingly prepubescent buds that are Bambi Woods's tits. Fire up the Betamax! Alas, like most things that are too good to be true in adult video, *DDD III* turns out to be false.

Sister Dearest: *sizzling sex.*

While not quite as egregious a rip-off as *The Erotic Adventures of Peter Galore* (reviewed later in this column), this successor to one of the most popular adult films of all time has nothing to do with the original or its sequel, being rather a pastiche of old promo clips, outtakes, and long shots ineptly spliced together.

For those of you out there who absolutely *must* own every last centimeter of Bambi Woods, there are some scenes here you'll find nowhere else. She rides topless on a horse, wrestles in the mud, etc. But mostly, this X-rated video is a product not of the steamy afterglow of *Debbie Does Dallas I*, but of the greed of video producers who just don't know when to quit.
Debbie Does Dallas III ⊥

STAR WHORES
Battle of the Stars
(Now Showing)
Battle of the Stars has quite a unique gimmick going for it and not much else: Bob Wolfe (aka Lawrence T. Cole) encloses a ballot with each tape, and the public is asked to vote for which star they believe makes the hotter fucker, or Christy Canyon. A mildly amusing audience-participation publicity ploy, but it is backed up by such an unsexy video that the ballot should have included the good sister Nun Uvtheabove.

Both and Canyon are on their star turns here, which means they act bitchy, domineering, and shrill. For all you wimps out there who want to get walked over, *Battle of the Stars* is for you. For the rest of us, we'll just boycott the election.
Battle of the Stars ⊥

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW
The Erotic Adventures of Peter Galore (4-Play Video)
About five to ten minutes into viewing this tape, I realized there was something terribly wrong. The women all had that late-sixties, early-seventies puffiness to their faces and hairdos, and the fashions and sets were all creakingly anachronistic. I expected someone with a mood ring to start talking about disco music. I checked the box the tape came in: "copyright 1985."

Brilliant! I thought someone had found a way to duplicate the cheesy, flaky period-style of the Nixon era. Such impeccable production values are not expected in the world of smut. As the tape and the fast-forward button wore on, however, I realized just what *The Erotic Adventures of Peter Galore* is: a piece of early-seventies hard-core, with juicier scenes cut in from time to time to appeal to the more explicit-minded eighties.

The action, jolting along in its white go-go boots, will suddenly cut to a pump-action sex scene of gynecological intimacy. I wasn't sure I was right until I examined the footage with reverse- and freeze-frame thoroughness, and noticed that the rings on the fingers of the people in bed were different for soft- and hard-core scenes. Some explicit stock footage was clearly spliced in to spice up the action. It needs it.

The original *Peter Galore*, which looks to be circa 1972, is a stilted James Bond send-up with a hackneyed plot and cardboard-cutout characters. The women are hot, because they were recruited in the first flush of the sexual revolution, before girls knew better, but the stupidity of the action is so complete as to be irredeemable. Attempting to hoodwink the public by a cheesy splice job is so revolting as to be criminal.
Peter Galore ⊥

SIBLING RIBALDRY
Sister Dearest
(Dreamland Home Video)
A quick list of the things this adult tape has going for it should be enough to convince anyone that it's bound to be a hit: a witty title, the genius of Jerry Ross behind it, the volcanic body of , the equally steamy flesh of Ginger Lynn, a plot that revolves around the ever-popular *Animal House* fraternity, and, lust but not least, piston-driven sex scenes. With all this, and with all those ruttish men out there just waiting to dick Tracy, you know this tape is going to move. But for me, at least, it doesn't quite come together. The story involves Tom Byron's character and his attempt to make it into Gamma Nu fraternity; in order to do so, he must get laid within two weeks. Byron's collegiate good looks are pushed to the hilt in this one, as he plays a freshman who lives under the shadow of his older sister's sexual exploits during her years at the same college.

The older sister is , perhaps as hot as ever, but suffering from overexposure. The frat boy's dilemma is resolved and he makes it into Gamma Nu through the services of . . . you guessed it, sister dearest! Along the way there are quite a few searing sex scenes, with stunning newcomers like Susan Hart. But *Sister Dearest* can't shake the atmosphere of artificiality that plagues most of adult entertainment. It's like a puppet theater where the strings have been replaced by swollen, ungainly, and hard-to-ignore cables. There'll probably be enough of you porn lovers out there to buy this tape just for hot women and sizzling sex—you know who you are—and it'll probably be a hit. But some of us, especially those who buy this tape looking for an X-rated Joan Crawford, will be disappointed.
Sister Dearest ⊥⊥⊥½○+—■

Battle of the Stars *has quite a gimmick, and that's all.*

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

throat, my wife licked her way up to the base of my cock, meeting her succulent lips. My wife moaned as she opened her mouth wide, begging for her share of my cock. Yvette's head slid up and off the head of my cock, making a popping sound. She grabbed the base of my cock and turned my manhood toward my wife's waiting mouth. Yvette put her other hand on my wife's head and lowered her down onto my flaming hard-on. While my wife swallowed my engorged prick, Yvette moved down between my wife's legs and got directly under her steaming pussy. Marge's groans grew louder as she ground her hips into Yvette's face and pumped her head faster and faster up and down my shaft. Yvette licked and nibbled feverishly on my wife's clit, driving her into a state of frenzied passion.

Yvette, lapping Marge's cunt for all she was worth, slid her own hands down her belly to her pussy and began finger-fucking herself. My wife bucked up and down, almost drowning Yvette in her love juices. Then with a sudden burst, Marge withdrew her mouth from my cock, and let out a scream as her entire body shook in one extended orgasm.

Totally spent, she rolled over onto her back. Yvette stood up and saw my massive cock sticking straight up in anticipation. Not waiting for me to get off the easy chair, Yvette straddled my legs. My wife fell to her knees and moved toward us. With one hand, she spread Yvette's cunt lips. With the other, she guided the head of my cock into the young woman's pulsating pussy. Then with one quick movement Yvette let her full weight fall, burying my cock to the hilt.

What a view! Yvette rose, then squatted, taking my cock from the tip down to my balls. Then she stood up, drawing my cock almost out of her swollen pussy lips. Then she sank down again, entirely vanquishing my manhood. And during this feverish exercise, Marge massaged Yvette's large breasts with one hand and rubbed her swollen clit with the other.

Yvette threw her head back and bucked like a bull. I could feel the load down in my balls begin to rise. I thrust my rod to the farthest point in Yvette's love canal as we both came in a shudder that almost shook the walls.

The three of us lay there for quite a while before resuming our love escapade. Before the night was over, I think the three of us had pretty much tried every conceivable combination of lovemaking we'd ever imagined.—*Name and address withheld*

FANTASY MATERIAL

In spite of the old myths surrounding sex in the Bible Belt, the sexiest surprise of my life took place recently right here in the South. And it was more than a missionary-style quickie with the lights out, believe me.

I'm a sales rep in my mid-thirties, not bad looking, and quasi-married (my wife and I have been separated for months). I do well with women, but this particular encounter was right out of a wet dream.

I had decided to spend a couple of days calling on accounts in the eastern part of the state, doing the usual PR work to generate some new business. One of my favorite clients in that area is a living, breathing fantasy named Annie. She's a 27-year-old beauty with big brown eyes, a gorgeous smile, and the kind of personality one immediately likes. As a former bodybuilder, she packs a perfect 120 pounds on her five-foot-two-inch frame. And a smooth, dark complexion wraps her luscious 36-24-36 curves. The crowning glory of this sensual embodiment is a long dark mane of tresses flowing down to her waist. The fact that she is happily married has never stopped me from fucking her in my mind.

> "Let's go to the bedroom," she whispered. (I would have followed her anywhere.) She sat at the edge of the bed and freed my erection.

I let her know I was going to be in town and casually asked her out for drinks. Naturally, my fantasies were in high gear when she agreed, but I promised myself I'd keep my feelings in check. She has never tried to hide her devotion to her husband, and I didn't want to read the wrong signals into the evening. She's a very open, outgoing woman, and her interest could well have been business.

Our schedules weren't working out, so I changed my plans and stayed in town an extra day just to see her. We finally met at a local lounge, and she looked absolutely beautiful, even after working all day. I fought to keep my hopes down, though, because halfway through her first drink she went to the pay phone to call her husband. When she returned, we settled into a relaxed conversation, which, as the hours passed, grew more and more intimate. By this point, I was quite sure that she wasn't opposed to a little extramarital activity, and I was ready to do anything to get this gorgeous creature into my bed. With my cock and my heart both pounding, fully prepared to counter any excuse, I led the conversation around to going back to my place. I nearly climaxed on the spot when she smiled a tantalizing smile and said okay.

I usually stay with my brother when I'm in this particular city and, fortunately, his apartment was only a few blocks away. When we arrived, the first thing Annie did was call home again to say she'd be late. I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but I sure wasn't going to argue.

As the tentative nature of the moment faded into a warm embrace, fantasy came to life. Our tongues sparred as we explored every curve and swell of each other's body, and I was completely lost in my dream of actually being with her. Her body turned out to be even better than I'd imagined. Her breasts were perfectly proportioned and capped with sensitive nipples which grew tight and hard under my tongue. A thick, dark bush of neatly trimmed hair surrounded her pussy, and the tan lines of her bikini accentuated her pleasure zones, making them seem like easy targets for my affection.

We finally settled into a sixty-nine that was out of this world. I couldn't get enough of her sweet pussy as I inhaled her musky scent. I teased and sucked her hard clit, and plunged my tongue as deep inside her as it would reach while she squirmed against my mouth. Our lust seemed to feed on itself as we went at each other like two hungry puppies.

The more I turned her on, the more excited I got, and I swear my cock was bigger and harder than it's ever been before. I was so intent on giving her maximum pleasure with my fingers and tongue that I lost count of the times I held back my own orgasm. But I wasn't being left out by any means. Annie is one of those women who really gets off on sucking cock, and the practiced coordination between her mouth and hands was incredible. Keeping my shaft wet with her saliva, she stroked it steadily as she lightly tongued around the head, slowly torturing me before sucking my whole cock down her throat. She worked my cock like no woman I've ever known, and her groans of pleasure were driving me crazy.

We ate each other like this for at least 30 minutes, and I knew I couldn't hold back much longer. Annie expertly sensed it, too, and locked her lips around my swollen bulb as she began pumping me into her mouth faster and faster. With her head bobbing over my cock at an unbelievable tempo, she made noises like she was begging for my come, which began rising through my shaft in waves. The intensity nearly made me pass out as she milked every last ounce of my load from my prick, never missing a drop. Moaning like she'd never tasted anything so sweet, she held my cock gently in her mouth until all spasms had subsided, then licked me clean from root to tip. We rested briefly in each other's arms before facing the reality that she had to leave.

I've never known anyone quite like Annie. She explained that she and her hus-

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band don't place restrictions on each other's pleasure, preferring to share rather than stifle. And she made it clear that she wouldn't keep anything from him about our evening together, or any other such evenings we may have in the future. They both enjoy *Penthouse*, so I hope you'll print this as my tribute to a very unique, beautiful lady.—*Name and address withheld*

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT LOVER

I am writing this letter in the hope that my fellow males won't overlook the average-looking woman in their search for the perfect lover—as I have done in the past. I am six feet two inches tall, 190 pounds, and have a muscular, tanned body, due to my active sports life. I have been to bed with a number of women, some as good-looking as any of the women who've appeared in *Penthouse*. While several of these ladies "made the earth move" for me, none ever came close to the woman I'm going to describe.

I am a senior engineering major at a large southwestern university, and to pay my expenses I work part-time for a local engineering consulting firm. Patty, one of the girls in the office, has always been very outgoing, and tends to talk a great deal about her home life with those of us in the office she is friendly with. Her husband's job requires him to be out of town quite often, and even when he is home he rarely pays much attention to her sexually. She often expresses her resentment of this and says that she suspects he's cheating on her while he's away.

One Friday, she came to work more depressed than we had ever seen her. With a little coaxing, she related to us that her husband had left that morning on a two-week trip and had not even kissed her good-bye. What was worse, her husband had left some boxes in the garage that needed to be unpacked (they had just moved into a new house) and she was afraid to move them, since she was already six months along. Feeling sorry for her, I offered to come over and help her with the boxes after I ate dinner. She offered to cook me a steak dinner as a reward for being so nice, and I gladly accepted. At seven o'clock I was treated to a fantastic meal, complete with wine, candlelight, and chocolate mousse for dessert. When we finished, I went to the garage and fetched the cartons she said she needed to unpack.

We then settled down in the living room with some wine, music, and conversation. She thanked me for brightening up her evening, and I told her I was the one who should be thanking her. She started saying again how badly she felt about herself. Even her sister had told her that with the way she looks she couldn't see what her husband saw in her. I told her that I thought she was sexy and that pregnancy really agreed with her. With that, she came over and sat on my lap and said, "Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?" The next thing I knew we were French-kissing, and my hand was sliding up her leg to her crotch. I started rubbing her hot snatch and she began to moan as I moved my mouth to her ear and her neck, flicking my tongue over her pale, smooth skin. She whispered, "Let's go to the bedroom," and I followed without hesitation. She sat at the edge of the bed and started stripping me, freeing the considerable erection I had developed. My cock is average-size, nothing awe-inspiring, but when she saw it she acted as if it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She started licking and sucking my shaft and balls, and rubbed my cock over her face with reckless abandon.

After ten minutes or so she started to settle down, so I pushed her back on the bed and started to remove her garments, all but her panty hose. I sucked on each of her small tits until the nipples were as hard as steel. I ran my tongue down her swollen belly to her navel, then to her feet, which I began to kiss through the nylon fabric covering them. I rubbed her legs, ass, and pussy through the hose while I kissed my way back up her cunt. As I pressed my mouth harder and harder to her wet bush, her sighs turned to moans. With one quick motion I peeled off her stockings and buried my tongue deep inside her love box. I spread her pussy lips wide and swirled my tongue around until I found her pulsating clitoris.

> I couldn't get enough of her musky scent. Our lust seemed to feed on itself as we went at each other like two hungry puppies.

She started to yelp sounds of ecstasy and grabbed my head, burying it in her nest. I stuck several fingers inside her and began to suck her clit, which caused her to bounce wildly up and down on the bed. I finger-fucked her as I sucked her pussy, and soon she was screaming at the top of her lungs and crying as she climaxed. Luckily, their house is in the country, so there was no one around to hear her shouts. When she recovered, she told me that it had been a long time since she had had an orgasm, and that she never experienced one like that.

Since I still had an erection, I asked her if she would like to make love also. She responded by guiding my cock to her waiting hole. I wanted to be certain that we did not injure her baby, so I had her get on the floor on all fours. I entered her from behind, then had her lean back against me in an upright position. I pushed her legs tightly together and moved mine outside of them. As I pumped in and out of her, this caused my balls to brush back and forth against the bottoms of her feet. As I kissed and licked the back of her neck, I reached around and caressed her bulging belly. In no time I was coming in great spurts, letting out a few yells of my own. I withdrew, exhausted, and as I caressed her tears away, I told her I had never had a lover who satisfied me as she just did.

Sometime past dawn we fell asleep. Hours later, I awoke to her sucking my rigid prick and, after a few minutes, I shot a healthy load down her throat. She said that that had been her first blowjob, and that she liked the taste of my come. Around three in the afternoon I finally got dressed and left, but that was by no means our last encounter. We managed to get together for repeat performances as often as we could, and after her baby was born, things really began to heat up. I love to drink the warm, sweet milk from her tits, and she goes wild when I run my tongue up and down her scar (she delivered by C-section).

Since she no longer has to worry about her pregnancy, she has become the dominant partner. She fucks me with such intensity that on several occasions I have come close to passing out. She says she no longer tries to coax her husband to have sex with her, and I have stopped seeing other women—no one can satisfy me like Patty. When I graduate in May, I plan on moving away, but maybe not alone. The moral of the story: "Remember, beauty is only skin deep."—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Carina, who appears on page 75, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Norman 200B portable strobe. Amber, who is featured in "Student Body" beginning on page 46, was photographed by Citore Segami with a Nikon FM2 camera, a Nikkor 100-300 lens, and Norman strobes. Ursula, who comes to us from the pages of our sister publication *Newlook*, was photographed by Raoul Ahoup with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 135 lens, and a single-head Balcor strobe. She appears on page 129.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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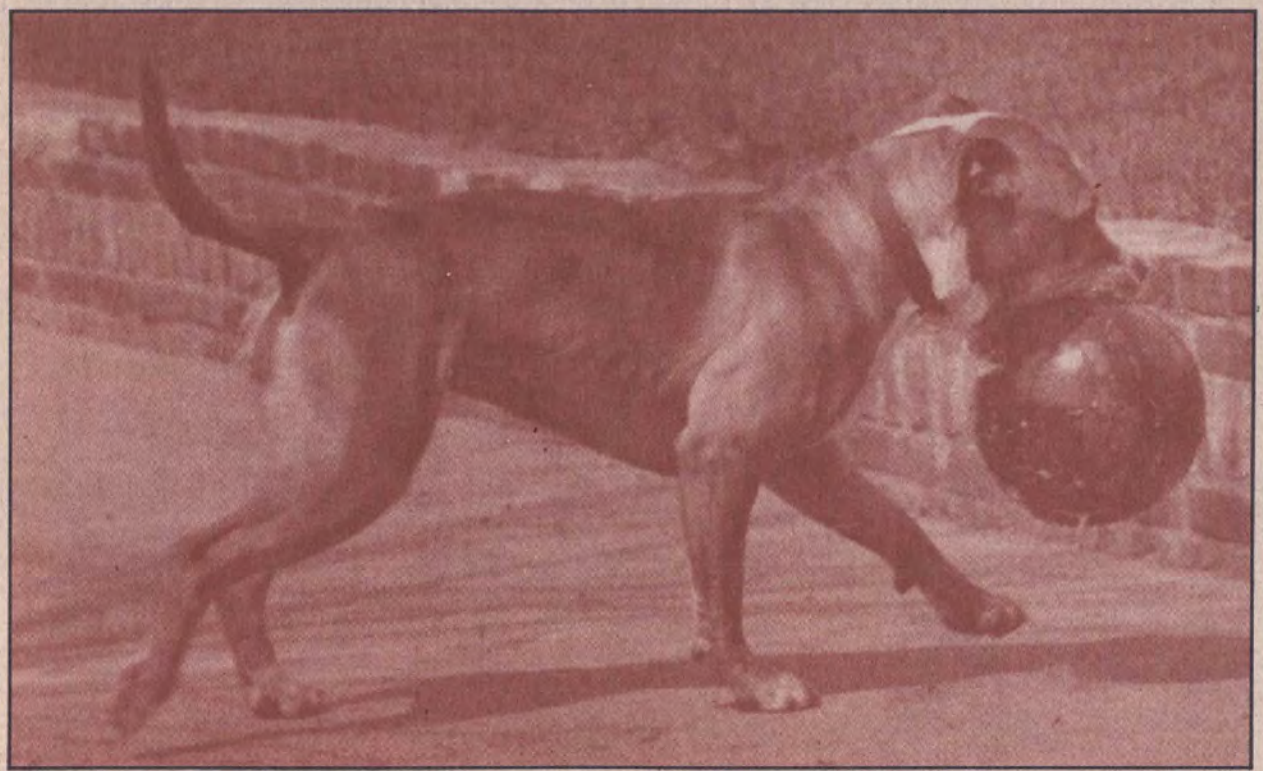
BOWLING FOR COLLARS



This is Kyra, a 50-pound pit bull. She doesn't actually bowl, but she carries the ball really well. Donna Bateman was filming Kyra's skillful technique of ball-carrying for a psychobiology class. She chose to do this experiment, in a local bowling alley, because she thought it would be fun. Bateman, 33, was pleased with the work, but she said: "What I learned from it I haven't figured out yet." (*La Crosse Tribune*—submitted by Dan Waller, Onalaska, Wis.)

And we're sure no one will be able to sleep until Bateman figures it out and publishes her thesis!—Editor

His Wild Ride Was No Accident

All Robert Setter wanted to do was exchange info with the woman who had smashed into his car. But he ended up taking a wild ride through the streets of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, perched precariously on the hood of Elizabeth Facarazzo's car. After being involved in a fender bender, Setter got out of his car and approached Ms. Facarazzo's vehicle. "All I wanted to do was get a nice police report to show I was not at fault. She said she wanted to go back to her hotel to get her license. I tried to keep her from leaving until police came, and she tried to back up over me." Undaunted, he leaped onto the hood of her car. The woman sped away with Setter still on the hood. "She'd jerk, twist, and slam on the brakes trying to shake me," Setter said. "I don't know how we didn't hit another car. She made a U-turn and tried to dump me a couple of times." Ms. Facarazzo finally stopped and returned him to his car, where they met the police. She was charged with aggravated assault, leaving the scene of an accident, improper backing, and driving with a suspended license. (*Fort Lauderdale News*—submitted by Gloria Jean Riley, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.)

No charge for worst getaway attempt of the year?—Editor

JUNKIES

These human figures are made from pieces of broken glass and tidbits of scrap. They stand in the Rock Garden of Chandigarh, India, which used to be a municipal dumping ground. In 1958, a junior public-works inspector began making statues out of the junk. The 26-acre garden is now a national park. (*Newsday*)

Is that what they mean by primitive art?—Editor

Driving Lesson No. 1: Keep Car on Ground

Fifteen-year-old Teresa Kivett's first driving experience on the streets of Lincoln, Nebraska, may keep her away from cars for a long time. Teresa, who was with her mother, apparently became confused about which pedal was the accelerator and which was the brake, and drove her family's station wagon up a power-pole guy wire. The car ended up supported on the ground by the rear bumper and balanced on the guy wire in the front. Mother and daughter fearfully stayed in the car until fire fighters rescued them with a stepladder. Teresa, who had a learner's permit, had been practicing in a cemetery, in a church lot, and on side streets. (*Omaha World-Tribune*—submitted by Donald Newman, Omaha, Nebr.)

Looks like it's time to go back to the cemetery, Teresa.—Editor

Belly Up!

Tiny Medland doesn't fool around. The Brisbane, Australia, native is seen here hoisting not his usual beer, but the Queensland Beer Belly Trophy. (*Orange County Register*—submitted by Mike Marineau, Placentia, Calif.)

Words he's never uttered: "Gimme a Lite."—Editor

41 Years Without Sex

Walter and Bertha Smith have been married for 41 years, but they have never had sex. Bertha has been fearful of sex ever since her mother told her it was painful. Walter is just against it. "I'd rather put my time and money into farm equipment," he said. "I know what happens when a wife gets with child. The woman lies around all day, sick or reading magazines. I don't want any of that." (*The Sun*—submitted by Steve Rosenzweig, Long Beach, Calif.)

Apparently Walter has been working so hard, he hasn't heard about an interesting concept called birth control.—Editor

One-on-one

A brawl erupted at a basketball tournament in Malaysia between Taiwan and the United States. Taiwanese player Liu Hwa-Lin is seen here hurling a chair at Michael Brown. (*San Jose Mercury News*—submitted by H. Chan, San Jose, Calif.)

It beats dribbling.—Editor

APARTHEID, CHINESE-STYLE

Most interesting dance custom in China: As part of the post–Mao Tse-tung cultural counterrevolution, dance fever is sweeping the country, but foreigners are not being allowed into most dance halls. One West German businessman who wanted to cut up the rug a bit in Kunming was told, "Chinese only." When he asked why, he was told, "There is a difference between Chinese and non-Chinese people."

In the northern port city of Dairen, a group of longtime foreign residents were actually asked to suggest a name for a new disco in the city's main hotel. Their recommendation, "Shangri-la," was used, but the foreigners were not allowed into the disco on opening night. (*Newsweek*)

The Chinese probably don't want outsiders watching until they've perfected their break-dancing style.—Editor

An Artistic Statement

David Smith, 23, is an artist who works as a janitor in a meat-packing plant. Both those interests were combined recently when Smith erected a "sculpture" in his Calgary neighborhood consisting of seven raw, red-skinned cow heads in seven trees. Each tree that contained a cow head also had a skull at the base of the trunk.

He had collected the heads at work and called his masterpiece *Nativity Scene for a Meat Processor*. "When I originally conceived the piece," he said, "I'd intended it to be about the commercialization of Christmas," Smith said. He had placed the heads in scrawny trees that were decorated with blue Christmas lights. (*Alberta Report*—submitted by Stanley Roth, Coalhurst, Alberta)

That really brings back the true meaning of Christmas!—Editor

VALEDICTORIANS OF THE YEAR

As diplomas were about to be handed out at a high school graduation ceremony in Texas, a young man interrupted to say he had a "special honorary award" for the vice-principal. "About halfway through his routine, it dawned on me that something was fishy," said the principal. "At that instant, he began to pull his pants down." The young man, Brian Patton, a male stripper, was charged with disrupting a public meeting. Irate school officials vowed to track down the students who hired him. (*Los Angeles Times*)

At a commencement day exercise in Connecticut last June, Tickles the Clown threw a pie in the face of the school dean, William Stansfield. The students thought it was a riot. Mr. Stansfield did not and is suing Mary and James Diorio, who, he alleges, hired the clown and paid him $10,000 to keep quiet. Stansfield's attorneys are claiming that the Diorios were taking revenge because the dean had disciplined their 14-year-old daughter. The Diorios are pleading not guilty and their lawyer contends that the clown, Robert Fuller, acted on his own in throwing the pie and lied about the bribe. "It's a stupid case," said a lawyer for the defense. "It should never have been brought. It would be a big joke, but not only is my client's reputation, but his livelihood, on the line." (*The New York Times*)

None of these guys can take a joke.—Editor

ALL CAGED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO

Johnson Soh, 25, was held in a cage in his family's home for a year. They did this in order to keep him from sniffing glue and getting into trouble with the law. Here, Singapore police are freeing him at last. (*Newsday*)

That's one solution to juvenile delinquency.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

"The more things change, the more things stay the same."

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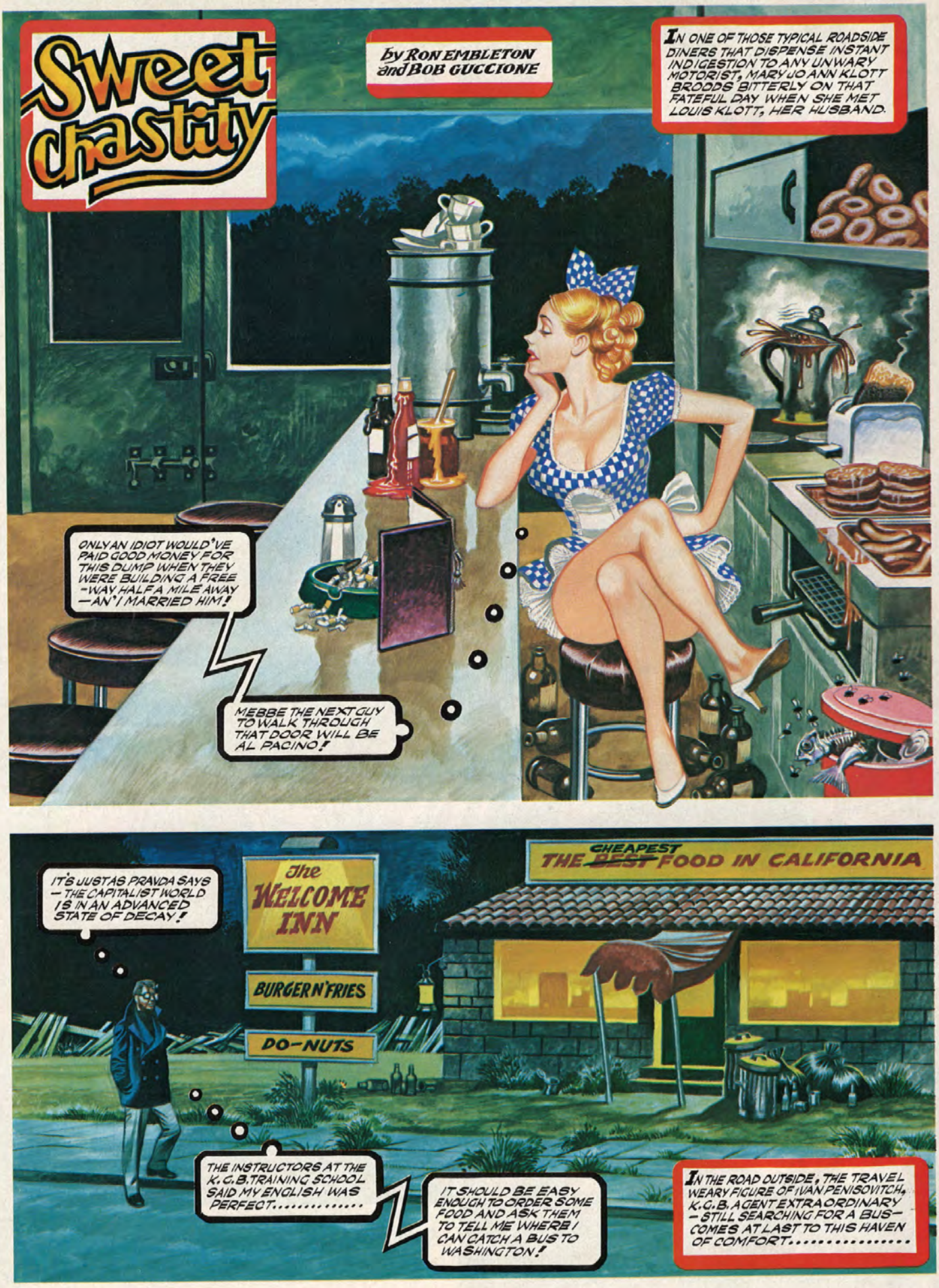
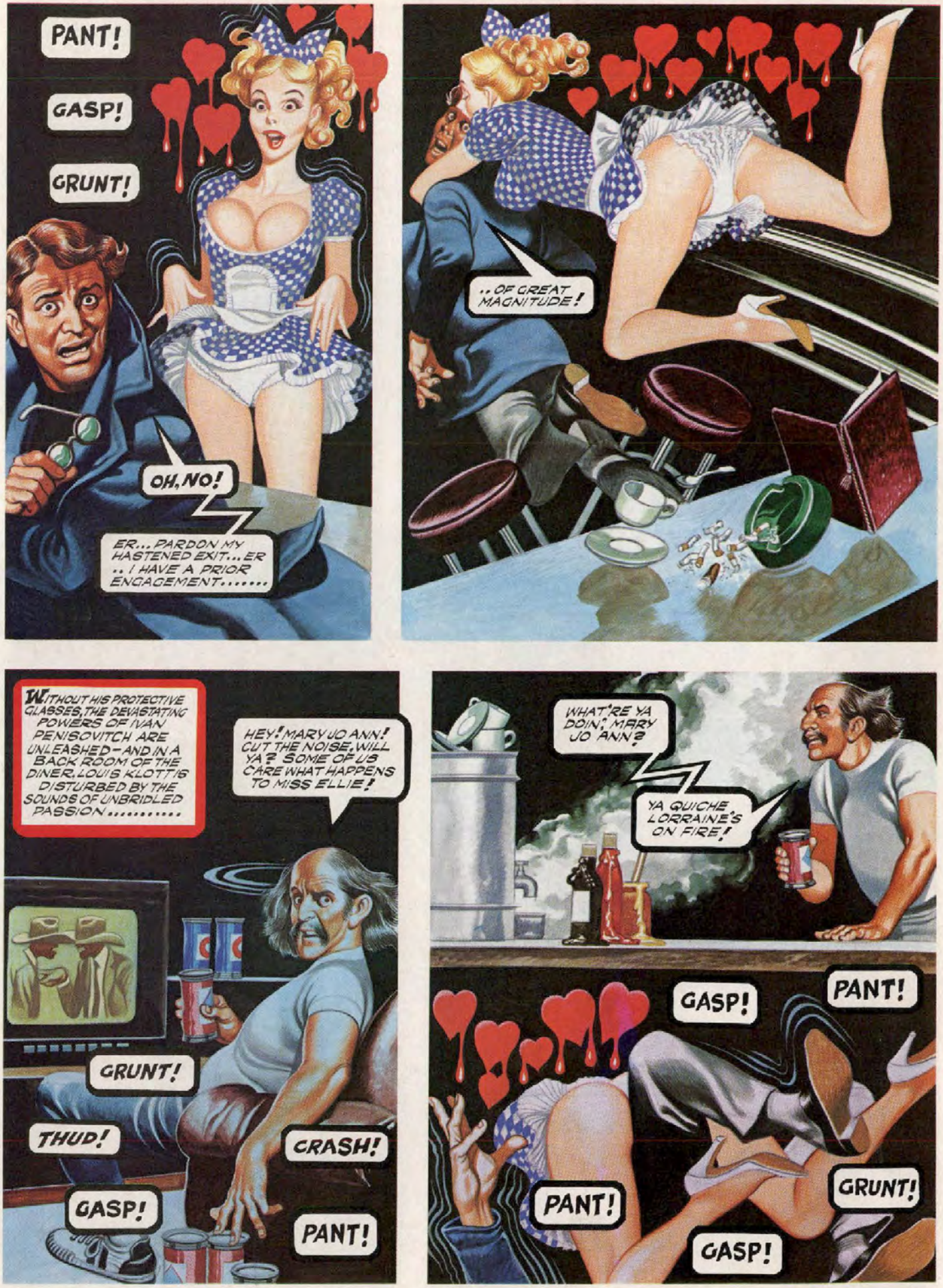

Sweet chastity
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
IN ONE OF THOSE TYPICAL ROADSIDE DINERS THAT DISPENSE INSTANT INDIGESTION TO ANY UNWARY MOTORIST, MARY JO ANN KLOTT BROODS BITTERLY ON THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN SHE MET LOUIS KLOTT, HER HUSBAND.
ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD'VE PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THIS DUMP WHEN THEY WERE BUILDING A FREE-WAY HALF A MILE AWAY—AN' I MARRIED HIM!
MEBBE THE NEXT GUY TO WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR WILL BE AL PACINO!
IT'S JUST AS PRAVDA SAYS—THE CAPITALIST WORLD IS IN AN ADVANCED STATE OF DECAY!
The WELCOME INN
BURGER N' FRIES
DO-NUTS
CHEAPEST THE ~~BEST~~ FOOD IN CALIFORNIA
THE INSTRUCTORS AT THE K.G.B. TRAINING SCHOOL SAID MY ENGLISH WAS PERFECT.....
IT SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO ORDER SOME FOOD AND ASK THEM TO TELL ME WHERE I CAN CATCH A BUS TO WASHINGTON!
IN THE ROAD OUTSIDE, THE TRAVEL WEARY FIGURE OF IVAN PENISOVITCH, K.G.B. AGENT EXTRAORDINARY—STILL SEARCHING FOR A BUS—COMES AT LAST TO THIS HAVEN OF COMFORT.....

A CUSTOMER! SURE AS HELL AIN'T AL PACINO!
HI, GOOD-LOOKIN'! WELCOME TO THE WELCOME INN!
ER... HI?
WOULD IT DISCOUNTENANCE YOU IN ANY WAY TO PREPARE FOR ME SOME VICTUALS?
YOU TALK KINDA FUNNY! WHAT ARE YOU—A TOURIST?

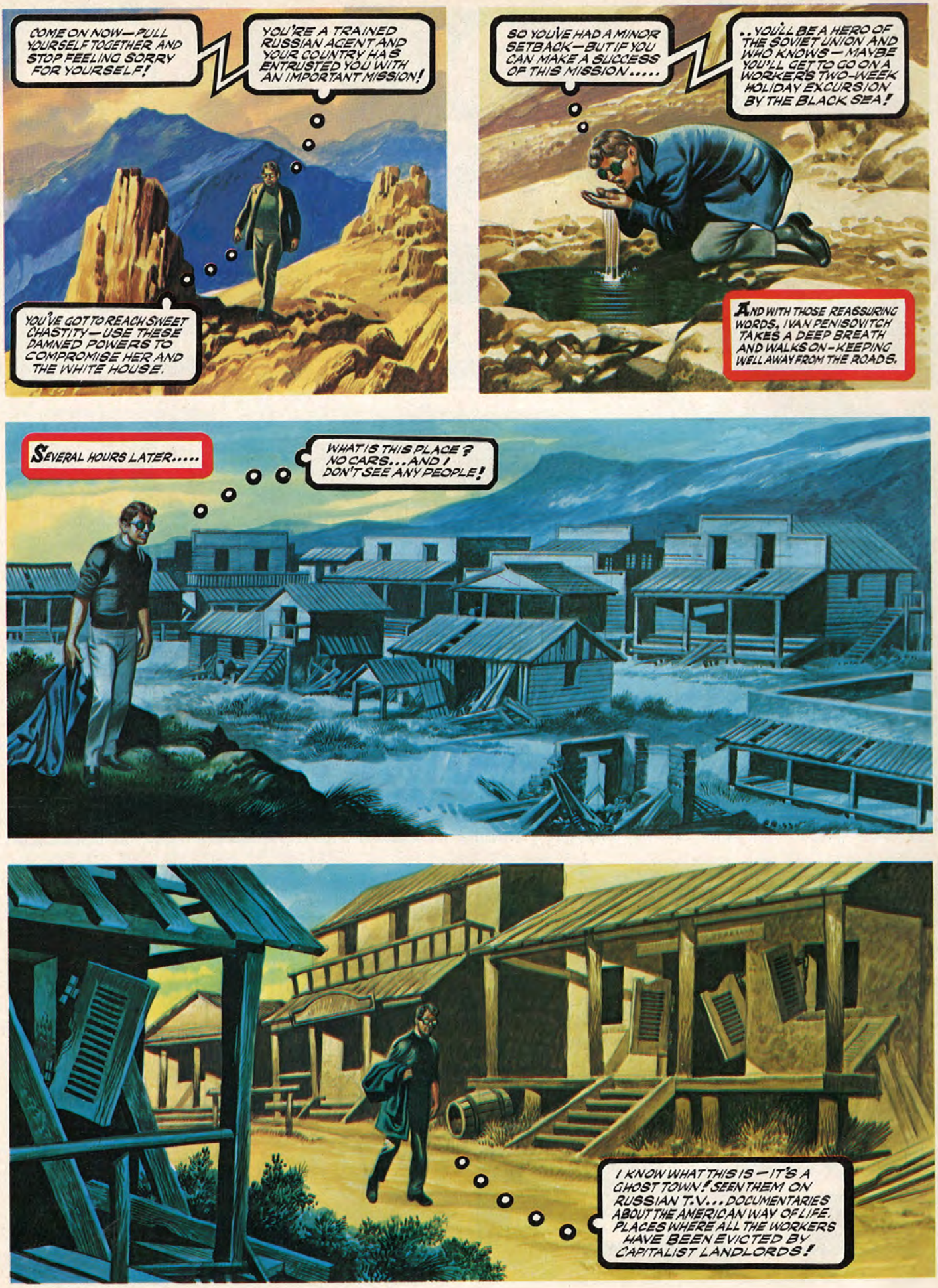
ER...YES—TOURIST! TOURIST WHOM HAS THE HUNGER!
WELCOME TO THE OLD U.S.OF A.! TAKE A PEW AN' HAVE A CUPPA JAVA WHILE YO'ALL PERUSE THE ME—ANYOO!
?
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD SHE'S SAYING!
YOU WANT SOME OF MY VERY OWN HOMEMADE, MOUTH—WATERING CLAM 'N CRAWFISH CHOWDER? HOW ABOUT SOME CRISPY SOUTHERN STYLE FARMHOUSE HASH BROWNS AN' SOME CREAMY, FINGER-LICKIN' EGGS BENEDICT?

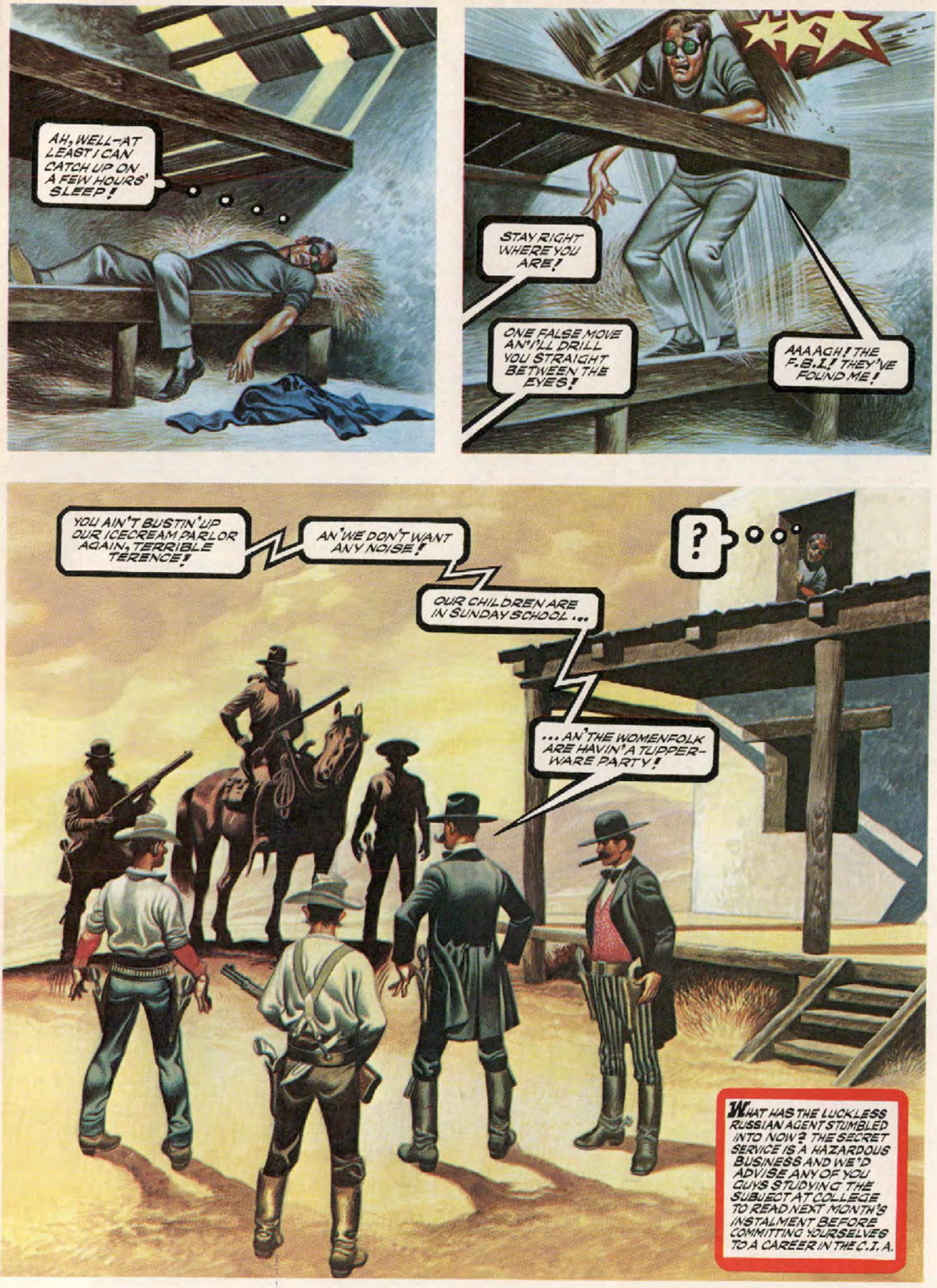
I...ER...
WHAT'S WITH THE SHADES? YOU ON THE RUN OR SUMPIN'?
WHAT IS "DEW OF THE MORNING MELON FRAPPE," PLEASE?
THAT'S JUST AN OLD PIECE OF MELON I'VE GOT IN THE FREEZER.

YOU COULD SEE THAT ME—ANYOO A LOT BETTER IF YOU TOOK THESE OFF!
NO! NO!


PANT!
GASP!
GRUNT!
OH, NO!
ER... PARDON MY HASTENED EXIT... ER .. I HAVE A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT.....
.. OF GREAT MAGNITUDE!
WITHOUT HIS PROTECTIVE GLASSES, THE DEVASTATING POWERS OF IVAN PENISOVITCH ARE UNLEASHED - AND IN A BACK ROOM OF THE DINER, LOUIS KLOTTIS DISTURBED BY THE SOUNDS OF UNBRIDLED PASSION.....
HEY! MARY JO ANN! CUT THE NOISE, WILL YA? SOME OF US CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO MISS ELLIE!
GRUNT!
THUD!
CRASH!
GASP!
PANT!
WHAT'RE YA DOIN', MARY JO ANN?
YA QUICHE LORRAINE'S ON FIRE!
GASP!
PANT!
PANT!
GRUNT!
GASP!

MARY..,
...JO..
..ANN!
HURT HIM? I'LL KILL HIM!
HE DIDN'T PAY FOR HIS COFFEE!
DON'T HURT HIM!
THE SILENCE OF THAT QUIET BACKWATER IS SHATTERED BY THE SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE AND POLICE SIRENS.
PANT! GASP! OH, WHAT A MESS! WHAT A COCK-UP!
AND IVAN PENISOVITCH IS A HUNTED FUGITIVE.
THEY SAID IT WOULD BE SO EASY!
THESE POWERS OF MINE ARE NOTHING BUT A NIGHTMARE!
WHO THE HELL WANTS WOMEN THROWING THEMSELVES AT YOU - EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE?


COME ON NOW—PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF!
YOU'RE A TRAINED RUSSIAN AGENT AND YOUR COUNTRY HAS ENTRUSTED YOU WITH AN IMPORTANT MISSION!
YOU'VE GOT TO REACH SWEET CHASTITY—USE THESE DAMNED POWERS TO COMPROMISE HER AND THE WHITE HOUSE.
SO YOU'VE HAD A MINOR SETBACK—BUT IF YOU CAN MAKE A SUCCESS OF THIS MISSION.....
..YOU'LL BE A HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION AND WHO KNOWS—MAYBE YOU'LL GET TO GO ON A WORKERS TWO-WEEK HOLIDAY EXCURSION BY THE BLACK SEA!
AND WITH THOSE REASSURING WORDS, IVAN PENISOVITCH TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND WALKS ON—KEEPING WELL AWAY FROM THE ROADS.
SEVERAL HOURS LATER.....
WHAT IS THIS PLACE? NO CARS...AND I DON'T SEE ANY PEOPLE!
I KNOW WHAT THIS IS—IT'S A GHOST TOWN! I SEEN THEM ON RUSSIAN T.V...DOCUMENTARIES ABOUT THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. PLACES WHERE ALL THE WORKERS HAVE BEEN EVICTED BY CAPITALIST LANDLORDS!


AH, WELL—AT LEAST I CAN CATCH UP ON A FEW HOURS' SLEEP!
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!
ONE FALSE MOVE AN' I'LL DRILL YOU STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!
AAAAGH! THE F.B.I.! THEY'VE FOUND ME!
YOU AIN'T BUSTIN' UP OUR ICECREAM PARLOR AGAIN, TERRIBLE TERENCE!
AN' WE DON'T WANT ANY NOISE!
OUR CHILDREN ARE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ...
... AN' THE WOMENFOLK ARE HAVIN' A TUPPER-WARE PARTY!
?
WHAT HAS THE LUCKLESS RUSSIAN AGENT STUMBLED INTO NOW? THE SECRET SERVICE IS A HAZARDOUS BUSINESS AND WE'D ADVISE ANY OF YOU GUYS STUDYING THE SUBJECT AT COLLEGE TO READ NEXT MONTH'S INSTALMENT BEFORE COMMITTING YOURSELVES TO A CAREER IN THE C.I.A.

Dirty Tricks

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

It's getting late, they're about to close up the place, and they've just announced last call. You and the young thing you've been talking to have exhausted all the "what do you do?" conversation and every coin trick, bar stunt, and sports trivia question you know. Finally, it *might* be time to try some of the off-color gags and bets presented here. Then again, it might not.

Pulling off these blue stunts takes subtle timing. You have to wait for the right time and place, and the right audience. Something that appears witty and clever in an impromptu situation can come across as gross and corny if it seems unduly contrived.

Some of the following were first shown to us by the master gamesman Martin Gardner. Others are adapted from a mimeographed manuscript, by "Anonymous," titled *Smut Magic*. It is generally available only through magic stores. The author, who still wishes to remain anonymous, has given us permission to share some of the choice items with *Penthouse* readers. The *Smut Magic* pamphlet is available for $8 from Jeff Busby Magic, Inc., 10329 MacArthur Blvd., Suites 5 & 6, Oakland, Calif. 94605.

1. BETWEEN THE SHEETS. For this oldie you'll need a dollar bill and two paper clips. Fold the bill and attach the clips exactly as shown in the illustration below. The story that goes with all this is as follows:

This traveling salesman was driving down a country road when his car broke down. It was starting to rain, so he went up to a local farmhouse and asked to spend the night. As you might expect, the farmer said that the only place the salesman could sleep was in bed with his beautiful 18-year-old daughter. The farmer—who had perhaps heard this story before—wanted to prevent any funny business during the night and arranged the bed sheet so that the two of them couldn't touch each other. He folded it into a kind of S shape, with the salesman on one side and the daughter on the other.

You demonstrate this by using the dollar bill to represent the sheet and the paper clips the salesman and the girl.

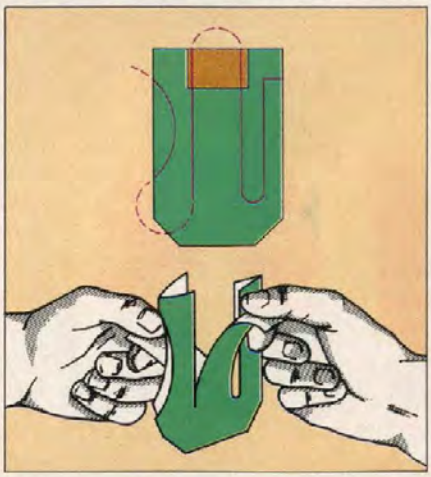
Everything was fine until the farmer heard the sound of bouncing bedsprings during the night. He broke into the room in a rage and angrily yanked the sheet off the bed. The salesman and the girl were tossed out onto the floor.

At this point, hand the assembled bill and clips to your friend and bet that she can't guess, to within six inches, how far apart the two paper clips will be after she gives a hefty tug to the two ends of the bill. Whatever the estimate, say that you think the clips will be touching, and that you'll buy the next drink if they are even so much as a millimeter apart. Amazingly (don't ask me to explain it!), when the clips fly through the air and land, they will be found not only touching—but linked! The trick works by itself, provided you put the clips on the bill properly.

2. A TRICK WITH APPEAL. There are lots of ways to peel an orange, but none, we think, better than this. Use a nice seedless orange, the kind that has been so heavily inbred that the peel seems to come off like a package wrapper. Carve the figure of a man onto one end of the orange, being careful to place the navel in the strategic position (shown below, center). When you peel him off, you'll find that a long piece of pith comes with him. And ain't that a pither? The ladies will never peel an orange the old way again.

3. A DRIVE TO THE COUNTRY. Start with an empty cigarette pack—the soft kind, not a box. Flatten the pack, as shown below, and tell the story of the young couple who drove out into the country to find a quiet place to park. Tear the pack along the line indicated, in the direction of the arrow, but only where the line is solid. As you do so, tell about how the couple took one dirt road, came to a fence, then turned left, rounded a curve, and so on.

When you are through, lay the torn pack on the bar and bet your friend that she can't use it to illustrate why the cou-



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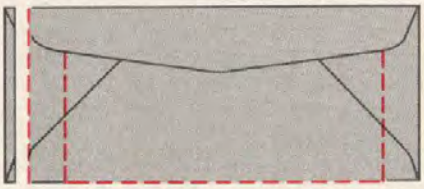


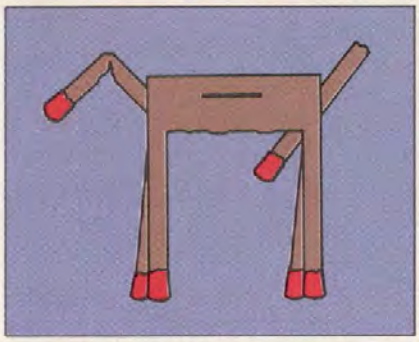
ple drove into the country. When she gives up, pick up the pack by the tabs (as shown in the illustration) and pull them apart. As you move your hands in and out, the pack will show just what that couple was doing inside that steamy parked car.

4. MESSAGE TO MARY. You need an empty legal-size envelope, sealed shut, and a pair of scissors.

A young nun, Sister Mary Innocent, receives a letter in the mail. "I wonder who this is from?" she says. She holds it up to the light, but can see nothing. "I'd better look." She snips off one end of the envelope and peeks inside—but she sees nothing there. "I'd better cut it down farther," she says, and makes another cut about an inch farther into the envelope, stopping about a half-inch from the top "to avoid cutting the stamp." She peeks in again but still can't make out anything inside. "Well, I'd better cut off the other end," she says, and cuts a slit about three-quarters of an inch from the opposite end, and again stops short of the top of the envelope. She takes another tentative peek inside but still sees nothing.

Finally, the young nun becomes bold and decides to rip open the bottom of the envelope. She does so, and holding the back of the envelope in her right hand and the front in her left, she opens the flaps. Stunned, she cries out, "Oh! Father O'Shaughnessy!"

5. MATCH HORSE. Remove the cover from a book of paper matches. (A book about two inches wide works best.) To make a horse, tear out all matches but the two at each end, which become the legs. Bend a spare match and insert it to produce the horse's head. Set the construction on the bar and say, "What's missing?" Hopefully, the sweet young



thing will say, "A tail." In which case, you insert another match (red-tipped, of course) to complete the picture.

Alternately, you can build the horse as shown above, then drape the matchbook cover over it. "My, why does this horse have such a big blanket?"

6. ONE HUMP OR TWO? Some commercial products just seem primed for prankery. The Camel cigarette pack is one such. Paint out the camel on the pack so it looks like the animal is missing. Cut out the camel on a second pack and mount it in an appropriate position on the camel on yet a third pack. Put the first and third packs in your pocket together.

Take them out, as if to get a cigarette. Look surprised when you see the camel missing from one pack, then show the other, saying, "I knew I shouldn't leave them in the same pocket."

7. LAND O' LUST. Products often use suggestive slogans ("It's not how long you make it; it's how you make it long." "It's what's up front that counts." "Does she or doesn't she?") and suggestive packages (White Rock's nymph, "pump" toothpastes, etc.). But our favorite one still has to be the Land O Lakes butter package, with the friendly Indian maid on the cover. Surely we aren't the only ones who have noticed her plump, pink-tipped *knees*, and how they fit exactly behind the box of butter she's holding.

Did this artist know what he was doing? (We feel confident it was a "he.") It's our guess that he did—but perhaps the company didn't. We hope no one writes them to complain—we'd hate to have them change our favorite product package just because of some unfortunate "coincidence."

QUICKIES.

1. Want to do an impression of an Eskimo peeing at the North Pole? You take a couple of ice cubes in hand and drop them on the floor as you pose appearing to take a leak.

2. Bet that you can touch your sex organ to your shoulder. When the bet is accepted, lick your shoulder with your tongue.

3. Place five matches on the bar. The challenge: How can you use five matches to make a Nazi cross? Answer: Stick these four up his ass and light them with the fifth one.

Do you know more gags along the lines of the ones in this column? Tell us about them by writing Penthouse Games, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. We'll send you a year's subscription to *Penthouse* if we use your idea.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

I wanted to tell him what a great cock he has, or how good it was to be fucking with my wonderful husband.

I've settled for keeping a private record of our sex life over the past three years. He's made love to me exactly six times. At one point there was a five-month period with no sex at all. Needless to say, I'd settle for even once every four to six weeks. I enjoy every aspect of sex and don't consider myself over-the-hill. I promised myself that I'd always be faithful to him as long as we are married. He's a workaholic, too, so I guess that's part of his problem.

Please, Xaviera, tell him he's not washed up at 40. The penis is a muscle, and in order for it to be strong, one must exercise it just like any other muscle in the body.

I've put up with almost no sex in three years, because I'm proud to say I'm a faithful wife. But unless he gets his act together where his sex life and his wife of 17 years are concerned, he should be prepared for divorce. Sex is mental as well as physical. What he's done is cause me much mental cruelty. Please advise him. I love him dearly and don't really want to leave him, but my mental state is at stake.—F. J.

Your husband, at 40, is much too young to draw an old-age pension anywhere. Assuming he reached sexual maturity somewhere around the age of 20, his creaking old body has only been in service for about 20 years. Now some wines are too old at 20, but others are only just starting to be interesting. Similarly, a 20-year-old car is too young to be considered vintage. It may be a classic, but that depends on how good it was when it left the factory.

A 20-year-old refrigerator may work superbly for another 20 years, or it may be worn out. If it's the latter, you scrap it. Your husband has apparently become a decrepit, nonfunctional, outdated piece of furniture in your house. He serves no useful purpose, except possibly to pay the bills, which he can do equally well after you have divorced him. You can then find yourself a good-looking, healthy, *young* lover of 35–45 who will appreciate your invitation to "Fuck my mouth so I can feel your stiff cock hard against my throat," or "Mount me and drive your wonderful dick deep into me."

But—and it is a big but—it seems you still love this man. This man, however, loves his work more than his wife, so you must spell it out for him. He says you are overweight, but he is also too fat. You both need exercise, and there is no healthier form of exercise than energetic lovemaking in the privacy of your own home. If he is "burned out," what is he doing reading *Penthouse*?

It takes a small nuclear explosion to crack the self-esteem of a really complacent male ego, so you will need to use all a woman's skill to get through to him. I suggest you diet (let him do so, too), lose some of the extra pounds he says you carry around, and spend some of the money he works so hard to earn on a hairdo, some new clothes, and a night out on the town with a girlfriend. See how other men react to your new image. You don't have to be "unfaithful" at this stage; just see if you can make him jealous enough to jolt him into reality.

I have a lover who is ten years older than your husband. I've mentioned him before in this column, and he grumbles if he can't make love to me three times a day. I suppose he is exceptional, but much less so than a man who considers himself too old at 40.

Whatever happens, you must take some positive action, as you have been sitting on the fence for five years. If you don't use it, you may lose it. Point out to your husband that that applies not only to his penis, but also to his wife.

HORNY MEASUREMENTS

A friend and I were having a discussion the other night and I am writing to you to get your opinion. First, both of us are very experienced sexually. We're straight, single men, and have had over 50 or so partners each. We know of what we speak. We were discussing what makes a woman sexy and found that both of us had come to the same conclusion, that small-busted women enjoy sex more.

There are exceptions, of course. I had a girlfriend once who was really built, with terrific breasts and large, hard nipples. They didn't sag, either: They were firm, high, and sensitive. The rest of her was terrific, too—long, dark-brown hair, a great face, a good figure, and long, shapely legs. When she came she would wrap those legs around me and squeeze until we were both exhausted. We drifted apart while I was in the Army, but I still remember her.

My friend has known busty girls like that, too, but in general we concluded that it was the slender girls with small, pert breasts whom we recall as the sexiest. In the movie business we see the same thing. Marilyn Chambers came up, and so did you. You seem small-busted in your photos, you look good, and I would like to have sex with you anytime. But from what I've seen in your writings, you seem to enjoy sex more than most women.

My current girl is good-looking, tall, and slender, with long, shapely legs and a small bust. She likes to fuck. She lives in a city south of here, so we meet only on weekends, but they are spectacular times. She loves sex. We can fuck all night, and sometimes she'll suck me off, then continue sucking just for her own pleasure. She is willing to experiment with new positions and sometimes will meet

me at the door in the nude, ready to turn me on and fuck.

I am writing to you to see what you think, based on your wide experience. Are small-busted women sexier?—L. V.

We have a semantic problem with your letter. I have always understood "sexy" to mean attractive to the opposite sex. If I say, "What a sexy-looking guy," it usually means I would like to make love to him. If a man says a girl is sexy, it invariably means he wants to fuck her. Beauty (as someone or other said) lies in the eye of the beholder. So if you are a tit man, a girl with big boobs will seem sexier than a flat-chested one. I suspect that by "sexy" you actually mean "horny," and this gives a new aspect to the question.

I would define a "horny" person as someone who is always willing and ready for a sexual encounter. I am one of those people and always have been. You have noticed quite correctly that in some photos I had quite small tits—in particular on some of my earlier books, like *Xaviera Goes Wild* or *Supersex*.

However, in my more recent photographs you would notice that I now have large tits. As my character and personality have grown, so has my bust. But my sex drive is the same.

The English writer of a historical novel about Mexico (called *Aztec*) suggests that the size of the areolae has a direct relationship to the horniness of the woman, but that is only his opinion. Englishmen love to imagine they have discovered new natural laws.

Many girls who are endowed with large boobs from an early age find it not so much a blessing as an embarrassment. Every horny male, from their classmates to construction workers on building sites, wants quite naturally to grab them and fondle them. They annoy the owners of the bosoms beautiful by whistling and making snide remarks. Some of these girls grow up hunchbacked, trying to conceal their natural attributes. Other girls go through misery because they have no tits at all. Those women stuff their bras with socks, handkerchiefs—anything to improve their frontage. Nowadays, fortunately, they make beautiful padded bras that look like the real thing.

An ex-lover of mine once took a new girlfriend home in a taxi after a dinner date, and somewhere along the journey he made a grab at her tits. The girl coyly unbuttoned her blouse, unhooked her padded bra, and handed it to him. She said, "If you like them so much, you might as well have them."

When I think of all the horny women I have known, some had big breasts, some had small, some had large nipples and areolae, and some had tiny buttons. I can only conclude that there is no rule. I'm against rules, anyway. One thing I know for sure from various women I have spoken to: If a woman has had plastic surgery performed on her breasts, whether

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it be enlargement or an uplift, the sensitivity of the tits usually disappears after the operation.

Mine, by the way, are all real and supersensitive. My left tit is especially sensitive. When stimulated, it will send electric shocks right down to my clit.

CROTCH-WATCHED

I'm a 21-year-old male who attends a fairly large midwestern college. Between classes, I like to lounge around in the student union. Quite often, some girl will come sit by me and start up a conversation. Sometimes I'll see her eyes edge down to my crotch! Is there some secret meaning they are trying to convey to me? And what kind of approach should I use on these crotch-watchers? Please help me, because this crotch-watching confuses me to no end!—T. W.

These girls who so unashamedly glare at your groin do so because it looks interesting. Do you keep a large bunch of keys in your pants pocket? Or a banana or even a handkerchief? Maybe you pack a pistol. No? Then there is something in there that they think deserves closer inspection. The secret meaning that they are trying to convey is that your crotch has promise, and they would like to communicate with the top person. They would like to get a message through to the apparently unmanned control center located between your ears. What these girls are saying, in unspoken words, is something like this: "All you have to do to get laid by me is display a vestige of human intelligence and a noticeable flicker of healthy masculine desire."

Your correct reply is to smile at the girl, then lean back and stare appraisingly at her tits. Run your gaze down her body and up again, look into her eyes, and say the first thing that crosses your mind. Something like, "What would you like to do tonight?" or, "Hey, babe, wanna get it on?" Or you can sit absolutely still, as you are doing, ignore everything, continue to be confused, and stay celibate—maybe for the rest of your days.

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

Recently a friend named Jerry told me of a sexual experience he and two other guys had with a girl while on a fishing trip. I believe most of it, except for the ending. I have a question about what he said, but I'll get to that at the end of this letter.

One of Jerry's friends, Roger, said that when they got back at noon from fishing, there would be a surprise waiting in the cabin. When they got to the cabin, they found a nude girl there. Roger said he had hired her to come to the cabin and she was theirs for Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday, she spent her time with each guy alone. They all rested Saturday night. On Sunday all three were with her. While one guy fucked her, the other two kissed her or sucked on her tits. Two of the guys had fucked her three times. But Jerry had just entered her pussy for the third time and got in a few strokes when she screamed in pain. When he pulled out, she said that her pussy had "dried out." All this had happened in about two hours—as soon as one guy had pulled out, the next had put his penis in.

My question is this: Is it possible to "dry out" a pussy, or is Jerry just saying that to impress me?—J. G.

If you stop to think about the way a woman's body functions, you might realize that your question would be unnecessary, but you probably wouldn't like the answer. A normal woman's vagina secretes a fluid which works as a lubricant when she is *turned on* sexually. In my early days as a call girl in New York, there were certain festive occasions which I could well have done without. One of the worst was when a bunch of horny Irishmen, proud of their reputations as cocksmen, tried to demonstrate their staying power.

If there are feelings and emotions, sensual foreplay, sucking, kissing, touching, and caressing, then sex is exciting. Nature provides, in most cases, the woman's natural juices, and if sex under these circumstances goes on for a long time, it can be wonderful. This is the difference between "making love" and "fucking."

In your friend's case, the girl was simply hired, like the fishing equipment, or the river, or the car, and she was treated in the same way. Maybe when the boys were with her individually, she had a good time. But when they started gang-banging, she reacted like a car that is driven at high speed for a long distance without being topped up with oil. There was a fraction too much friction. Even though the girl may have had her trusty tube of lubricant handy, she had probably had a belly full of fishermen, and, yes, her pussy dried out. This probably happened because she was bored and lost her patience putting up with three trout hunters, who sound just about as cold-blooded as their catch.

"Very funny, Martha!"

CREDITS

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We would like to apologize for having unintentionally omitted the photo credits for the "Children of War" pictorial, which ran in our September 1985 issue. The credits should have read: **Page 83,** Alex Webb/Magnum; **page 84,** R. Neveu/Gamma-Liaison; **page 85 top to bottom, left,** J.P. Laffont/Sygma; **page 85 top to bottom, right,** R. Neveu/Gamma-Liaison; H. Mattison/Gamma-Liaison; James Nachtwey/Black Star; **page 86 top to bottom,** James Nachtwey/Black Star; John Hoagland/Gamma-Liaison; G. Rancinan/Sygma; **page 87,** Black Star; **page 88,** J.P. Laffont/Sygma; **page 89 top,** J.P. Laffont/Sygma; **page 89 bottom,** James Nachtwey/Black Star; **page 90,** J.P. Laffont/Sygma; **page 91,** J.P. Laffont/Sygma.

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Even more rigorous servo tracking control is provided by a unique Auto Laser Power Control circuit. Working with the tracking LSI, this circuit constantly monitors the signal and compensates for any manufacturing inconsistencies in the disc itself.

Then we use another Yamaha-developed signal processing LSI that doubles the standard 44.1 kHz sampling frequency to 88.2 kHz. This over-sampling allows us to use a low-pass analog filter with a gentle cutoff slope. So accurate imaging, especially in the high frequency range, is maintained.

We also use a special dual error correction circuit which detects and corrects multiple data errors in the initial stage of signal reconstruction.

So you hear your music recreated with all the uncolored, natural and accurate sound compact discs have to offer.

Another way the CD-3 makes playing the hits error-free is user-friendliness.

All multi-step operations like random playback programming, index search, and phrase repeat are performed with ease. And visually confirmed in the multi-function display indicator.

And the wireless remote control that comes with the CD-3 allows you to execute all playback and programming commands with the greatest of ease.

But enough talk. It's time to visit your Yamaha audio dealer and tell him you want to play your favorite music on a CD-3. You can't go wrong.

Yamaha Electronics Corporation, USA, P.O.Box 6660, Buena Park, CA 90622

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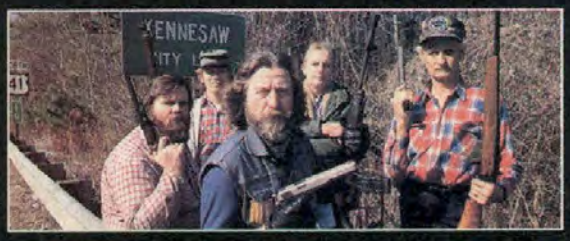
COMING IN THE DECEMBER PENTHOUSE

PET OF THE YEAR

Everybody loves a winner . . . and our winner thanks you! Once again, *Penthouse* announces our annual Pet of the Year. Thanks to you, our readers, our 17th Pet of the Year—yet another gorgeous, sexy, and devastating beauty—will inherit a cornucopia of regal gifts as well as an abundance of cash and an exotic holiday adventure in Morocco. Don't miss our luscious lady, in an all-new, exclusive 15-page pictorial, next month. (You'll consider yourself a winner, too!)



GUN CITY

When our forefathers ratified the Second Amendment, granting "the right of the people to keep and bear arms," did they ever, in their wildest fantasies, imagine that two centuries later the mayor of Kennesaw, Georgia, would turn that "right" into an obligation? Next month, in a fascinating pictorial photographed by Bob Nelson and written by Nick Tosches, you'll meet the folks of Kennesaw, who will give you a firsthand account of what it's really like to live in a town where, by law, you *must* own a gun.

THE POLITICS AND PROFIT OF HEART DISEASE

In his continuing series on "Medical Genocide," science reporter Gary Null goes behind the scenes to examine the research and treatment of the nation's No.1 killer: Heart disease. He shows how a "medical monopoly" comprised of the AMA, the pharmaceutical houses, the manufacturers of medical equipment, and the insurance companies propagates and encourages costly, space-age treatments rather than simple prevention. And, he finds, "in some cases it has actually suppressed alternative treatments grounded in a holistic perspective of the relationship of the human body to its environment."

CELIBACY CHIC

"The way I see it," explained Stephen, a 29-year-old handsome Harvard graduate, "there's just too much hassle involved in hopping into the sack. When I do score, I feel like that's the extent of it. So what? There are only two reasons to have sex: If I want to ejaculate and feel good, or to get someone pregnant. Either way, I may get sick." Stephen is representative of a new trend among young people these days: sexual abstinence, or dependence on masturbation to "get off." Next month, reporter Gary Hanauer interviews many of these people, along with experts who try and explain this growing "fashion." Plus, a questionnaire to see how you feel about today's sexual counterrevolution.

THE VICKI MORGAN STORY

It was the sort of story that makes the tabloids rich: Vicki Morgan, a beautiful young woman, sues her dead lover's wife after her checks are cut off. Soon after, the girl is brutally murdered. In this case the dearly deceased was Alfred Bloomingdale, department store heir, Diners Club founder, and close friend of the First Family. Gordon Basichis, a former newspaper reporter, was working with Vicki Morgan on a book about her life before its untimely end. In an exclusive excerpt from his book *Beautiful Bad Girl* (to be published by Santa Barbara Press), he shows how Vicki's need to be kept in the style that Alfred accustomed her to fed on their relationship, one that was based on obsessions that went far beyond lust.

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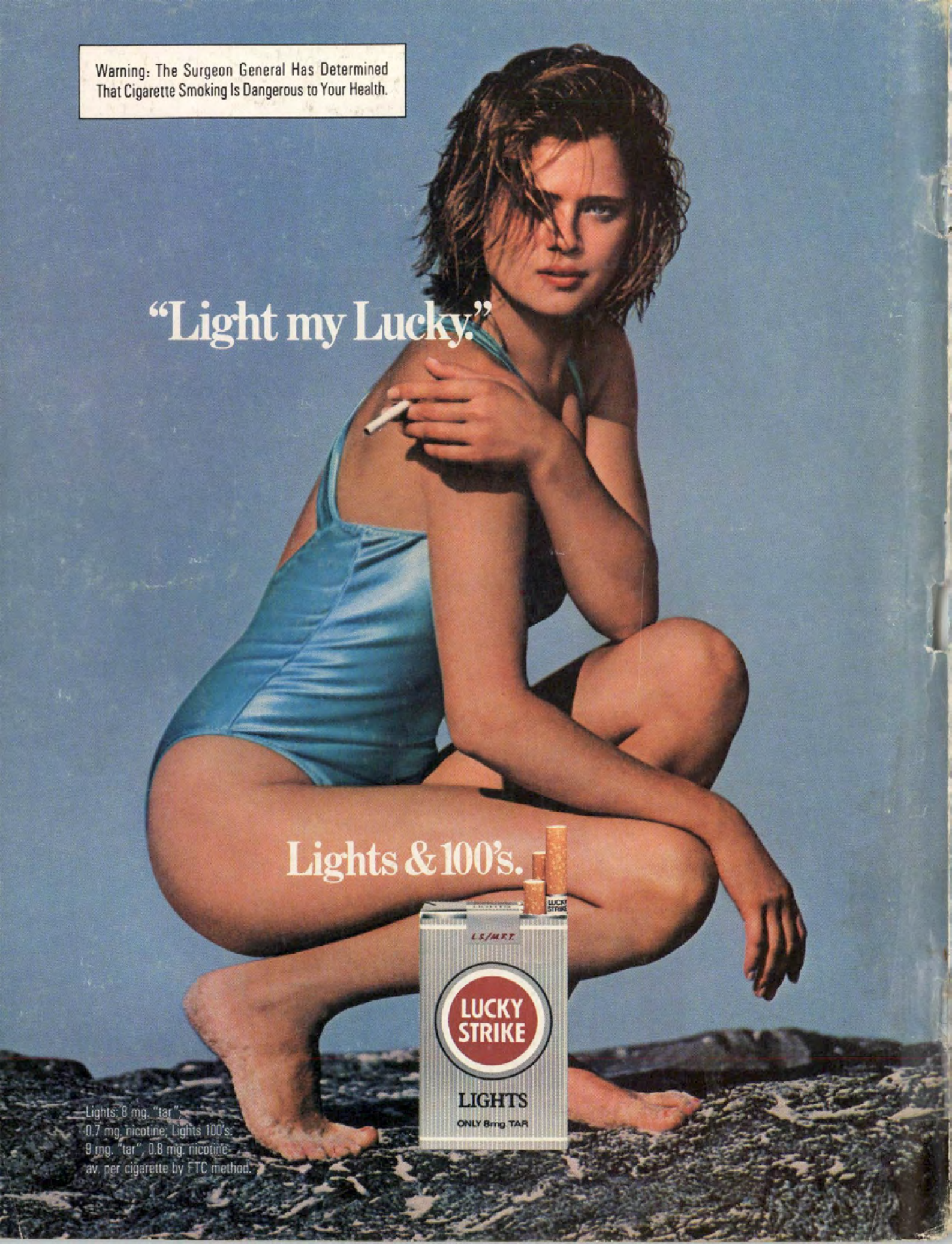
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MISS CARINA RAGNARSSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH